July 27, 1935

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THE NA WEEKLY

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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE — COLLIER'S
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Land of the Pilgrim's Pride By O

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MRS JOAN HARGROVE
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July 27, 1935

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CIGARETTES
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All Eyes ON CHRYSLER at $745*

YOU'LL BE HAPPIER with a Chrysler. You'll enjoy its greater power, higher speed, smarter looks, greater roominess, more luxurious ride. You step into the luxury class . . . yet the monthly payments are but a trifle more, and upkeep is often less than that of lower-priced cars.

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YOU'LL LEARN WHY Chrysler sales have more than doubled this year when you visit a Chrysler dealer and drive a Chrysler for yourself. When you figure out how little it costs you'll wonder why you've waited this long *to be happier with a Chrysler.* Airstream Six, $745 to $870. DeLuxe Airstream Eight, $930 to $1235. Airflow Eight, $1245. Airflow Imperial, $1475. Custom Airflows, $2245 to $5145. *All prices list at factory, Detroit. Special equipment extra. Low monthly payments.

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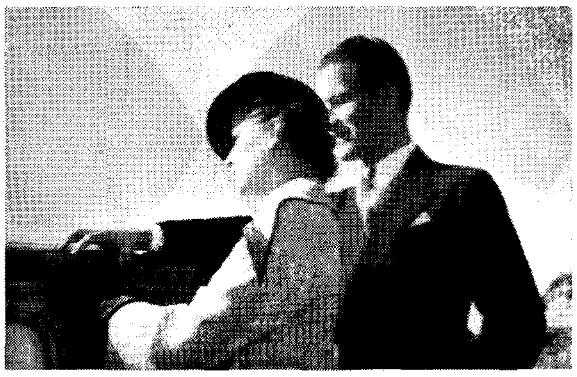

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Associate Editors

Next Week

JOHNNY BRETT didn't know beans about stamps. Cared less. Yet he paid fifteen thousand dollars for a Mauritius two-penny sticker which he knew to be a forgery.

To understand what had come over the young man you will have to know about the lovely Hilarita Rutlin and her brother Pat, who had a long line of Spanish grandees behind them and a sinister threat hanging over their lives. You will have to know, too, something about the pressure that sends young reporters out looking for special stories. All this, liberally flavored with romance, you will find in "Not for Publication," by Sidney Herschel Small.

IS Franklin D. Roosevelt a master politician? A chorus of admiring aides in Washington shout a confident "Yes." There is a legend growing up around his magical adroitness. But the Old Wheel Horses, the practical and experienced politicians of both parties, take pleasure in proving that no more bungling politician ever sat in the presidential chair. And yet, and yet— Mr. George Creel gets to the root of the matter in "The Amateur Touch."

SALESMEN for the Type-K Whizzler knew that Service was the watchword of their enterprise. A Type-K Whizzler couldn't mind a baby, but a whizzler salesman could and would. Nevertheless, one of them almost came a cropper when he undertook to arrange Duke Cromwell's courtship for him. The details, including a nice order for whizzlers, are contained in "Somebody's Cynthia" by Elisabeth Sanxay Holding.

IF THINGS ever get dull for you, just mention to someone that you consider modern marksmen more accurate than the old-time two-gun heroes—Wild Bill Hickok, Doc Carver, Captain Bogardus. You're sure of a hot argument. But before you get into it maybe you'd better fortify yourself with a few facts such as are contained in "Firing Lines" by Frank J. Taylor. Then hold steady on the bull's eye and squeeze the trigger.

GREGORIO SOMERS writes the story of a general who owned "The Magic Cane." So long as he held it no bullet could harm him—and he was willing to demonstrate. Inez Wallace shows you how to make your guest-room both attractive and habitable. Kathleen Norris, Courtney Ryley Cooper, Rud Rennie, Ruth Seinfel, Gerald Mygatt and Phil Ryan complete the issue. In a blaze of glory.

This Week

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July 27, 1935

Cover by Howard Butler

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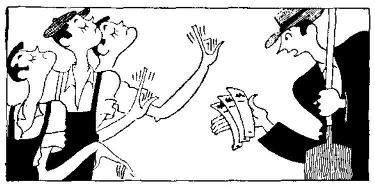
Any Week

MR. JOHN E. FESSMEYER of Toledo, Ohio, had his emotions roweled pretty deeply the other night. Mr. Fessmeyer had wanted a man to do a job of digging and had gone to relief headquarters offering three dollars a day plus lunch and transportation to any able-bodied youngster who wanted ten days' work. He didn't find his man, although the place was full of huskies. "That night," says Mr. Fessmeyer, "a friend of my wife was at our house. She works in relief headquarters. I told her how I had tried to hire one of her charges and she flared up with, 'I agree with the man who turned down your offer. We advise our clients to resist exploitation.' And," adds Mr. Fessmeyer, "when I think back to the days when I was tickled to death to get three bucks a day flat, I get mad all over again."

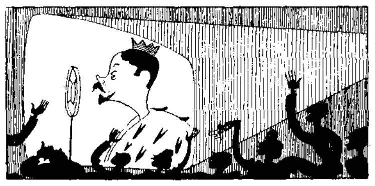


SICK and tired of dodging and word-mincing, Mrs. Bruno S. Arstem of Portland, Oregon, comes out without reservation against "freedom of the press for every half-wit and whiner who hopes to attract attention, particularly young writers, publishers and editors who do not understand the meaning of loyalty and patriotism." She urges "a non-political national censorship board, to be appointed by the President and approved by the Senate, of nine members chosen from our largest patriotic societies with powers to forbid or edit books and other writings on military and political subjects. Thus I would end the spread of pacifism, socialism and the growing scorn for our political and social institutions."

ON THE theory that "another law wouldn't make much difference one way or the other these days," Mr. J. McMurdo of Durham, North Carolina, suggests one barring women from political meetings unless they "take an oath to ask no questions." Mr. McMurdo was enjoying a nice meeting not long ago and listening calmly to the orator defend states' rights with fine vigor. Mr. McMurdo wasn't biased. "I was just finding out what it was all about," reports he, "when a lady arose and asked, 'What are our state rights?' And," says he, "it so confused the speaker that he lost the thread of his discourse and we all had to go home dissatisfied, and a great shame, too."

MR. GEORGE A. LIGHTBODY of Waltham, Massachusetts, is of the opinion that "nothing comes of anything these days." But what arouses Mr. Lightbody to towering heights of wonderment is "the shrewdness and penetrating intelligence of these investigating bodies that look into such obscure matters as power rates. It is perfectly wonderful," he goes on, "to see these committees listen and ponder for weeks on end and then, like a flash, reach the conclusion that light and power rates are too high. Having done that they adjourn in triumph, hold a jubilee luncheon and go back to hunting for the money to pay the same old power and light rates."

YOU can't imagine how glad we are to be the first to publish the news that there came nearly being a nasty riot in a small but fashionable movie theater in Bronxville, New York. Mr. Gerald D. Salmon, of that smartly manicured community, says that only his self-discipline restrained him from being half of that riot, the rest of the audience being the other half. "The news review showed President Roosevelt talking about something or other. It doesn't matter. But there was no applause. That didn't bother me, as Bronxville is hotly partisan in its Republicanism. But a moment later King George was flashed upon the screen and the applause was crashing. I caught myself just in time and took myself out of that theater. If I had stayed another minute somebody would have been badly hurt and it might have been me. And I'm a Republican, too."



NOT only is there too much grumbling in America, but it's being badly done. Therefore Mr. J. N. Murphy of Reading, Pennsylvania, convinced that true recovery lies along the path of new businesses expertly conducted, is prepared to do it for you. So he is hanging out his shingle: "Bring Your Bellyaches to Murphy," and offers the following price schedule: "Tax Grumbling, 24 hours, one dollar. Presidential Bellyaching, ten minutes, fifty cents. Domestic Trouble Groans, twenty minutes, ten cents. General Beefing with Patented Wailing, no fixed charge but a vigorous passing of the hat."

HOW much for Grass Rooting?

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It is no easy task, year in and year out, to plan meals for the family. The more limited the food budget, the more necessary it is to know what to buy—and why—for better health. Expensive foods may be far less nourishing than those which cost less.

Food for the family must meet a variety of needs. It must contain the elements necessary

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The amount of food required varies according to the individual. Children require more of the "growing foods" than adults. People who work hard physically require more of the "energy foods."

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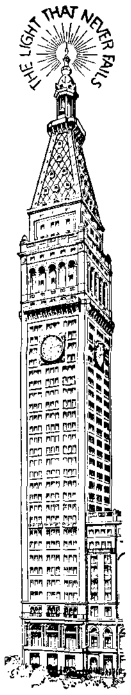
It tells in detail the importance of various foods—which ones contain proteins, carbohydrates, fats, minerals and vitamins; how to use them to keep your family in good health; how to do your marketing; how to use left-overs and make them appetizing; how to plan balanced and nourishing meals which the family will enjoy. Mail the coupon today for your free copy.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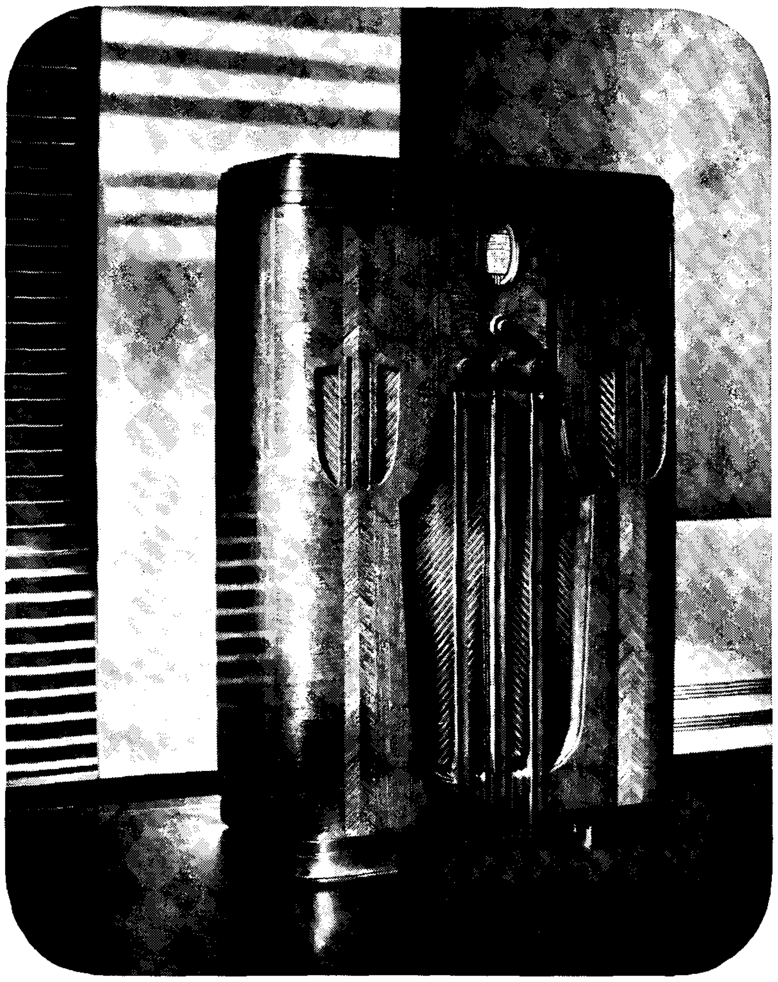

Anton Bruehl

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Everything you ever wished for in radio! • • • High-Fidelity—Acoustic Clarifiers—Inclined Sounding Board—Wide Angle Sound Diffusion—High-Fidelity Audio Tubes—Two-in-One High-Fidelity Speaker—everything to produce Life-like Tone. • • • Balanced Superheterodyne—Philco High-Efficiency Tubes—Non-Radiating—Noise Excluding—Metal Shielded—Tremendous Power. • • • Every Broadcast Service on the air. U. S. Govt. Weather Forecasts—all American Broadcasts—all Police Calls—all Amateur, Ship and Aircraft Stations—World-Wide Foreign Reception.

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Here's London . . . broadcasting dance music from the Savoy. No mere trickle of sound is this. You can dance to that music from across the seas!

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A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT OF QUALITY $20 to $600

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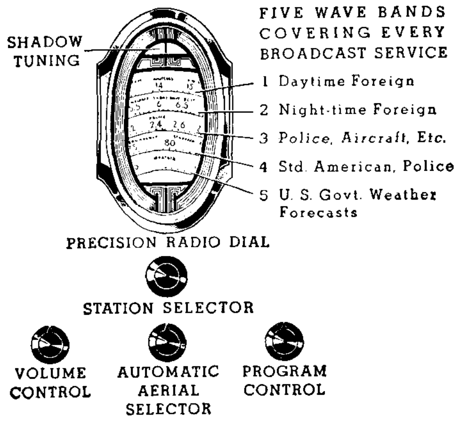

STATION settings are spaced farther apart on the Philco Dial . . . Shadow Tuning shows you visually when each station is tuned-in perfectly . . . the two-speed Station Selector makes tuning easy. The combination gives you the easiest, most precise tuning in all radio.

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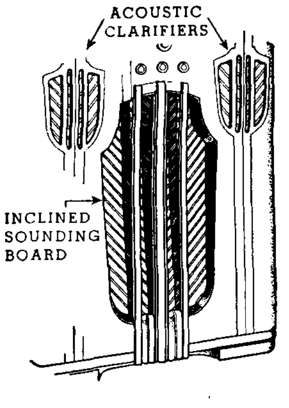
THE 116X is a true High-Fidelity instrument, with a vastly extended musical range which brings out the overtones that identify and distinguish the many and varied musical instruments. High-Fidelity is indispensable for full music appreciation.

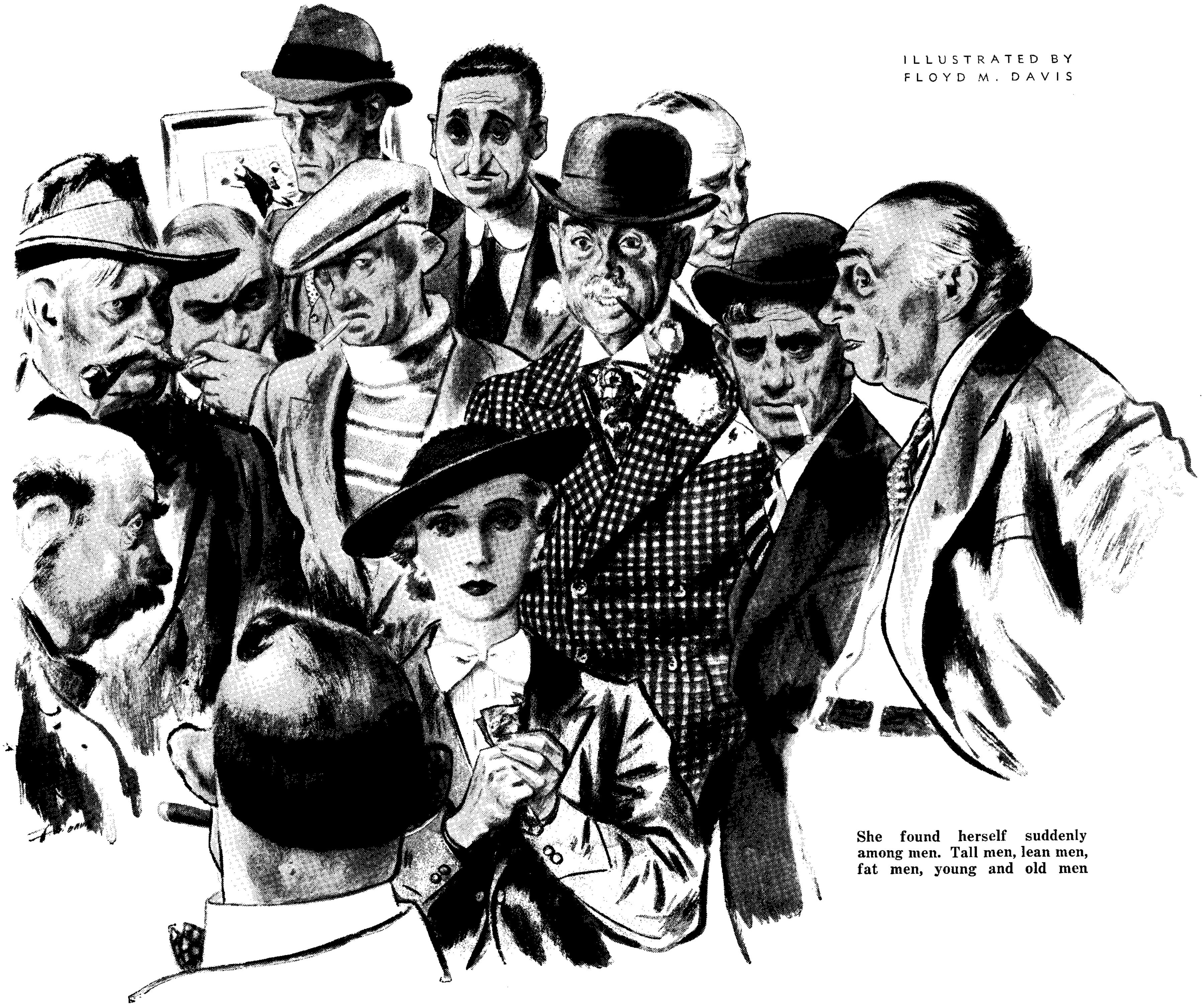
CLARITY of tone is equally important. New and exclusive Philco Acoustic Clarifiers automatically prevent unpleasant, barrel-like boom and produce clarity of tone such as you've never heard before.

ALL the extended musical range and clarity of tone created by Philco High-Fidelity and Philco Acoustic Clarifiers are preserved and projected up to ear-level by the large area and slope of the famous Philco Inclined Sounding Board.



For program recommendations, bulletins and other material on the entertainment and cultural phases of radio, write The Radio Institute of the Audible Arts, 80 Broadway, New York City.

ILLUSTRATED BY FLOYD M. DAVIS



She found herself suddenly among men. Tall men, lean men, fat men, young and old men

A Gentleman's Word

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

Miss Pruitt makes a strange bet—a great story wherein you will not keep your eye on the ponies

LIFE, Miss Pruitt had decided, must be grappled with. In all her thirty-eight years, Miss Pruitt had not grappled. She had pawed, when very young; she had fumbled, when in her teens; she had poked tentatively and primly through her twenties. Her timid fingering was a shame and a reproach; and these had been her gain:

(A) The position of private secretary to Mr. Hector J. Byfelder, third vice president of the Security Trust Company.

(B) Two beautiful friendships with Miss Ada Winsett, librarian, and Miss Jessica Kampf, school-teacher, with whom she shared an apartment.

"I must grapple with life," Miss Pruitt told herself, "or life will pass me by."

So saying, Miss Pruitt hurried along Twelfth Boulevard, through a bright May noonday. In her right hand, tightly clenched, Miss Pruitt held two fifty-dollar bills. She did not trust her handbag (a sneak thief might snatch it) and she was breathlessly dubious of her own hand (she might stumble and drop the money). Further, there was always the risk that some clever thief might jab a hypodermic needle into her arm and make off with the fifty-dollar bills as she collapsed, or, more horrible still, thrust her quickly into a taxicab with drawn curtains.

Miss Pruitt intended to bet the hundred dollars on a horse named Shalimar, which would run in the Kentucky Derby that very afternoon.

She grasped the money like a dagger and, indeed, her manner indicated that she was on her way to plunge such a weapon into a human heart. Miss Pruitt was tall, with a quick, leggy walk; a sort of desperate, leaning-forward walk. The coat of her rather expensive green worsted suit hiked up a bit too much behind. Her saucily tilted straw hat had been bought to fit her face, not her definitely mature figure. She had a soft-eyed, pretty little-girl face; its habitual expression was that of a child caught playing in grown-up clothes, hurt and astonished by some undeserved rebuke. A man's first impulse would be to pat Miss Pruitt on the top of her head until he realized that the necessary reaching gesture would be ridiculous.

Miss Pruitt was going to bet one hundred dollars on a horse named Shalimar, in the Kentucky Derby.

She meant to do this thing primarily because it was the most disreputable and repulsive act that Miss Pruitt could clearly imagine. It required a visit in person to *that place.* Miss Pruitt shuddered, now, with the realization she was drawing near *that place.* Its name, a scrofulous scrawl of cheap gilt across a darksome pane, "Honest John's

Smokes," was like a serpent near Miss Pruitt's left elbow. Honest John's Smokes.

Miss Pruitt, hearing a traffic policeman's whistle half a block away and not sure whether she had a right to cross Locust Street, halted in the sidewalk bustle. Doubts and fears assailed her. She was obliged to recall that life begins at forty; that a woman's best years come after forty (oh, those wickedly medical chapters) and that she had deliberated this act for nearly three weeks. Ever since Ada had brought home the story of how those junior librarians in the Children's Room (from Mount Holyoke and Vassar, mind you) had recklessly gone to *that place* and bet two dollars each on a race horse.

Resolutely, Miss Pruitt pressed on. This was adventure, and the ivory coach would not wait. The papers said the Derby race would not be run until about six o'clock. But suppose there was a mistake. It might be a penitentiary offense to bet a hundred dollars after the race was over. Tingling with panic at this thought, Miss Pruitt saw "Honest John's Smokes" in the corner of her eye turned to the left. An eddy of men from that beery, smoky doorway impelled her past; but she went back with a set, indifferent smile which she assumed was nonchalant.

Miss Pruitt entered Honest John's Smokes.

SHE found herself suddenly among men. Tall men, lean men, fat men, young and old men. It was a small room, with a larger one in the fog of smoke behind it; and there were swinging doors. Peering anxiously for sight of one good, kind face to whom she might appeal if the worst came to the worst, Miss Pruitt stepped over to a cigar counter.

"Hey, Jack!" one of the men called.

Miss Pruitt felt herself cringing. Was this a raid? In one of Mr. James Cagney's pictures, "Hey, Rube," had been the signal for the officers of the law to spring out of hiding. Her knees about to buckle, Miss Pruitt backed from the counter and turned. . . .

"Cigars, lady?"

"N-no—I don't smoke. I-I came in to bet on a horse named Shalimar who is to run in the Kentucky Derby race this afternoon."

"Does John know you?"

"Why, no, he doesn't. This is . . . the . . . the first time I was ever here." Then, "If those are the requirements, I guess I'll have to—"

"How much do you want to bet, lady?"

"This much. A hundred dollars, I believe."

"Wait here."

Miss Pruitt nodded like a snake-charmed bird. Jack, who was a fat little man with an innocent middle part and a mole on the side of his nose, disappeared into the rear room. In the fog, Miss Pruitt saw hats, shoulders and legs; men's voices rumbled; men came and went by dozens and a few stared at her. What if Jack had gone for the police? Was there a state law against women betting? What if she were arrested? What would Mr. Byfelder say?

"You the lady wantin' to bet on the Derby?"

JACK had returned. At his side stood an extremely large man. He, too, wore a middle part, rather vaguely defined by alternate wisps of hair plastered down on brown freckles and pink pate. He had nice rosy cheeks and a stubble of golden beard across a square jaw. His eyes were so handsome they looked like artificial ones made of brown and white glass. He wore a green shirt, a purple collar, a brown tie with a diamond pin, a bright yellow belt and tan summer silk trousers. To Miss Pruitt he was terrifyingly unlike any man she had ever spoken to; and her voice had a gaspy quaver:

"Yes, I would like to bet one hundred dollars on a horse named Shalimar."

The big man turned to Jack.

"I don't know her, but she looks all right."

"Take her money?"

"Yeah." Then he turned back to Miss Pruitt. "Of course, you know what you're doing, lady, but why bet on Shalimar?"

"Oh, isn't he a good horse?"

"Naw—a filly and no mud-runner. It's raining in Louisville right now. Better pick a colt."

"You consider Shalimar a forlorn hope?"

The big man grinned.

"Yeah. But suit yourself."

Miss Pruitt decided very positively to bet on Shalimar. She thought the name beautiful. She was invariably on the side of the underdog. This man's objections did not seem to her valid. What was a filly? And the man had an amused, superior glint in his eye. Did he think her so lacking in spirit as to go back on poor Shalimar?

"I think I shall bet on Shalimar," she said politely but firmly.

The man nodded.

"TAKE it, Jack," he said, his tone a little sad. He turned and walked back into the rear room, the swinging doors parting wide to let him through.

"How d'wanta bet this? Across the board, to show or on her nose?"

"Oh . . . is it a female horse?"

"Yeah."

"We-ell . . . What would you advise?"

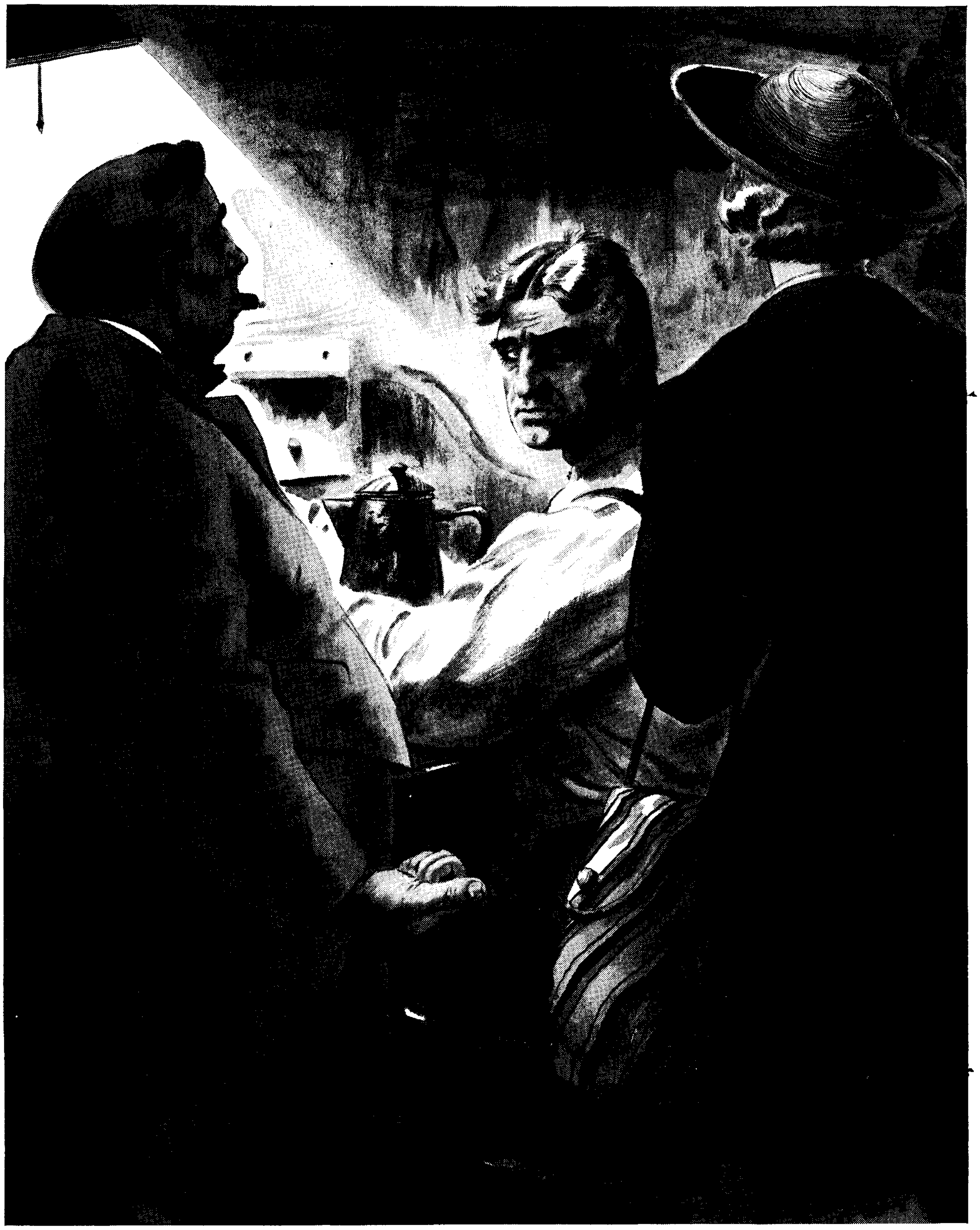
Jack launched into some highly technical explanations, involving something called "odds" and something called "form" and something referred to as "the percentages." But for Miss Pruitt, most of the excitement had fled. She said timidly, "I just don't know. Is the gentleman who just left the proprietor?" Jack said he was. Miss Pruitt thought she ought to consult the proprietor further. But Jack said: "He's awful busy, lady."

Disturbed by glimpses of a green shirt in that primordial fog beyond the swinging doors, Miss Pruitt made her choice. She elected to bet the hundred dollars "on her nose." She did this because the phrase had a rough, vulgar sound—with some connotation of recklessness—and because Jack obviously thought betting on Shalimar's nose was all wrong.

Jack handed her a violet-colored slip of paper, marked with a red-inked fountain pen: "Shalimar. To win. C. Churchill Downs. Derby. John Grogan. Per Jack. O. K. Grogan." There were other cabalistic scratchings and numbers and markings.

"Will you please thank Mr. Grogan

(Continued on page 27)

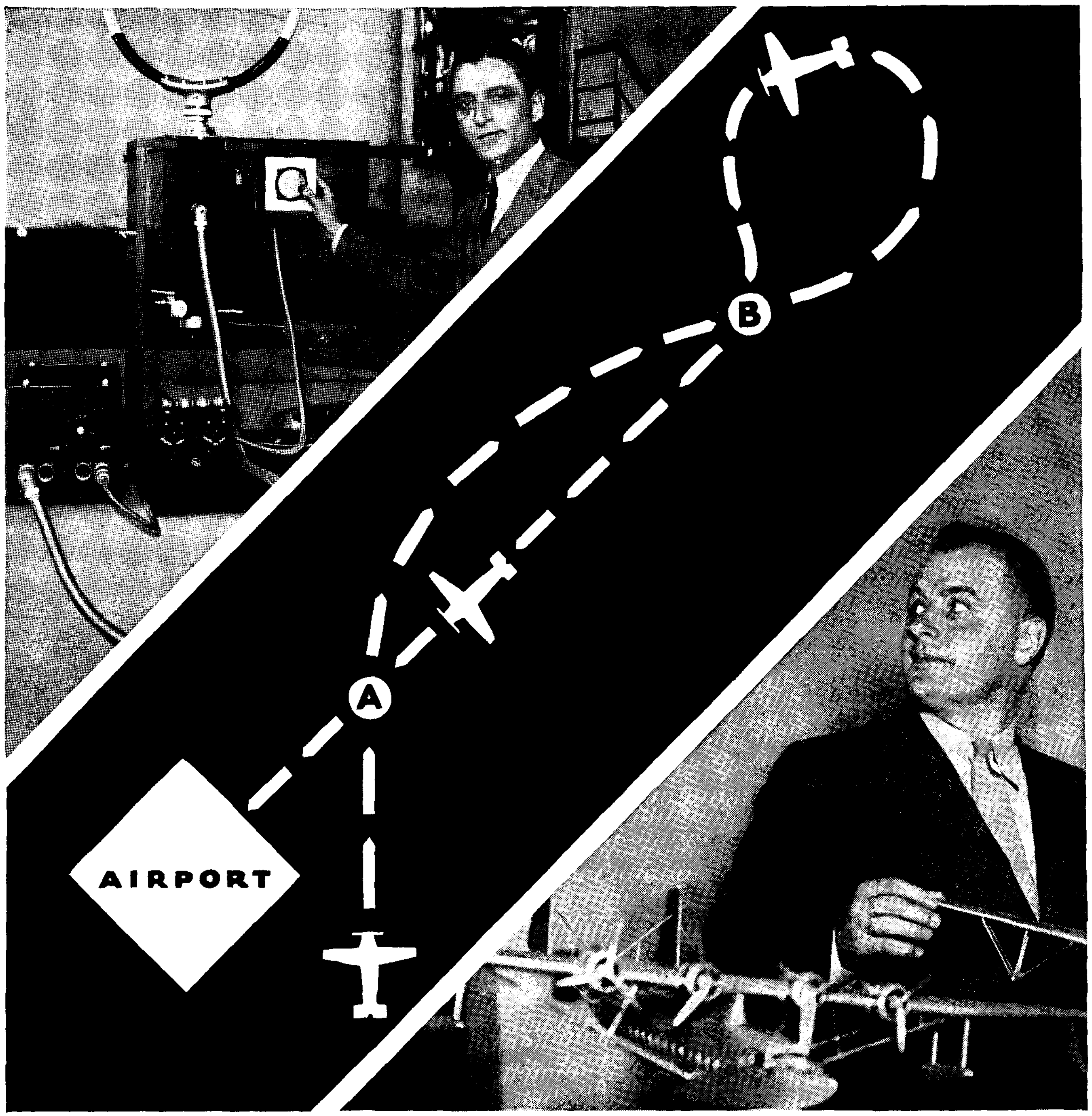


Miss Pruitt's heart missed a beat. "Here she is, Boss," Jack said

The Covered Cockpit

By W. B. Courtney

Each year the President of the United States, acting for the National Aeronautic Association, presents the Collier Trophy to the man who has made the outstanding contribution to aeronautics. This year it goes to Captain Albert H. Hegenberger for his achievements in blind landing



KEYSTONE

IFOR THOMAS

Above: G. G. Kreusi, inventor of the Kreusi radio compass

Led to the vicinity of an airport by his radio compass, the pilot tunes in landing beacon A, flies over it, tunes in B, crosses that, then comes back over B and A into the field. A flashing light on his instrument panel notifies him instantly as he reaches each beacon

Albert F. Hegenberger, 1935 winner of the Collier Trophy

THE godly burghers of Dayton, Ohio, will forgive Captain Albert F. Hegenberger, I am sure, when they learn what all the racket was about. On that bright Sunday morning, however—it was the ninth of May, 1932—there were unchristian-like murmurs in the bedrooms and at the breakfast tables of the earlier churchgoers, in the little city on the banks of the Miami River. Airplane motors overhead can be ornery, in truth, when you want to sleep or to compose your thoughts for worship.

You have heard tell of the Sabbath quiet of New England towns; it is a characteristic which has secured for itself a place in our dictionaries of similes, become a part of the Down East tradition, almost as real in substance as those other Yankee commodities which are cut from bolts or pegged on lasts. But—have you ever been in Dayton, Ohio, on a Sunday morn? Here is a silence so complete and virtuous that worldly men glance over their shoulders at each street crossing.

Even science itself made no progress in Dayton on Sunday—the Wright brothers never flew on the Sabbath—until Captain Hegenberger found a six-day week inadequate for his zealous researches. Although his motor blasts may have seemed impious to some, just plain disturbin' to others, they made history. The town was fitting, if the time was irreverent. It was in Dayton that brave young pencils brought powered flight up from dreams. There, now, other young men were to take hold of the Wrights' aviation, thirty years a stepchild of the weather, and carry it boldly toward its destiny as a major and reliable and consistent means of transportation.

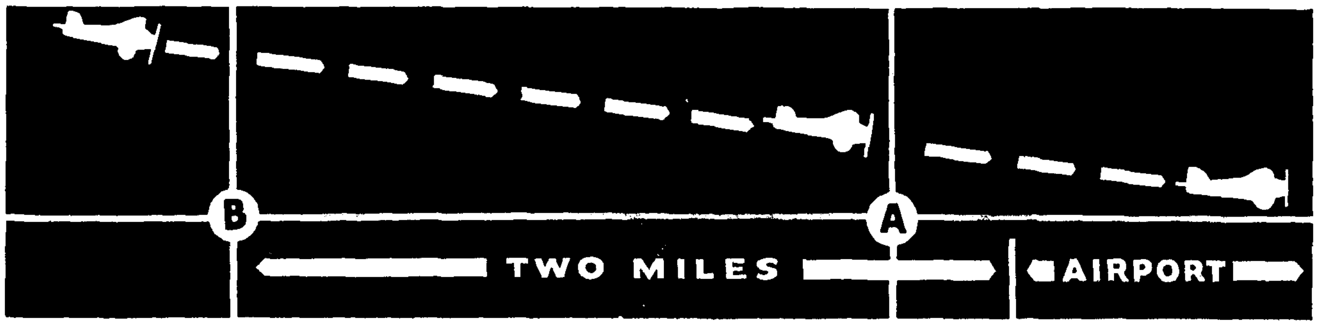
From the side lines, the airplane that Heggie and Barbalesco, one of his associates, climbed into that Sunday morning seemed no whit different from any other Army ship parked on the line or in the hangars. When you walked closer, however, you saw that one of the two cockpits in tandem had a quaint contraption over it: reminded you of Aunt Clara-Sue, the time her black taffeta petticoat blew up over her head on a windy corner in Boston. Barbalesco, the Rumanian-born engineer, took his place in the conventional pit; Heggie climbed into the other, and without ado pulled the hood forward over his head and buttoned it down so that as far as seeing Wright Field was concerned, thenceforth on that morning he might as well have been in Mesopotamia. Even so, Barbalesco sat with his hands on the cowling; unconcern in his countenance, while the ship, as if possessed by an invisible jinni, moved eerily to the accompaniment of motor bursts down field, turned into the wind and, with motor opened wide, took off; and still Barbalesco never stirred a finger, a foot, or a face muscle.

Wide around Montgomery County the Army plane roared, each turn a model of neat airmanship; presently it approached and cut across the field, then went straight off with its tail full to the runway. Two miles, a little more, and it swung into a 180-degree turn to reverse its direction and line up dead ahead for the landing edge of Wright Field. Motor throttled, gliding trimly, it came down and ran along on its wheels and settled to a gentle halt. You saw that Barbalesco had never stirred from his utter disassociation with the operation of the plane; but that now he was smiling a little.

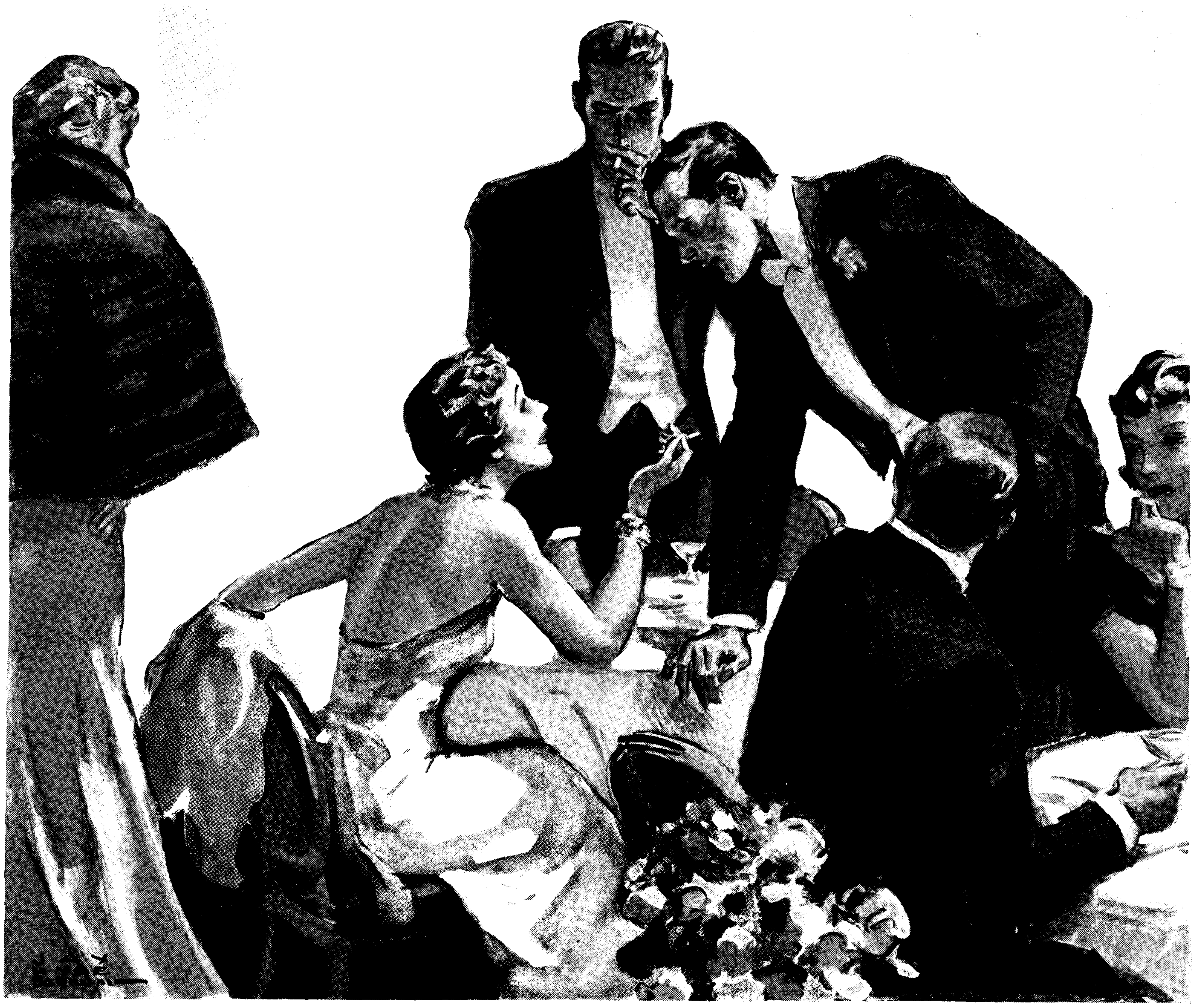
Once again this whole performance was repeated, with a roar, and a dying away; and then your heart trebled its thumps per minute when you saw Barbalesco step out and calmly walk toward the field boundary, while the airplane, with no seen hand to guide it, took off and flew away into the morning! Captain Hegenberger was in there, alone, shut off in total darkness from the world save for the dials and gadgets of his illuminated instrument panel; friendless as a blind man without his cane or dog running against traffic on Michigan Boulevard in Chicago at five o'clock on a rainy afternoon.

Flying "under the hood" is far more trying than flying in soupy weather. There are several reasons for this. Your

(Continued on page 39)



Side view of the pilot's final course from B to A. The pilot maintains a safe margin of altitude until he reaches A, some 1,500 feet from the landing edge of the field. Then he reduces the throttle to permit the ship to "settle down"



He said easily, "Peters is my publisher. I'd be willing to break with him"

It's My Town

She was from a small town. So was he. They met in New York. It's strange what this does to people

By Bernard DeVoto

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

IT WAS Gail Ditson's third year in New York that did the job.

She came to town soon after Sam Peters gave up editing Metropolis to make a heroic effort to save Morgan & Lang, publishers, from bankruptcy. She sounded like just one more letter of introduction from someone he had been to college with or met on a week-end in Connecticut. Just one more case of Dear Mr. Peters, you've become a prominent New Yorker, so of course you'll give this little girl the inside track. But she was from Armitage, Wisconsin, and the name brought blue hills and bluer waters to Sam's mind, which was a strange thing to happen on Madison Avenue, and gave him a sudden, nostalgic loneliness. Ditson—why she must be Chuck Ditson's kid sister! He told his secretary to send her in.

She wasn't pretty but she was delicately and cannily formed, and had tranquil eyes. He didn't even look at her drawings. "I can't bother with you, I can't waste time on you," he told her, "unless you're good. Are you good?"

She said, "Yes. Not very good. But pretty good. I'll get by."

There was a little white scar, a quarter of an inch long, at one corner of her mouth. Sam thought of drowsy afternoons when he and Chuck Ditson had swum in the pond below Koken's cow pasture. So they could still come from Armitage full of hope and generous desire! He felt a sudden pity for this young girl beginning the long pull.

"Abigail," he said, "you're a fool. If you weren't, you'd stay home and marry the banker's son. Well, you've got to sign your stuff Gail Ditson. Abigail is out."

He commanded the art editor of Morgan & Lang to order some book-jacket designs from her. He dictated letters to advertising agencies and magazines. The letters wouldn't mean anything, but he'd follow them up by phone. He'd save this scared, ignorant and gallant kid some of the agony he had had getting started in the big town.

He said, "The town won't let you get by unless you are good. It's hell if you don't get by, Abigail. It's hell if you do. If you win in New York, you still come out in the red." Then, oddly, he was saying, "Don't let the lousy town get its mark on you."

She got by. She began to work regularly for the agencies and smaller magazines. Sam kept in touch with her—at first because she was from his home town, then because a quiet girl was so startlingly different from the women of his various circles. She didn't glitter—she lacked the high polish that only a supremely hard surface can take.

"I was green not to know you were in the top flight," she told him. "You were just a home-town boy ten years older than me who used to scare me with snakes. I thought you'd just made good in a modest way. I didn't realize New York was on your watch chain."

That was at a famous speakeasy, after he'd introduced one of America's foremost stuffed shirts. "Sure, it's my town. I'm chairman of the board." He threw back his head and laughed. "Gail, I still get a pang every time I carry a cane. I hear a loud razzberry from the vicinity of Jennings' Drugstore in Armitage."

When she smiled, the little white scar was like a dimple. "I used to be in the 4-H Club—shall I buy a jade cigarette holder? I was a Campfire Girl, too."

He wouldn't see her for weeks. Then he'd find her eating dinner at Marcelle's, the little neighborhood speakeasy round the corner from her small apartment, or meet her at one of the publishers' teas she began to get in on. They would go somewhere and drink a *fine* or walk to the zoo and stare at the cassowary, and talk about Koken's cow pasture or was Mrs. Engelbrecht a common-law wife or which of them had caught the biggest pickerel in Lake Armitage. Well, were there any better topics of conversation in New York? Gail got around. She got to know everyone. She even met Paula Cortelyou, who was going to marry Sam sometime, maybe—and if so, that would be Sam making good in an even bigger way than if he saved Morgan & Lang. Paula said, "Your little rural connection will do nicely, dear. Oh, a trifle Christian Endeavor, perhaps. Cute but earnest." What Gail said of Paula, once, was, "She's like a freesia, Sam. She's so exquisite I feel as if my face needed washing badly. At the same time, I'll stick to tailored underwear."

Months drifted on and Sam worked harder and Gail's stuff drew a little higher pay. Every six weeks or so she cooked dinner for him at her tiny apartment. She knew the spacious Wisconsin cooking—spiced meats, deep-dished pies, tartly pungent salads. He would get a bottle of bad wine from Marcelle, and that damned New York nerve-fag, that blend of stimulation and restlessness, would go away. The apartment was so quiet and Gail was so soft-voiced! They ought to put her on the Morgan & Lang pay roll, for keeping the firm's savior sane.

"Helga Bjornstadt's Lake Armitage Tea Room has moved to 63d Street," he said. "Gail, if your stuff stops selling, wear white and open a business men's rest."

Gail smiled. "You may be a Manhattan superman, Sam, but you're basically a home-town boy. You like to come here because it's just standing under the arc-light at Maple and Grant Avenue and snickering with the boys and yoo-hooing at the high school girls. You're a setup for friendship, Sam."

The word almost made you jump—you didn't have friends in New York, you just had telephone numbers. For no reason he said, "You're being seen with Pinky Sloan. Better detour that, Gail."

She frowned. "Look, Sam, the court hasn't passed on your guardianship. They're my morals, you know."

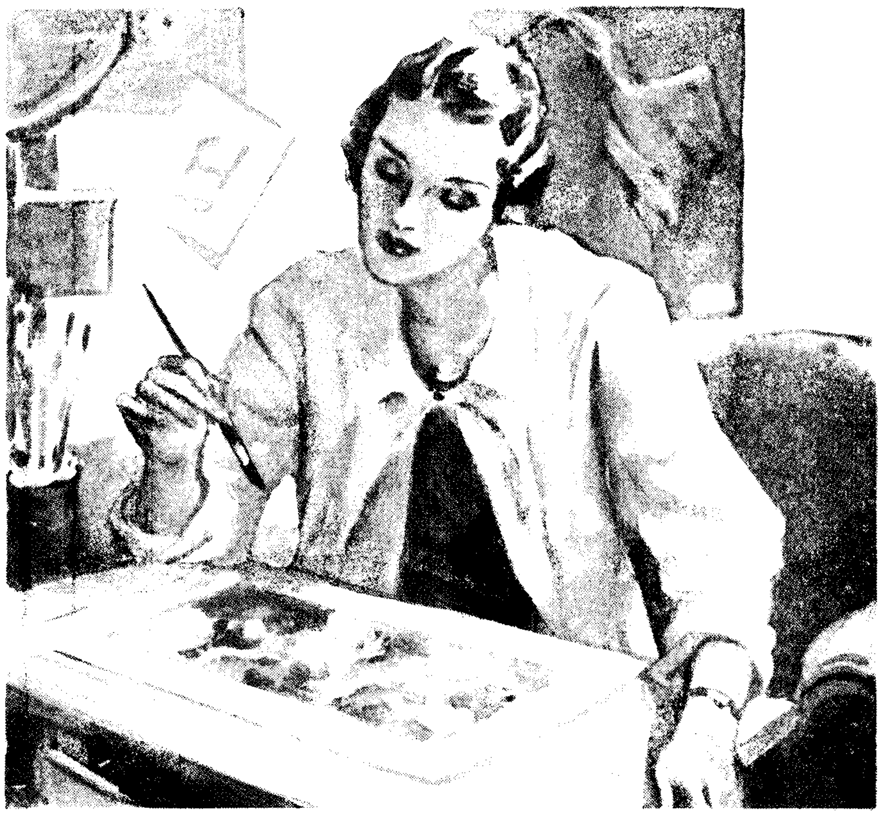
A QUIVER ran along his nerves. Was New York getting her? Well, hadn't she come here so it could? But if it was, Sam Peters was going to be one very sour superman.

Gail laughed and came across the room to touch his cheek. "I just mean—Sam, you've been number one darling of the world. Just—don't have me on your conscience. Pooh for Pinky Sloan! Whenever that Park Avenue Lothario makes a play for me, I'm reminded of the boys who used to ask me to sit in automobiles with them at Armitage High School dances."

He said solemnly, "I'm a born New Yorker—I hate the town. I won't have you taking out naturalization papers."

One afternoon Paula Cortelyou phoned to him at the office and said liltingly, "Jimmy Talbot is taking his polo string to California. He decided to take me too, with the ponies. We remembered to get married—you know, the Mann Act. Please be a little heart-broken, dearest. I loved you quite a lot for quite a while. So long, Sam."

Sam told various people at the office, "I'm going out." Had he really thought he could make good on that? Never. There was bound to be a ceiling—some height to which even the riptail roarer from Wisconsin couldn't climb. On Madison Avenue the worst of all thoughts struck him: now there was nothing worth working for. An hour later, Sam Peters, editor, man-of-the-literary-world, top-flight Manhattan go-getter, was very tight.



Gail got by. She began to work regularly

He knew he was being adolescent. He realized he was making an even bigger fool of himself than Paula had made of him—but there didn't seem to be anything else to do. He knew that a new tale would run through the witty Peters circles—but that didn't seem to matter. He had never had his share of getting tight: this was an overdue dividend. He had been too busy making the grade. Too intent on getting a mortgage on New York. Too absorbed learning to be a celebrity and trying to marry a celebrity.

Very late on the second night he had invented a fine game at Luigi's. You said something withering about one of the framed celebrities on the wall and then saw if you could hit the picture with a cork. Luigi was pretty fretful. He would have called a bouncer except that Mr. Peters was a celebrity himself and that confused the issue.

Gail came in and said, "All right, Sam, now we go home."

His mind had been clear as crystal, but from now on it got a little vague. He went docilely enough to a taxi but then he got an idea that Gail was taking care of him. He tried to get away, he was stern with her, he tried to make the driver stop for another drink, he may have tried to fight the driver. He compromised by consenting to drive round the Park, and Gail sighed, "Oh, all right," and they drove round the Park. He tried to explain himself but Gail wasn't interested. That offended him and he became superior and sardonic—oh, very savage in a high-toned way. He was losing his resistance now and the cab stopped at his place and Gail and the driver got him out of it. She gave the driver five dollars and said, "Thanks a lot," and got Sam into the elevator and upstairs.

When Sam woke up there was a note pinned to his pillow. "I locked all your shoes in the wood closet, so you couldn't bolt. The key is in Shakespeare's Sonnets on the third shelf. You pig, Sam! I sold a full page in colors to Metropolis today. Why couldn't you have been sober?"

He had never felt so cheap in his life. He got an armful of gardenias and taxied to Gail's, as sheepish as a high school boy bawled out by the principal. But there was mirth in Gail's eyes and she said, "Don't look so woeful, Sam. I've done the same for Chuck and hidden him from the family too. Chuck's folly was Wisconsin applejack."

She tucked a hand under his arm. "Take me to dinner." She was suddenly very grave, very gentle. "I know, Sam. It's an aching gulf. It won't be. You've been in love with Armitage High School girls too. Paula was just your this-year's folly."

That proved to be sound prophecy. In his various circles there were a lot of charming women who were willing to be interested. But New York was different, changed only a little maybe, but changed permanently. Something had gone from the heroic effort. He worked even harder but somehow that headlong labor had less excitement in it and less point.

He saw Gail a little oftener and took her to some of the blowouts and first nights that had belonged to Paula, and there was a deepening of that curious, small-town feeling of friendly and humorous understanding. Queer how a hick town was a refuge for them both, a shared delight, a restoration. The Armitage Memorial Association, New York Chapter.

Finally Miriam Storm got very interested. Paula had been just any rich woman with an important name, but Miriam was a Broadway star and would soon be the foremost actress in America. Gail said, "The Armitage sneers bit deep, didn't they, Sam? All the wise-heads in town said you'd never make good in the big city but would come crawling home to clerk in the hardware store. You'll show them!" That made him mad but sometimes he would remember it and grin. Gail also was on the up-grade from Armitage—she knew about him.

He remembered the second anniversary of her arrival in the big town and offered her any kind of party. It was late May and Gail wanted to see some country. He drove her far out into Connecticut and they spent the afternoon walking on dirt roads and sitting on grassy banks in the sun. She was wearing a bright summer dress and a frivolous hat. Quite impersonally, he made a discovery. She took off the hat and laid it on the grass. She was sitting with the bright skirt pulled down over her ankles and carefully clasped under her knees. She rested her dark head on her knees and talked dreamily about Koken's cow pasture.

And Sam said in warm amazement, "Why, Gail, you're a beautiful woman."

SHE was. So subtly formed under that bright dress, such fathomless tranquillity in her dark eyes, such delicate color flowing in such exquisite soft cheeks.

She said, "Of course," and went on talking about Koken's cow pasture. "You know, Sam, it has come to be our engulfed cathedral, our Tony Sarg's fairyland. There never was the place; I'll bet we just invented it when we moved to town."

They dined late and drove back to town. When they came in sight of those lighted towers, those climbing planes of colored fire, Gail sighed with utter pleasure and said, "I love it, and I've made the grade. You pulled the wires for me, but that wasn't a mistake, was it? I've justified your wire-pulling; I've made good for you. New York is my town."

"It is not!" he said with sudden anger. "It's my town. You stay a foreigner, you be a stranger here, or I'll spank the everlasting daylights out of you."

"It's my town if I fall in love with it. Yes, and who gave me my key? You did. And now you tell me to stay a tintype in the parlor album!" In clotted traffic, crawling toward those fiery towers, she squeezed his arm and a light kiss drifted across his cheek.

HE HAD reason to remember that day in Connecticut—the grass and Gail's shining eyes and the gay skirt ever so modestly gathered under her knees. For almost at once there was a boom in Gail Ditson. Suddenly she was in all the smart magazines, and shops put framed originals in their windows, and her drawing had a new impudence that was the up-to-the-minute thing. She got a new apartment and, behold, it was a studio and the crowd found its way to it. She was smart. She was fashionable. Sam had looked forward to this summer. Miriam Storm had gone to Europe and he had counted on Gail for New York's shirt-sleeves season, when roofs and rathskellers are delightful and everyone is relaxed. But she was mostly at house parties on the Sound or in Maine or the Adirondacks, and other people occupied her when she came back to dash off some more applauded drawings. She just waved to him in passing.

It was quite plain by fall. It showed in her clothes—expensive and terribly smart. It showed even more in her eyes. They weren't tranquil now—they were excited and derisive and knowing. Smart and knowing—that summed up success in New York. She had a new way of cutting her hair, too, that made her face seem thinner and paler and more intolerant. She was the complete picture. Koken's cow pasture was ended.

(Continued on page 43)

Land of the Pilgrim's Pride

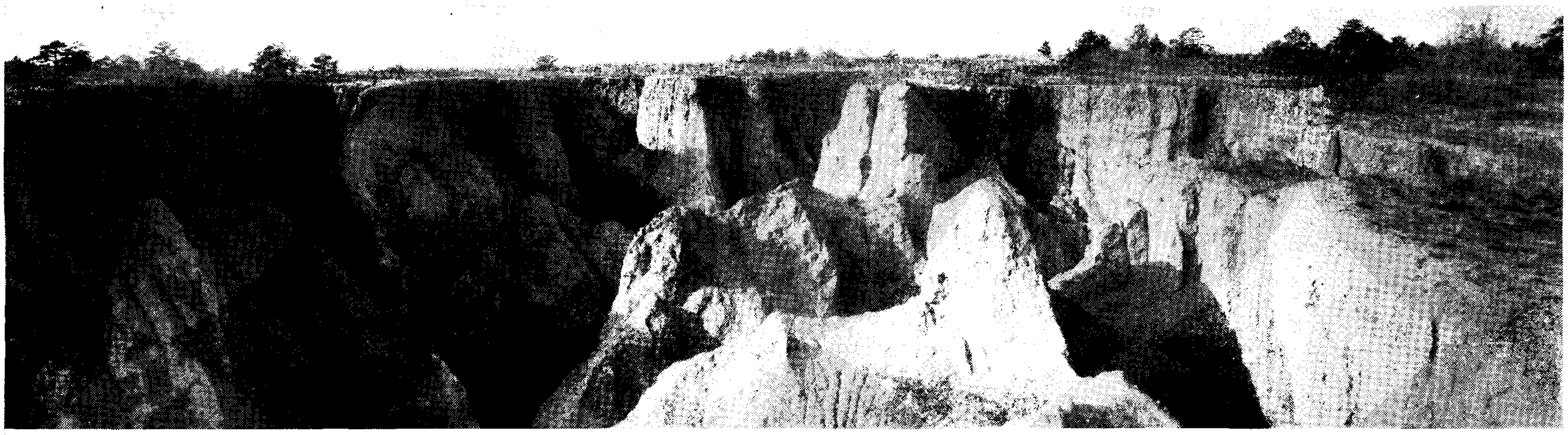
Our natural resources are something you read about in a schoolbook. Yes, but they are also money in the bank, money for every citizen's account. Topsoil, forests, gas, coal, oil—they're a large part of our national wealth, assets in which everyone in the country shares. That wealth has been misapplied, squandered, stolen. It's high time, for our sake and our children's, that steps were taken

By Owen P. White

An example of the reckless cutting which, far exceeding the natural rate of growth, has destroyed a third of our standing timber since 1908

NESMITH

A FEW months ago, vast clouds of black dust that were of tremendous and ominous significance to the future welfare of this nation were smothering, choking, burying the West. As a result, other things were also happening. In the Texas Panhandle desperate men, with red bandannas across their faces to keep them from eating dirt, were loading famished, bellowing cattle into stock cars and shipping them off to the Flint Hills of Kansas where, in some places, there still remained stands of native, blue-stem prairie grasses.



Water erosion has taken forty thousand tons of earth from this gully in South Carolina. This is only one of countless examples of uncontrolled waste

At the same time, out of this one corner where Texas, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Colorado and Kansas come together, and which comprises an area of 16,000,000 acres cut up into 65,000 farms, there trickled a steadily increasing stream of vehicles. These vehicles, trucks, wagons, prairie-schooners even, were battered and weatherbeaten. So were their owners. They were farmers with their families, who, having abandoned their lands, their homes, their hopes, were now headed for nowhere. These men were done; they were whipped; the dust storms had conquered them, and so, dumbly, they were now retreating before the coming of the desert.

Other people, in other ages and in other countries, have done the same thing. The Chinese retreated before the dust storms that were the forerunners of the coming of the Desert of Gobi, and today look at China! Look also at the valleys of the Tigris and the Euphrates. Today they are of no interest to anybody except archaeologists, jackals, and, for the support of the jackals, certain kinds of lizards. Once upon a time, though, the people of those valleys watered their lands with irrigation systems as vast as any of ours, and disported themselves in gardens and playgrounds as magnificent as any in America. But they didn't persist. The dust storms came; they retreated before them, and now all that remains of a civilization that was once the glory of the world lies buried beneath huge mounds of shifting, shimmering white sands!

A similar fate is in store for this country. It's on the way. Slowly, to be sure, but just as surely as the desert overtook and overwhelmed those vanished Assyrians, even so will a coming American Desert overtake and overwhelm enough of this country to make waste of an area twice the size of France unless we, instead of turning tail to the wind, do an about-face and carry our fight against the dust storms headlong into them.

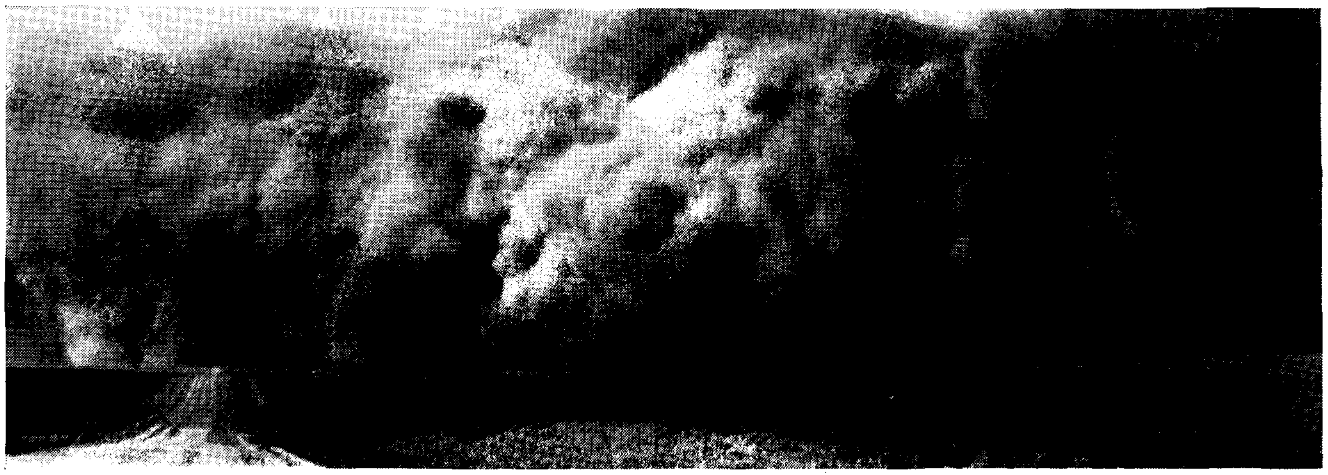
Clearly this is a job that this generation owes to future generations. It is likewise a job that past generations owed to this one but didn't attend to. They didn't have time. They were too busy pioneering a new country, and, in the name of greed and ignorance, too busy plundering it of its natural resources to give any thought to the unpleasant notion that they were under any obligation whatever to their own posterity.

Their posterity, though—that is, we Americans of the year of 1935—are in no such happy fix. Of course we would like to be as careless of the future as our forefathers were but we can't do it. The reasons are apparent. Dust storms, depleted forests, polluted waterways, abandoned oil fields, exhausted gas wells and stripped coal mines are just a few of them. In short, if it can be said that way, our future is already upon us.

In less than 160 years the United States has increased its so-called national wealth some 360-fold, and maybe more, and yet today at least fifty per cent of its citizens are unable to support themselves according to the American standard of living.

To explain how this catastrophe, which has been accumulating over a comparatively long period, has crashed down upon us so suddenly requires but a few paragraphs. By the time the United States had extended itself from the Atlantic to the Pacific it was unquestionably the richest country, in natural resources, to be found anywhere. Unfortunately, though, it was also rich in the number of its politicians to whom the highest essence of statesmanship seems to have been to gain prestige for themselves and the nation by giving away the national domain.

They did this in four ways. First, by making huge grants to the states, thereby creating opportunities for lesser looters in each commonwealth.


L. O. HACKETTE

Dense dust clouds blown from our rich plowed-up farm lands presage the coming of the great American Desert

Second, by selling large areas at low prices to land speculators. Third, by granting preëmption rights to anyone who could pay $1.25 per acre for soil worth many times that amount. And fourth, by providing the means for the creation of our present-day dust storms by enacting a free homestead law which has enabled thoughtless men to take up and plow up the grass lands of the Great Plains. In addition to this, when the land went so did all rights pertaining to it, which meant that eventually the federal government would lose all control over the country's natural resources.

© SPENCE. FROM EWING GALLOWAY

Derricks as thick as trees in a forest are rapidly draining the country of its finest oil reserves

Very well. Under that kind of land policy, which, as we now realize, was not a land policy at all but rather a scheme of political expediency fastened upon an inexperienced nation, the United States was settled up more quickly than any other country of half the area ever has been. This was an achievement. It was something to brag about. By the time the United States was 124 years old, at the turn of the century, it was already, potentially, the most powerful nation on the globe. Its citizens were the envy of all the poor, struggling, oppressed people throughout the rest of the world. They should have been. By emigrating to America, where a plan for the distribution of the national wealth was being carried out, they had transformed themselves from controlled human beings into rugged individuals who could do as they pleased with their lands and with all that those lands produced.

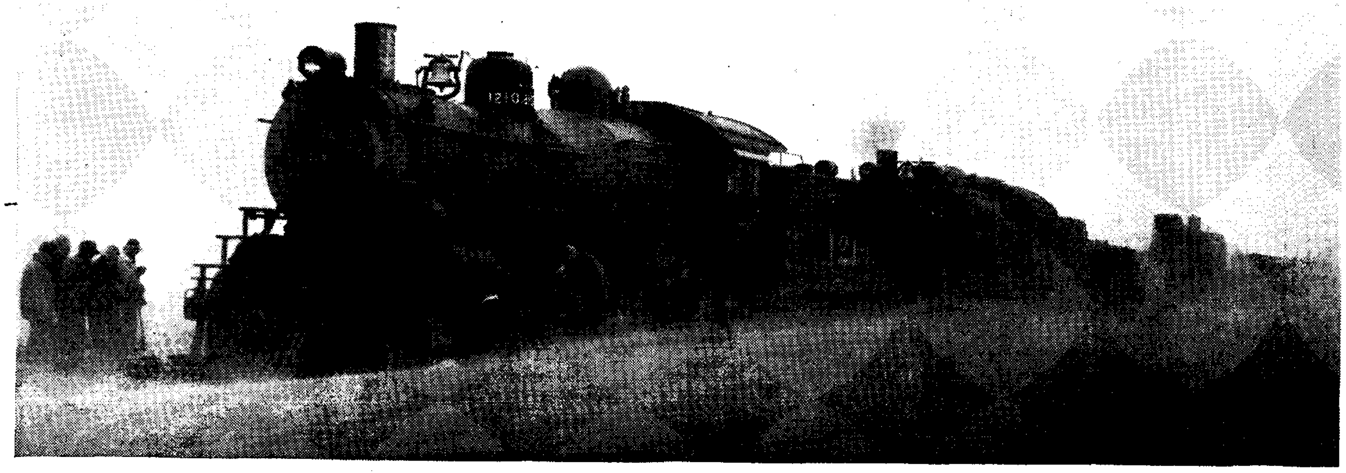
They did so, and as this was not only a land of free people, but also of free soil, free oil, free gas, free coal, free timber, free iron and even free fur, the results were entirely satisfactory. At least they thought so, and why shouldn't they? Rugged individualism was in the saddle, many tremendous fortunes had already been accumulated; many more were in the making, and thus, with a fortune always, and never the poorhouse, just over the next hilltop, it was inconceivable, impossible, unthinkable, that anything could be systemically wrong with the United States.

Strange to say, just at this point when fundamental prosperity was everywhere, the ruggedest of all rugged individuals in the land arose as a dissenter. His name was Theodore Roosevelt, and as he was then President he literally rocked to the boot-heels all of the men of his own cult when, in his high, squeaky voice, he blurted forth the heretical doctrine that maybe, after all, the sum of individual endeavor in this country, instead of being conducive to the general welfare, might actually be undermining it.

Not only did Theodore the Rugged say this but, by taking an inventory of the country's natural resources, he actually proved it. He showed, for example, just to cite a few cases, that under individual management our stock of high-grade iron ore would be practically exhausted by 1950; that our supply of crude oil would be gone at approximately the same time; that there was really no telling how soon we would run out of gas; that fifty per cent of our coal underground, and ninety-seven per cent after it was mined, was wasted; that our timber was being cut three and one half times as rapidly as it grew, and that, as regards our really fundamental wealth, our irreplaceable topsoil, it was disappearing at such a rate that even a schoolboy with a slate could figure out that within a couple of centuries the United States would be as naked of vegetation, and hence as poor, as China.

Drifts of wind-driven dust from the denuded farm lands of western Kansas stalled powerful locomotives

ASSOCIATED PRESS PHOTO



Obviously this was an inventory calculated to make every man in the country who had access to any of its natural resources sit up and take notice. It was too full of import regarding their own future for them not to notice it and so they did. But how? Before looking at the answer to that question, note this. That 1908 inventory, with its recommendations, was merely suggestive, not coercive or mandatory. Theodore Roosevelt was not swinging his Big Stick. On the contrary, he was merely pointing out to his patriotic followers, not only in the Union League Club in New York, but also on the cattle ranges of the West and the farms of the Central States, just exactly where their uncurbed, profit-taking tendencies would finally land us.

Two Hundred Per Cent Wrong

He did this trustingly. He honestly believed that once these men were told that they were wrecking the country they would abandon the selfish habit of building up huge fortunes for themselves and turn their energies to the better task of building up a better land for coming Americans to live in.

He was mistaken. He was exactly two hundred per cent mistaken because exactly the reverse of what he had anticipated took place. The gentlemen to whom he had addressed his remarks bowed respectfully, said "Thank you, Theodore," and truly meant it. They couldn't help but be thankful for an inventory which predicted shortages in such essential things as coal, oil, iron, timber and what have you. Shortage meant higher prices; higher prices meant higher profits. It was a magnificent spectacle. Under the whiplash of fierce competition Rugged Individualism set out to hijack America.

That was over twenty-six years ago and today where are we? Fortunately we can know because another Roosevelt, echoing the doctrine of the first one regarding the benefits of individual endeavor, has taken another inventory of our natural resources. Laying the two side by side, therefore, and comparing the stock report of 1908 with that of 1934, and at the same time contrasting the contentment of the people of Theodore's time with what it is in Franklin D's (*because the proper measure of wealth is the amount of contentment it buys*) we can determine approximately our gains or losses. Take our people first.

To begin with, there were almost thirty million fewer people in the United States in 1908 than there are today. But they were happy people. The country, to be sure, was just coming out of the panic of 1907, but as that was purely a financial panic it created no general distress. Business was slightly crippled, but there was no official relief roll in the land, and neither—I know because I have just gone through the headlines for 1908 and 1909 to find out—was anybody paying any attention to any inflammatory talk emanating from Kingfishes, pulpit-thumpers or any such rabble-rousers.

The reason is obvious. The people of 1908 were contented with their country and their government because they still had plenty to eat, plenty to wear and plenty to do. They had these things

(*Continued on page 36*)

The Very Man

By George Creel

COLLIER'S WASHINGTON STAFF WRITER

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT never beamed more effulgently than on that fair June day, back in 1934, when he affixed his signature to the Securities and Exchange Act. A short-lived joy, however, for almost on the instant he was confronted by the necessity of selecting a chairman for the Commission.

A period of painful brooding, and then the smile came back to smooth away every little care line.

"Joe Kennedy!" It was a joyful cry that rang through the White House, causing all to look up from the magazine article or radio speech on which they were working. "The very man!"

Mr. Kennedy, it may be explained at this point, was and is a redheaded, barrel-chested Irishman of forty-six with a pair of hot blue eyes lighting up a freckled and very combative face. Also a millionaire, having managed to bite and kick a way to the top from a start about ten feet back of scratch. Mr. Kennedy was reached at his home just outside of New York, where he lay with his leg in a cast, due to a fall from a horse. Called to the telephone, he received the President's suggestion with a distaste that must have made his Gaelic forebears turn in their graves.

"You know how I've made most of my money," he said. "Right in the stock market. Well, think of the howl that will go up if you name a Wall Street man."

"Very likely," Mr. Roosevelt answered cheerily, "but it doesn't seem a bad idea to have a chairman of a Securities and Exchange Commission who knows something about securities and exchanges. See you Monday."

Joe Kennedy left New York with the derisive "yah-yah" of the investment world ringing in his ears, and reached Washington to find an atmosphere only a little less frigid. Others on the Commission, you see, were James M. Landis, a brilliant young product of the Brandeis-Frankfurter school of thought: Ferdinand Pecora, the fiery Italian who had just finished his investigation of stock exchanges for a Senate committee; George C. Mathews, a hard-bitten Wisconsin progressive, and Judge Robert E. Healy, former counsel for the Federal Trade Commission, who had succeeded nobly in living down his Vermont conservatism. All were polite enough, to be sure, but a certain glassiness of eye amply indicated their opinion of a Wall Street operator.

Mr. Kennedy wasted no time on interviews, radio talks and banquet speeches. After one long, comprehensive look around, he disappeared from view.

It is known now that those months of silence were devoted to a searching study of the law, and the building and testing of an organization of experts. These things done, Joe Kennedy emerged from concealment and, seeking out the sullen, recalcitrant investment bankers, bluntly demanded to know what was eating them.

Courteously but firmly, Mr. Kennedy begged them to remember that they were not talking to a "come on" from the sticks. He had been in the game himself and knew it as well as any of them. If he had made money, it was because he never risked a thin dime without learning every little thing about the stock, spending money and time on investigators and accountants. What chance, he asked, did the average investor have to get that information? And why wasn't it his *right* to have it?

As for frightening investors and destroying confidence, the sorrel-topped visitor intimated plainly that such talk gave him a pain in the neck. What scared investors off was a steady succession of barefaced swindles that robbed the poor suckers of their savings. Of course there was no security market now. People had been stung too often. But what better way to restore confidence than for honest men to get behind a law that had no other object than the elimination of swindlers and swindling? In the matter of "governmental interference," would they kindly tell him *when* they had ever shown any disposition to clean house themselves? Was there even an attempt at investigation and reform that they hadn't fought tooth and nail?

And what was that about the law being *radical?* Would any of them say that the English were radical? Well, then, England has had laws for the protection of the investor since 1844, and a good deal stricter than the American statute. And enforced, too!

Nothing to Worry About

Crisply but still politely, he asked them to cut out the guff and talk sense. As much as anybody else, he himself wanted the law to *work.* Let them point out the stupid, the unnecessary and the unjust, and changes would be made. At the risk of being personal, he mentioned the fact that he had a wife and nine growing children, and sincerely trusted that no one present would think him fool enough to take part in anything that would menace their future.

A detail that seemed to agitate the investment men to the point of fever was the criminal and civil liability of directors for false or misleading statements. Mr. Kennedy refused to share this sense of outrage. If a man wasn't willing to accept responsibility, then let him stay off the board.

Protests against the publicity features of the law failed to bring tears to Joe Kennedy's eyes. The government had no concern with corporations that borrowed their money privately, but when they went out into the open and asked men and women for their savings, that minute they ceased to be private in any honest sense of the world.

With respect to delays and expense, Mr. Kennedy admitted that the Commission had already found things that could be improved. He pledged expedition and inexpensiveness. Anything else? All right, then. If they were on the square, they'd play ball. If they weren't on the square, they couldn't play at all.

He kept his word. When every possible reform had been effected, the Commission sat back happily and waited for business. None came. Weeks went by, and no corporation showed up with a fine juicy issue ready for the oven. There were still doubt and distrust. And then the break came.

On March 7, 1935, Swift & Company knocked at the door with a $43,000,000 issue. On March 8th, Pacific Gas and Electric walked in with a $45,000,000 issue. On March 18th came Standard Gas and Electric with two issues aggregating $20,212,590; March 29th, Commercial Credit Company, $27,177,864; March 30th, Southern California Edison with the largest issue of them all, $71,905,000; and then the Union Oil of California with $21,075,000, and National Steel with $50,000,000. Many of the issues were refunding operations, and a striking characteristic was that the new bonds carried interest rates appreciably lower than the old.

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Joseph P. Kennedy, chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission

Protection that Works

What still kept the Commission on the anxious seat was how the new organization had acquitted itself in the important matters of expense and speed. At the earliest moment they took the first ten big issues okayed by the Commission and compared them with ten issues of equal size put out before the government "butted in." What they found was this: the cost of the ten put out prior to 1934 was one half of one per cent as contrasted with three tenths of one per cent for the Commission issues. Moreover, the total items of expense directly chargeable to the Commission amounted to less than one fifth of the money paid to underwriters. As for speed, the maximum time from the filing of the application to final clearance was twenty days.

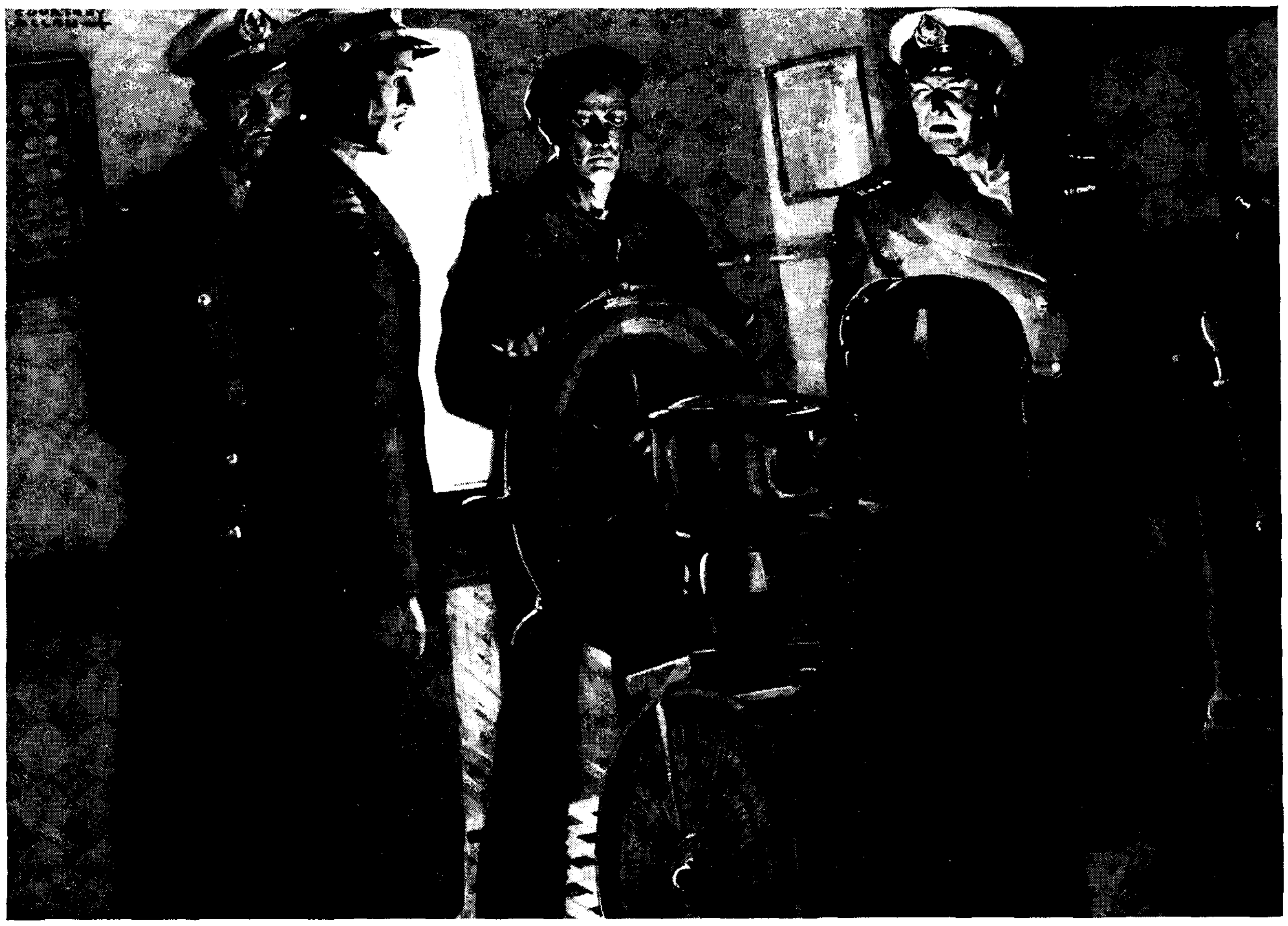
So much for the operation of the Commission from the standpoint of the seller of securities. How about the buyer? Up to May 1, 1935, the number of applications filed was 1,400, aggregating $2,049,000,000. In other days these bonds would have been dumped on the investing public overnight, and their sale high-pressured by bankers, brokers, glib young men and tipster sheets. What happened under the new dispensation?

Of the 1,400 applications, 1,016 were approved, a total of $1,720,000,000. Exactly 76 were turned down, representing $40,000,000 kept off the market; 202, amounting to $101,000,000, were withdrawn, and 106, totalling $188,000,000, were still under examination at this writing.

Even with these figures, it is not possible to estimate accurately the amount saved to investors, for issues withdrawn and issues rejected tell only half the story. The mere fact that they would have to run the gantlet of examination has kept hundreds of fakes and skin games out of the field.

Only a year old, yet the organization is far-flung and effective. The headquarters in Washington are working with speed and precision, and regional offices have been set up in New York, Chicago, Boston, Denver, Fort Worth and San Francisco. The field force has a triple function, reporting on applications, watching out for skin games, and also checking up to see that money derived from new issues is spent as promised. If they find a diversion of funds, or other use than that specified, down comes a heavy hand.

"And just one other thing," Joe Kennedy concluded, signing his secretary to bring the next caller. "We're not trying to kill speculation. Crooked stuff, pool operations and market rigging have got to go, but how can you stop a man from buying stock on the hope that it will go up? All we can do is to give him the information that will enable him to buy intelligently, and guard him against rascals, sure-thing men and the get-rich-quick boys. And I think we're doing it."



The Old Man suddenly bellowed: "Are you questioning my judgment, sir?"

Invisible Command

By Arthur Tuckerman

ILLUSTRATED BY COURTNEY ALLEN

Choose your hero, if you can, in this exciting story of the sea, which ends with the newsreels clicking quite to the taste of some sea dogs—but not all

THE wind thudded upon the hurricane deck, rising to a falsetto around deckhouse corners and ventilators. Broken clouds like mangled shreds of night whirled across the moon. There was a faint, swiftly traveling panel of light upon the dark sea, a wraithlike glimmer from no less than six terraced rows of portholes. Now and again the wind would snatch a titan's handful of smoke from the squat, streamlined funnels, and would hurl it in acrid clouds over the lifeboats and the sturdy bulk of the wireless house.

There was a light burning in the commander's cabin, just abaft the chartroom. If you had paused to look inquisitively into one of the twin ports, between the red curtains swinging on their highly-polished rods, you would have gained a contrasting human picture of comfort and apparent well-being. The roseate glow of an electric fire reflected with an almost effete delicacy upon walls of gray satinwood. A few marine etchings. A few autographed portraits. There was a green-shaded lamp upon a table, its inverted cone of light silhouetting the Old Man's head as he sat there reading. A massive head, possessing an ageless dignity, like some piece of sculpture pilfered from a Roman temple.

The light would have picked out for your benefit, in subtle tones and half-tones, the commander's exaggeratedly aquiline features; the ruddy sheen of the complexion drawn tautly over the bone structure; the rigidly chiseled mouth and chin. There were four gay ribbons for valor across the navy-blue covering of the Old Man's breast, and his white cap—bearing the gold oak leaves of his rank—lay on the table beside him.

Here, you would have decided, was the traditional autocrat of the sea. The man of authority. The type of man who caused the London and East Asia fleet to be spoken of with respect on the waterfronts of Marseilles or Manila, Calcutta or Cape Town. The type of man whose name at the head of the officers' list gave you, the average landlubber, a distinct confidence. Because of its almost picturesquely Anglo-Saxon flavor: Commander John Forbes Cameron, D. S. O., Royal Naval Reserve.

The book Commander Cameron was reading was an assemblage of hard-headed observations by a shrewd and modern French traveler, and one paragraph in particular caught the Old Man's fancy. It seemed to him, in spite of his own congenital lack of respect for any but the Nordic races, that the Frenchman had managed to express a fairly profound thought. "The strength of the Anglo-Saxon," he read, "is shown in a crisis by the individual's wish to serve something greater than himself, and to obey some invisible, spiritual command."

THE commander put down the book, rubbing his chin reflectively. Pretty words; but were they any longer valid? How could that selfless spirit survive in a world given over to self-advancement, opportunism, and trickery, and a contempt for past standards? The politicians had set the example, and the man in the street had followed. The old breed was dying.

Take the new chief officer, for instance, who'd been on the Afghanistan for three voyages now. Mr. Jack Conover, under forty, and typical of his era. Kind of chap who'd raced up the ladder by a blend of quick-wittedness, back-slapping, and a shrewd flare for plumping himself in the spotlight. Kind of chap who'd rescue some wretched Norwegian tramp ship in the normal course of duty, and then grant every newshawk in Fleet Street an interview about it. Would pose for the newsreels, too. Kind of chap whose brilliantined personality was insufferable, and whose ability as a navigating officer was absolutely flawless; beyond criticism.

Good-looking, too, in his dark, flashy way. Why, only that afternoon as he—the commander—had hurried along the promenade deck he'd overheard two little bits of fluff from London discussing the chief officer: "My dear, isn't Mr. Conover too, too handsome? If only this stuffy old company would allow the officers to dance! I'm sure his carioca would be divine . . ."

The Old Man muttered a mild obscenity; then, laying down the intelligent Frenchman's book, glanced at the clock above his desk. Beginning of the middle watch. He hadn't been on the bridge for nearly an hour. He was feeling a bit done in, after a steady twenty-eight hours on the job. That fog off Cape Roca, and the embarkation of three hundred emigrants at Lisbon, hadn't been a picnic. And now, to cap it all, a rising gale.

Well, he'd better go forward and have a look-see; have a chat with the officer of the watch. Who would it be? He consulted a card on his desk:

"Middle Watch . . . Chief Officer Conover."

Through one of the portholes he caught a glimpse of an anemone-colored light, blinking briefly beyond a dull veil of spray and mist. That, the Old Man reflected, would be Cape St. Vincent. Fifteen minutes past midnight and St. Vincent already abeam.

The commander twisted his sturdy body into a light oilskin, put on his cap, and groped his way forward through an appalling blast of wind and rain. He was half-propelled through the open door of the chartroom. There, beside the binnacle, he detected Mr. Conover and the quartermaster, standing side by side. But he paid no attention to them. He strode at once to the barometer.

"Been falling steadily for the past hour," Conover volunteered in his easy, almost flippant manner. The commander nodded: "Well, there's no need for me at present. I'll snatch a brief wink. But have me called when you need me, Mr. Conover."

"I shall manage quite well, sir," Mr. Conover assured him blithely. "I suggest you take a good long shut-eye. You've had a hard day of it."

The commander, appalled by this intimacy, this solicitude which made him feel at least a hundred years old, uttered a strangled sound in his throat, but said nothing. It was, after all, impossible to cope with a fellow who managed to offend some rule of etiquette every time he spoke. He nodded his head stiffly; left the chartroom; went back to his own handsome cabin.

There he found Second Officer Duffy awaiting him. A dried-up little man of fifty with kinky gray hair, shrewd blue eyes, and a large, humorously Irish mouth. He wore a mess jacket, and had just come up from the smoking-room. Half the passengers were seasick, he observed ironically, and the evening entertainment had been a washout. He'd come, as a matter of fact, to speak about the purser's staff. It seemed that an extra man was needed. The Old Man made an impatient gesture. "Sit down, Duffy," he said with one of his rare relinquishments of a formal mode of address. "I want your private opinion on a more important question. Something that's fretting me."

Duffy sat down, raising his eyebrows in faint, half-amused surprise. For eight long years he'd served under the Old Man, bless his stout heart, and he couldn't recall having once been consulted in this private, almost intimate way. But between the two of them there had always existed a mutual and tacit respect. Something one felt but never spoke about. Tonight, Duffy noted with mingled curiosity and anxiety, the Old Man appeared unduly harassed. There was a tension in the region of the heavy, ruddy jaw. He looked older than usual. He looked tired.

He stood there by the desk, facing Duffy, toying with a small bronze paperweight. "This is strictly confidential," he began. "Ex-officio, so to speak, because it refers to one of your seniors. But, damn it, Duffy, I need advice from a man of your age and caliber. You're the only man on board I can consult—"

Duffy nodded. "Fire away, sir. Strictly between ourselves."

"They're going to retire me next trip," the Old Man said.

Duffy half rose from his chair in a little motion of protest.

"I didn't realize that you'd be reaching the age—"

The Old Man smiled. A small, sad smile. "It's my heart, you see. That last medical exam was a devilish showdown. Of course the company will do the right thing by me, and all that. It's the matter of my successor that's worrying me. Broderick's retiring, and they're thinking of giving my command to Mr. Conover—"

Mr. Duffy emitted a prolonged, low whistle.

"Mum's the word, Duffy."

"Aye. Mum's the word. But I'm frankly astounded. Of course he's had smaller ships, plenty of experience. But then he's under forty. Not that it affects me. I'll perhaps be pushed up a notch. I was merely thinking of the general effect. It's a bit radical."

"WHAT'S your opinion of Mr. Conover?" the Old Man suddenly pinned him down.

The second lighted his pipe. His reply came slowly, through a curling blue veil: "A good navigator, sir. I once saw him bring the old Turkestan into Villefranche, when you'd never have believed a human could have gotten away with it. In one of those foul mistrals. And she was a balky old tub at best."

"I didn't mean that," the commander declared, frowning at the paperweight. "I'm talking about character. Guts. The qualities counting in a crisis."

"Any reason to doubt their existence, sir?" Duffy's voice was grave and judicial, carefully modulated.

The Old Man stroked his chin. "I hate unfounded gossip, Duffy. But I'll give you my impression. Conover isn't like you or myself. He's a different tribe. One of these modern stunt chaps. All for show and publicity. No tradition back of him, and how can backbone exist without tradition? More interested in the human element than in his ship, if you see what I'm driving at. Sees life as a movie film rather than the good, hard grind that it is. Kind of chap who capitalizes himself in the press. Follow me? Not the pukka L. & E. A. type, by a long shot."

Duffy saw clearly the Old Man's difficulty in endorsing a philosophy totally different from his own. Duffy was an intelligent man, a confirmed student of human nature. He said slowly, between puffs of his pipe:

"Other times, other customs, sir. Mr. Conover's background was different from your own. He hasn't your feeling for such matters as tradition and good form. Like many young men today, he's out to gain the top of the ladder as quickly as possible, and I think that he's bound to reach it. Spectacular, if you like—but that's what the public wants nowadays, and he damn' well knows it. But have we a right to question his basic character, and his possible actions in a crisis? We have no reason to doubt them. We have no way of knowing the inner man."

"We haven't," the commander agreed. "And yet it goes against the grain, Duffy, to see these smart alecks coming into their own. I expect I'm a fossil, a back number as the Yankees say, but I prefer the old type. Men like MacPherson, and you, and Commander Broderick."

Mr. Duffy rose, slightly embarrassed by the turn events had taken. There was, he considered, something rather pathetic in the Old Man's sudden casting aside of a lifelong and autocratic reserve, in his frank plea for advice. To Duffy it was ominous and prophetic, almost a prediction of the other's waning powers. He said sympathetically: "Mr. Conover does rile me at times by his truly amazing self-sufficiency. But all of us mortals cannot be fashioned in the same mold. I wouldn't worry, sir. I think he has the right makings."

"The company will make a point of consulting me about him," the Old Man stated unhappily. "They'll want my opinion." To this Duffy, the diplomat, could find no reply. He excused himself and left the cabin.

THE commander was awakened, almost flung from his bunk, by a violent shock. His eyes, blinking, inevitably sought the clock above his desk. Three seventeen. He flung a coat over his pajamas, realizing with an apprehension verging on nausea that the engines had stopped, and that the deck revealed a distinct and permanent list to starboard. He hurried forward, observing as he went that the sea had dropped to a long, oily swell, above which were drifting successive layers of heavy mist. The Afghanistan was cradling comfortably, easily, but always with that distinct list.

In the chartroom he found Mr. Conover, the quartermaster, and Mr. Spottiswood, the extremely blond, pink-and-white third officer. Almost at the same moment Second Officer Duffy appeared at the head of the stairway leading to the lower decks, followed by the very young, round-faced Mr. Lawson, the fourth officer.

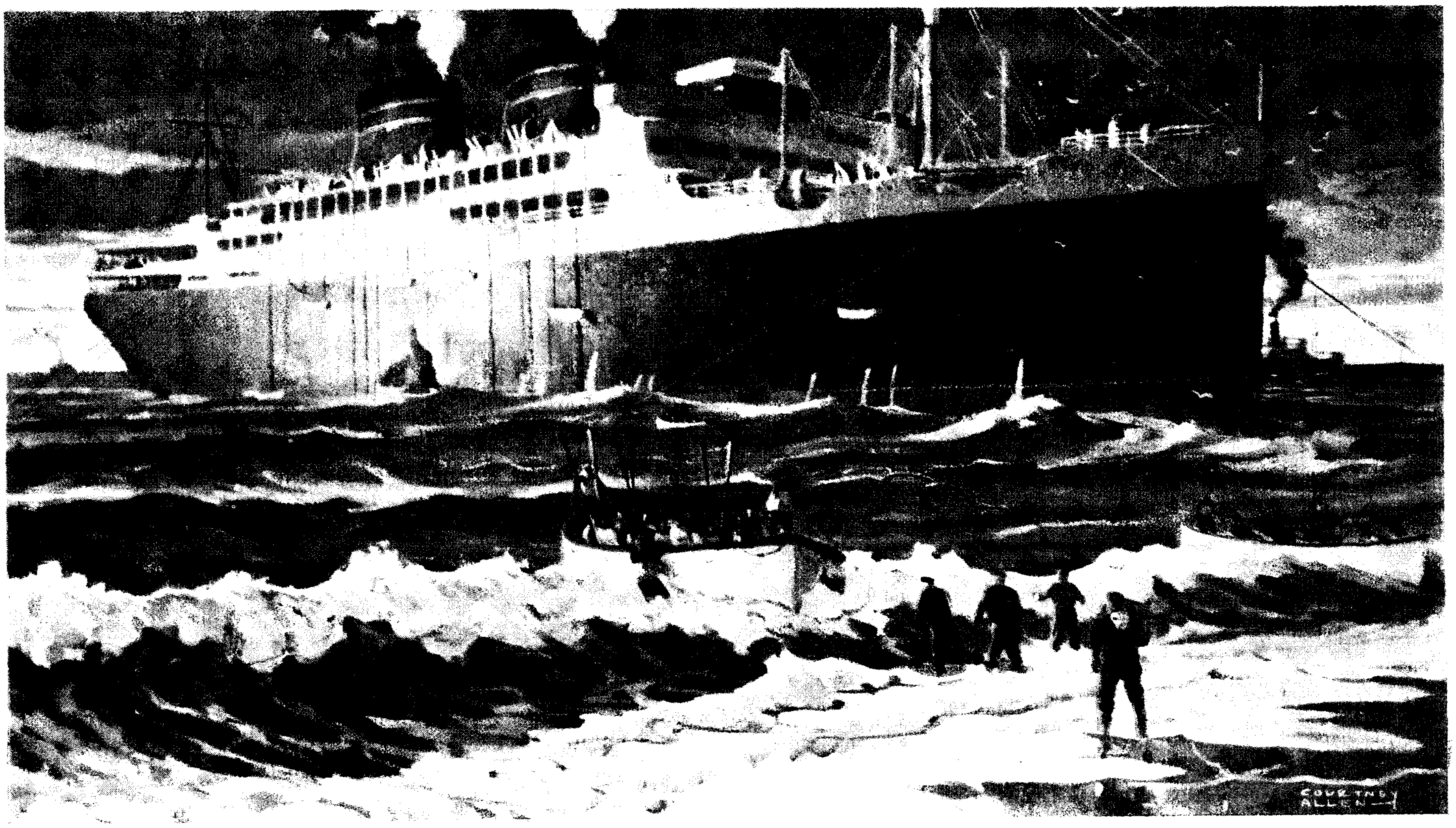
"What's up?" the Old Man demanded.

Mr. Conover faced him. His features were pale, and sharply etched in the binnacle's upward glow.

"Something struck us amidships, sir. Starboard side. We saw nothing from the bridge."

The Old Man pounced on the quartermaster at the wheel.

(Continued on page 46)



The water was calm and there was a light fog. All boats reached shore quickly

Words by Al Dubin, music by Harry Warren — that's the formula that has put rhythm into Dames, Roman Scandals, Forty-second Street, Wonderbar and various Gold Diggers — to mention only the team's screen successes. Meet the boys

UNLESS there is a minority report submitted later, it may be set down as final that every team of song writers has one fat and one lean member. It varies: The lyric writer may be fat and the melody writer thin or the melody writer may be thin and lyric writer fat. The gentlemen who write the deathless words, in short, seem to thrive on it. In this instance, it was Harry Warren who composed the songs and looked like a whippet and Al Dubin who did the dainty little rhymes and looked like Shanty Hogan.

The gentlemen were in New York for their first vacation from Hollywood in three years. They had written Gold Diggers of 1935 and Al Jolson's Go Into Your Dance, which were current about town, and Broadway Gondolier, which had not yet been released. What was worrying them most was a song called Lullaby of Broadway, which they had written for Gold Diggers and which they were living to regret. They heard it played in restaurants and on the air and whistled by grocery boys who grocered better than they whistled. They agreed that the first million repetitions brought a twang of pride to their breasts; after that only homicidal thoughts. When the scene opened, they were in a restaurant on West 45th Street, New York City, having lunch.

"A nice joint, this," said the stout fella, who was Al Dubin. "The kind of place we used to see people going into in the days when we were living on free lunch."

"I never lived on free lunch," said Mr. Warren haughtily. "At the worst I always had a job pounding the piano someplace."

"How'd you get home that time you were stranded in Chicago with the carnival?"

"I wired for the money," said Mr. Warren proudly, "and came home by the Erie, leaving on Wednesday night and being home in Brooklyn on Friday morning. I lived on thirty cents' worth of salami, kept it wrapped up in a shirt to keep it fresh."

"When I wired for money," said Mr. Dubin sadly and reminiscently, "all I ever got back was the wire. That's how I started writing sad ditties. I was sad."

The two bent over their food and reflected upon the vagaries of fate. Twenty years ago they were Tin-Pan Alley guys, sitting around in reception rooms, buttonholing vaudeville singers with the hope that they might try out a song and in general going through the difficult business of breaking into the big-time song-writing game. Now they were eating very heartily, Mr. Dubin particularly, and bewailing the fact that Hollywood had ordered them back for a new picture.

Up From Tin-Pan Alley

"Furthermore," said Mr. Warren, the little one, tearing into a lamb chop, "I was out making my way in the world when you were still dying for dear old Perkiomen Seminary, whatever that was."

"That," said Mr. Dubin, beaming broadly, "was a remarkable educational institution down in the Pennsylvania Dutch section and I was lithe and muscular and handsome and played football, basketball and track. Did I ever tell you about the time I ran the legs off Don Lippincott and Ted Meredith?"

"You told me," said Mr. Warren grimly.

"But did I tell you how I got started writing these masterpieces in rhyme?" persisted Mr. Dubin and hastened on as if fearful of a reply. "I started with St. Nicholas magazine. You remember that League they used to have . . . Well, I tried drawing and couldn't make it and I tried photographs and prose, but nothing doing. Then I wrote a poem and got a silver badge. This Hollywood stuff . . . Phooie! Did you ever get a silver badge from the St. Nicholas League? Did you ever get a gold badge? No, you were out playing the snare drum in a carnival band or banging a piano at Healy's at Sheepshead Bay."

"Just about the time you were being thrown for a fifteen-yard loss by Mauch Chunk High School," said Mr. Warren, "I was being assistant director at the Vitagraph Studios in Flatbush, which is in Brooklyn, the finest city in the world. Before that I was in the choir at Our Lady of Loretto, where any good Italian boy who was once named Guarano and is now named Warren should have been. That's where I learned music."

"I know," interrupted Mr. Dubin sourly. "Never took a lesson in your life. Don't stress the obvious."

"Those were the days," continued Mr. Warren, ignoring his collaborator, "when Vitagraph had Clara Kimball Young and John Bunny and Maurice Costello and I was a valuable cog in that machine, I can tell you. I was the only guy who could fit the bellhop's suit and I was in every picture. Then the war came along and I joined the Navy and was stationed at Montauk Point in the air service. They called me the Flying Piano Player."

"That's where all the piano players were," said Mr. Dubin, disgustedly. "Down at Montauk Point or somewhere on the Great Lakes. Us writers, we were over in the Argonne getting dusted off by the Heinies."

"How could they have missed you?" asked Mr. Warren, looking intently at his partner.

"About that time you wrote your first song, didn't you?" asked Mr. Dubin, with evil intent. "That one about I Learned to Love You When I Learned My A B C's."

"That's a partner for you," said Mr. Warren. "I tell you something and you never forget it. Why don't you say something about Rose of the Rio Grande or Home in Pasadena? Were they good! The English loved that Pasadena thing."

"What do you think the world would have done without Only an Irishman's Dream?" demanded Mr. Dubin. "I got $7 for that one. When I started hitting the real dough was when I wrote O'Brien is Learning to Talk Hawaiian. For that one, fifty bucks. They're still singing Just a Sailor's Sweetheart, but I stopped collecting years ago. I was working for Emmett Welch in Philadelphia in those days, me and Joe Burke. Welch got rich in the music business and everybody thought it was because of our songs. Maybe it was. We didn't get much out of it but the very fact that people thought we did kept me alive for years. The bartenders got the idea that if they only got me drunk enough, they could pick off a hit and make a fortune. I'd stroll in around noon and the bartender would bounce a bottle out on the bar. 'Have a drink on the house, Al,' he'd say, very cordial. I'd have a drink and he'd be right at me again. 'Have another, Al; nothing's too good for you, old boy. Have another.'

Songsmith's Nostalgia

"After that went on awhile and he thought I was properly oiled, he'd lean over and say: 'You ain't got one of them little pomes anywheres about your person, have you, Al?' and I'd be pretty reluctant but would finally let him talk me out of one for ten or fifteen bucks. I'd write half a dozen of them every night before I went to bed. You know . . . You're a Loon if you Spoon under the Moon in June . . . Like that. I could make a good living when I managed to make the rounds but they were so dumb in those days they put liquor in the liquor bottles. I still got friends in Philly wanting me to buy back the gems I sold them in 1915."

The two songsmiths ate steadily along and seemed to be gathering strength for further attacks.

"You're wrong about how I got to Hollywood," said Mr. Warren. "They practically swooned over A Million Dollar Baby in a Five and Ten Cent Store. Genius, if I ever encountered it. The biggest number I ever had."

"Also one of the worst," said Mr. Dubin. "Why, Harry, we don't know what good times are these days. I got $7,000 from the phonograph records alone on All the World is Jealous of Me. If I got $100 now, I'd be lucky."

"Look at all the fun you're having," Mr. Warren reminded him. "Living out there in beautiful California and only working eighteen hours a day."

They became involved in a discussion about writing songs.

"You have to get the idea and music

(Continued on page 39)

Secret Marriage

By Kathleen Norris

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ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT

The Story Thus Far:

THEIR mother just laid to rest, Mary and Peter Burleigh find that a large amount in bonds which she had bequeathed to the little family has been lost. Whereupon, their income greatly diminished, they take the entire family—Barty, Chrissie, Lindsay, and their eccentric Aunt Joan, who has lived with them for years—and, leaving their comfortable home, move to a dilapidated house in the near-by village of Green Oaks.

Ensconced there, Mary goes to work in a bakery; and Peter (who has dropped out of college) becomes a bookkeeper for a lumber company.

Thus far, love has never entered Mary's thoughts. Now, for the first time, it comes—or at least she *thinks* it does. For she meets Calvin Tait, a young Easterner who, following a brief stay in Mary's California home town, has secured a petty position in a Southern California bank; and she is tremendously drawn to him. So much so, indeed, that when he suggests a secret marriage (his uncle is much opposed to his *marrying, until he can support a wife; and* certainly this is not the time for Mary to take on any more responsibilities) Mary *accepts the idea. And presently, unknown* to any of their friends, they are husband and wife.

Then, and not until then, Mary learns the truth: she likes Calvin Tait, a pleasant, agreeable young man; but she does not love him—in marrying him, she has made a dreadful mistake!

Carol Moulton, one of Mary's friends, is engaged to a New Yorker: Jeffery Maclean, a brilliant author whose books have a wide sale. Following a stay in New York City, she comes home, announces that she and Maclean are to be married in the near future, and, Maclean having arrived, introduces him to Mary.

From that moment on, Mary is utterly wretched. For she falls in love with her friend's fiancé on sight; and, seeing him often—he calls on her several times—she must pretend that she is in love with the man to whom she is supposed to be engaged: Calvin Tait.

Four days before the wedding she has a brief talk with Maclean, then goes to her room. "Four days," she thinks. "I can bear anything—for four days. Or can I? . . . God—God, help me to get through those awful days!"

V

TWO days before the wedding Mary was standing in the Moultons' library, looking out of the window at a slaty, steady rain, when a squarely-built man quietly came into the big, dim room. It was mid-afternoon, but the storm had already darkened the day into twilight, and Mary had to look twice before she recognized Jeffery. Then she said faintly: "Oh, you! I thought—I thought you and Carol—weren't you going into town today?"

"Mary," he said. Their hands were together; in the soft gloom they stood looking at each other. And for a long minute neither seemed to be able to find anything more to say.

"No, we didn't go," Jeffery at last said somewhat flatly.

"Carol told me yesterday—" The world was so full for Mary, so brimming with sudden ecstasy and rightness, that she could not go on. She had not expected to see him at all today; she had not expected to see him until the church rehearsal tomorrow, and now here he was, Jeffery, brown of skin and hard of hand, looking down at her, flooding the parched reaches of her spirit with infinite refreshment; they were together in the Moultons' library; nobody could take this moment away from her. She looked at him, speechless and trembling.

"You hadn't heard, then?" Jeffery said gravely, still holding her hands. They moved together into the deep curtained embrasure of the window.

"Heard?"

"Mrs. Moulton, Carol's mother, was injured this morning. Coming back *from a club meeting in Redwood City,* just at the Five Points crossing."

"Badly?" Mary forgot herself for the moment; her blue eyes met his in quick apprehension.

"We don't know. She's at the hospital; Carol's with her."

"Jeffery! What happened?"

"Why," he said, steadying her with his arm about her shoulders, "you're quite white. You mustn't let it frighten you. Nugent, the chauffeur, was driving—"

MARY'S face was very close to his and his arm still about her as he told her the details: of the truck that had crossed into the road, Nugent's efforts to hold the car on the soft dirt shoulder, the cracking of wood and splintering of glass. How seriously Mrs. Moulton was hurt they did not know; her husband and children were with her; she had not recovered consciousness.

"It's frightful!" Mary whispered, sitting down on the wide white window sill. "Just two days before—will you go on with the wedding—you can't, can you?"

"Oh, no; all that's off for a while, anyway," Jeffery said. "If—if anything goes wrong I think Carol and I will be married very quietly. Or if her mother is convalescent, or needs *her—but of course we've made no* plans. I've hardly seen Carol since it happened; she went to get her father. Spencer got here and they went off together—"

"And you've just been here waiting?"

"No; I went up to the hospital. But there's nothing one can do."

"Poor Mrs. Moulton!" Mary said, leaning back against the window. "She may be months getting over it. Was it bones?"

"Leg broken and arm broken, they say. But that isn't the serious part."

"Oh, but Jeffery, isn't it awful, the way things can rush out at you! All the plans for day after tomorrow, and your tickets—"

"Tickets only to Los Angeles, and we can use them any time. We were going to stay there for a few weeks; I've something to finish up. I may have to go down in a few days as it is; they're doing my Peru thing."

"Carol's been wonderful, I suppose?"

"Splendid."

THEY sat on the white deep window sill and looked at each other. The dusk outside was thick with rain; a maid came into the library and lighted a soft lamp or two.

"So you're calling me 'Jeffery' now?" the man said.

Mary's color flickered; he could see the blue glint of her eyes in the gloom.

"Did I?"

"I liked it."

"I wasn't thinking what I was saying," Mary said.

"This means that you and I can go on with our friendship for a little while, doesn't it? I mean, I can come down to Green Oaks, and we can have another walk and talk or two."

Mary looked at him without speaking.

"You and I are friends; this visit has made us the best of friends, hasn't it?" he said, his hand over hers.

"*You were going* to marry Carol day after tomorrow," Mary said slowly. It was not what she meant or wanted to say; she hated herself for saying it, but somehow the words seemed dragged out of her. Her eyes never moved from his.

"But of course I was!" he said, almost amused in his surprise at her seriousness.

"Then you're in love with Carol," Mary added, still speaking under the pressure of some force far stronger than her mind or will.

"Well, Mary, of *course!*" Jeffery said, puzzled. "Carol and I in love?" he repeated it musingly. "I'm not so sure. We decided upon getting married one night at Lucas' place; you'll have to see that place some day. I don't remember exactly why. We said afterwards we didn't know why. When I came west and left her there nothing was said about it, and then she came west and wired me at the Hollywood studio to come up and marry her at once—and here we are!"

"Is that the way it was?" Mary said slowly.

"Isn't that a perfectly good way?"

"Perhaps that's the New York way."

"PERHAPS it isn't romantic enough for you? Somehow I know that you're romantic. Aren't you?"

"I don't know," she said. "But I don't see—"

"Go on," he said, as she stopped.

"I don't see—nothing!" Mary said, interrupting herself.

"No; tell me what you were going to say!"

"Really I wasn't going to say anything."

"Oh, look here," Jeffery reproached her, in his kindly voice, "I thought we were friends. I think you might tell me."

"It was only—" Mary began thickly, and stopped.

"Mary!" *Jeffery said in concern.* He raised his brown hand, and a shaft of lamplight from the library showed the tear lying there. "Why, my dear girl—my dear Mary, what is it?" he asked.

Mary leaned back out of the light. She made no sound.

"Are you—you're not crying?" he asked, aghast.

The girl suddenly stood up and looked out into the dark.

"I THOUGHT you were going away day after tomorrow," she said presently. "And that was all right. Now you're not. I think—I think you oughtn't to come down to see me any more. That sounds crazy to you. But it's not crazy. I don't want you to come any more."

Jeffery was standing close to her shoulder. After awhile he said quietly:

"I'm terribly sorry. I didn't know—I feel like an awful fool, but I didn't dream that it was this way."

"It's this way," Mary said simply.

"I'm frightfully sorry."

"I'm frightfully ashamed," the girl said. "I know what you must think of me, of course. I've never met anyone at all like you; I didn't know what was the matter until just a day or two ago; I should have been able to manage it all right if you and Carol had gone away as you planned."

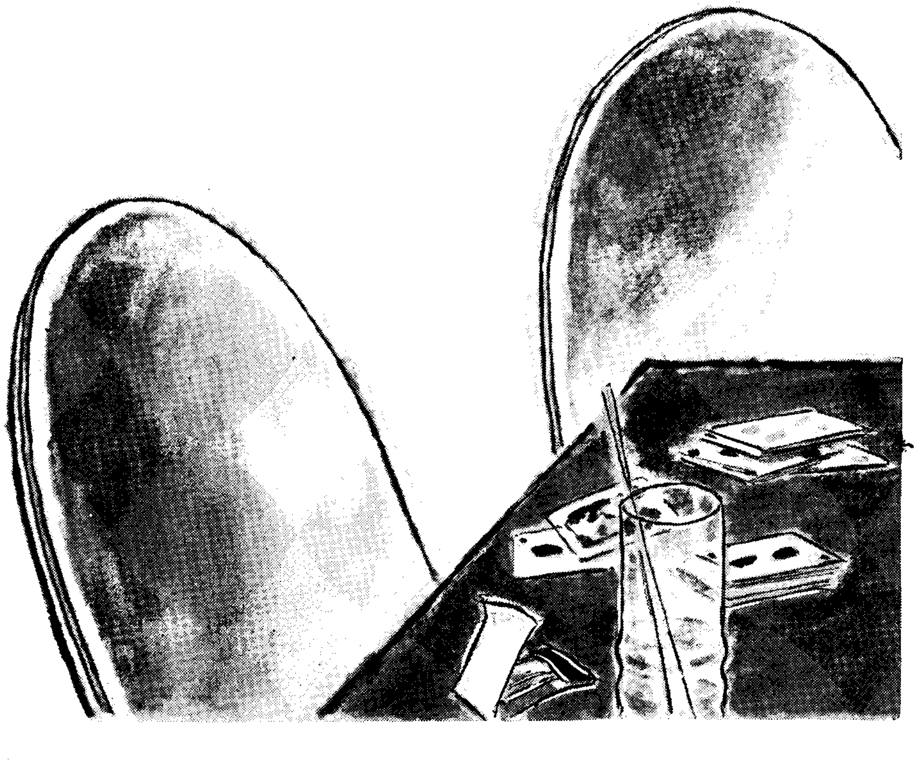
There was a silence. Mary presently broke it.

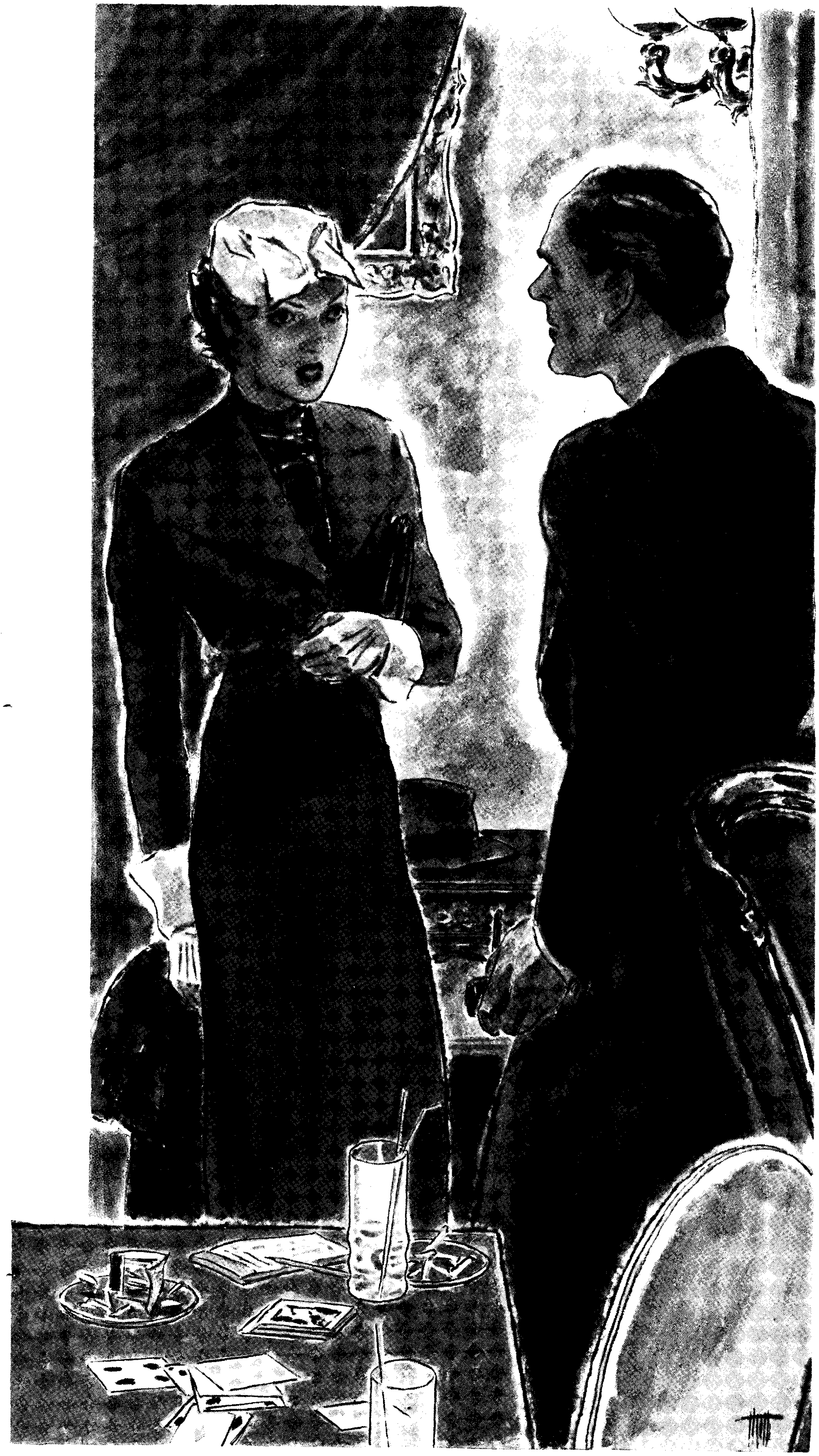
"So that's all," she said, turning back into the room.

Jeffery followed her, and as she picked up her coat he helped her with it.

"Wait and let me telephone the hospital and we'll see what the latest report is," he suggested quite naturally.

"Oh, do do that," Mary said, in her tear-thickened voice, and with lips still





unsteady. "My aunt—they'll all feel so badly," she added, standing near him as he dialed the number.

"Busy," he said. "Wait a minute." He jerked his head toward the window where they had been sitting. "That's your old house next door, isn't it?" he said.

"Yes; we were all born there."

"Frightfully hard to leave it."

"Well, really it wasn't." Mary was seated now, and busy with powder and lipstick. Her eyes were still reddened, her fingers trembling; she could not see her face in the little mirror. "We were excited," she said. "It was all queer without either Mother or Dad, but there was always something to do."

"I WENT all through the house with Mr. Moulton the other day— Is this the Stanford Hospital?" Jeffery asked. For a full two minutes he was engaged in conversation with some nurse; when he had finished, both he and Mary looked grave. "I think perhaps I'd better go up there," Jeffery said. "Nothing I can do, but it might be some comfort to Carol."

"They don't think she's dying?"

"They're planning to operate immediately; she must be pretty bad. How are you getting home?"

"I'll get a bus."

"Nonsense! We'll see if we can raise a taxi. Nugent was pretty well shaken up, but he was here at noon—here he is now! Here they all are!"

The Moultons came into the library heavily, wearily. Asa Moulton, supported respectfully by his chauffeur, sank stiffly into a leather chair; Carol flung off a furred coat and stood warming her hands at the fire, her long body bent forward; Spencer lighted a cigarette.

"Oh, there you are, Mac!" Carol said, immediately dropping into a chair and leaning back with closed eyes as Jeffery and Mary came toward her. "Where were you? It's been ghastly."

"Carol, I'm so sorry!" Mary said. "I hadn't heard. I had promised your mother to come up at about three—"

"Tell someone to bring me an old-fashioned; hurry it, will you, Nugent?" Asa Moulton interrupted shortly. His full florid face was streaked with lines of white, his gray hair strangely disordered.

Carol paid small attention to Mary. She opened her eyes to grope for Jeffery's hand, as he sat down beside her, closed them again and breathed deeply with dilated nostrils. Carol, Mary perceived without any particular surprise, was still acting.

"How is she?" asked Jeffery.

"Don't—!" Carol said.

"We've got to go right back," Spencer volunteered, in his aimless, light young voice.

"Do you want me to ask them downstairs here to get you some soup or coffee or something?" Mary asked, feeling that someone should notice her before she slipped away.

"Oh, *please,* no food!" Carol whispered faintly, in shocked protest.

"We told Martin when we came in," Spencer answered Mary. "He said they'd have some cold chicken and scrambled eggs ready."

"Oh, Spencer, *please,* with Mother so ill!" Carol breathed.

"Why, you were the one who asked for the eggs!" Spencer reminded her surprisedly.

"Oh, what a time of horror!" Carol murmured, as if to herself.

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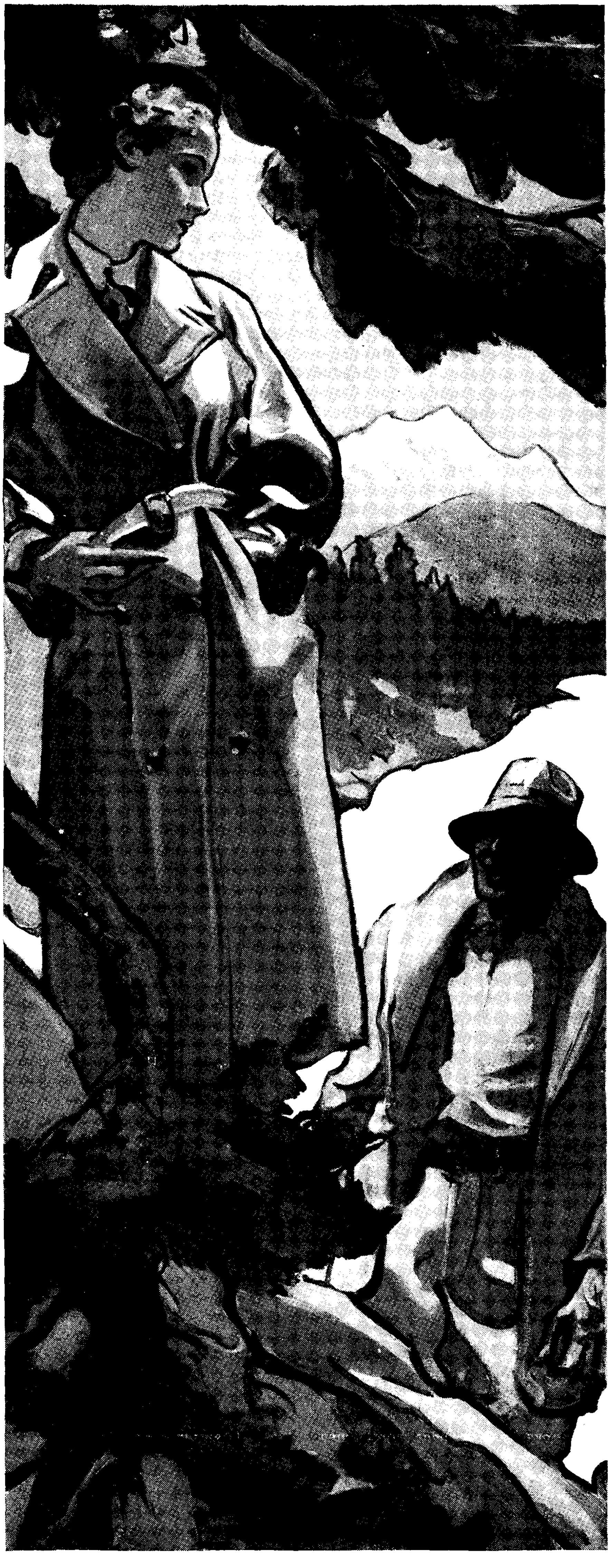
She could only look at him, dumbly, waiting for him to speak. "I'm telling Carol tonight that it's no use," he said



Laughing, he hurried forward, calling: "I've been looking everywhere for you! We've found it! All the gold in the world!"

Poor Man's Gold

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

JACK HAMMOND and his partner, Mackenzie Joe Britten, find gold in the wilds of Northwestern Canada. A mad gold rush ensues; a town springs up; and presently the girl Hammond loves—Kay Joyce, of Seattle—arrives, accompanied by her mother and Bruce Kenning, an experienced geologist.

Kay at once takes up her claim. She then informs Hammond that she and her mother, reputed to be wealthy, have lost their money. Whereupon, Hammond implores her to marry him. She declines to do so, giving as her reason her unwillingness to be financially dependent upon anyone. Then, in an unguarded moment, Hammond tells the girl that the present discoveries are only a lead to a much richer field which he and Mackenzie Joe hope to find.

Another girl claims much of Hammond's attention: Jeanne Towers. Having found her almost penniless, he has staked her; and she has opened a supply store. That she is very unhappy is obvious. But it is not until someone steals all of her savings that she tells Hammond her story. In love with a man, she had trusted him implicitly, only to learn that he had disappeared, after stealing nearly three thousand dollars from her.

That man, Lew Snade, is among the recent arrivals. And there is definite evidence that he has taken Jeanne's savings. So Hammond does not hesitate—without delay he finds Snade and forces him to make full restitution.

Meanwhile, sinister forces are at work in the camp; and apparently Snade and Bruce Kenning are somehow involved. Hammond senses this only vaguely; but Mackenzie Joe, a rough mining-camp product, feels certain that something is wrong—that something is going on which bodes Hammond and him no good.

Apprehensive, and in a belligerent mood, Mackenzie Joe attends the opening of a dance hall and gambling establishment presided over by Around-the-World Annie, a famous character in the Northwest. While Hammond, with considerable trepidation, observes him bolting drink after drink, Ettabelle, one of the entertainers, turns to Annie. "What," she inquires, "are you doing with that blackjack?"

"Listen, Dearie," is the answer, "if you'd ever seen Mackenzie Joe Britten properly plastered, you wouldn't be asking that question." And Hammond, keeping an eye upon his partner, braces himself for action.

VI

AN HOUR later, Jack Hammond searched the crowded dance hall in vain. All in a moment, he had lost Mackenzie Joe, and this was a bad time to lose him.

Evidences of Mackenzie's activities, however, were glaringly present. A window stood gaping at the graying dusk; darkness did not come now until after midnight. A bottle had broken the pane and Joe had thrown it, as a grand finale for the fireworks exhibit. There also were broken chairs, crushed to bits by Mackenzie's tremendously strong hands, to the cheers of the mob. Joe had not joined in the enthusiasm—which had extended even to Around-the-World Annie, who was charging one hundred per cent profit on all breakage. True, he had lost some of his funereal air and his lips bore a hint of a smile, like a polar bear's.

That is, the smile had been there when Jack last had seen him, with his hat on sideways, his electric blue suit badly disheveled, and his course a vague, wandering one in which he sometimes walked flat into a wall without realizing it—until he bumped his nose. Then solemnly, he would turn, blankly survey his surroundings, and begin another aimless excursion.

It had been during one of these sorties that Jack had lost his partner. One moment Joe had been steering straight for the middle of the dance floor, only suddenly to disappear as a surging mass of leg-flinging miners and their yielding percentage girls cut him off from the pursuing Hammond. By the time Jack had fought his way through the tangled mob, Mackenzie Joe was gone. Now the younger partner sought him in vain, at last going to the gambling hall.

Here the crowd was even thicker. Throngs were jammed around the rails of the crap games; the clatter of the dice was continuous with the drone of the keeper.

SPACED at intervals were the intent intricacies of faro, with its dealer laconically fingering the cards from their wooden box, the frozen-faced lookout, high on his long-legged stool, his green eyeshade and his dead cigar, each drooping at a similar angle, the never-restful case-keeper, with his counting board, recording the cards as they came forth.

Here too was the glitter of the "big wheels," glaring with a maze of electric lamps, charged by the pride of Around-the-World Annie's establishment, a gasoline-motor light plant, which had formed an entire load for Timmy Moon's plane. The stud games also were busy, slot machines, the blackjack games and the enthralling click of the ivory ball as it rounded the roulette wheel. Hammond turned in that direction. He had sighted Bruce Kenning.

He was coatless, his collar loosened. Slightly drunk, he stood sweating at the board, his left hand incessantly riffling the pile of chips before him, his right stabbing outward, to place his bets, a four-way wager here, a straight bet there, a hedge on double-zero. A look of surprise came into Hammond's eyes as he neared the man; there was terrific concentration about him, a desperate unconsciousness of everything save the lay-down board and the dizzy spin of the multicolored wheel.

Jack was tempted to ask him if he had seen Mackenzie Joe. But the very detachment of the man, the look of exquisite agony with which he watched the trepidation of the little ivory ball, clicking against the interstices, bounding out, hesitating, then rolling on again before it should finally sink into its final socket, withheld him. He turned away while from behind him the call of the croupier blended with the queer, racking voice of Kenning, proclaiming his joy as he clawed for his chips. Jack went on, at last to corner the wandering Florine.

"Listen!" he commanded. "Have you seen that partner of mine?"

"Baby," she exclaimed, "I ain't stolen him."

"I DIDN'T say you stole him. I asked if you'd seen him." He looked down. "Who gave you that ten-dollar bill?" Experience told him that she had earned it by some extraneous act; otherwise it would have been in her stocking. And he was wise to the ways of Mackenzie Joe. "You helped him out with some liquor, didn't you?"

"Only five crocks," said Florine innocently.

"Only five?" asked Jack with his hand to his forehead. "Which way did he go?"

Florine pointed to the entire North.

Hammond hurried out the door, mumbling to himself.

"No sense trying to find him. He's caching it somewhere—for later. And he always remembers where he puts it."

After a time, he returned to the pavilion. There was nothing to do but wait and watch. The dance hall had become steamy, the clatter from the bar louder, the music of the orchestra more raucous. Jack Hammond wandered ceaselessly, watching every entrance. An hour passed. Then the younger partner shot forward. Mackenzie Joe had appeared in a doorway, his hat missing from his head, his collar wide open, and his electric blue suit grimy from contact with the forest. Jack knew the story, a wandering course to some point, deep in the bush, where Mackenzie Joe had buried that liquor—again Jack reminded himself that no matter how much more liquid might flow down this beaverlike man's throat, no matter how drunk he got, Joe, at the first necessity, would be able to go to that supply like a hound dog to a flock of quail. Nevertheless, Jack went forward in a desperate attempt at a ruse.

"Well, Joe," he announced with simulated gusto, "I've been waiting for you. Where've you been?"

Mackenzie Joe looked at him with mackerel eyes.

"GO LAY an egg," he said succinctly, but still with that inscrutable smile. There was no thickness to the voice, no sliminess to the tongue—only a suggestion of monotonous indifference. Then, disregarding his partner entirely, he attempted to walk through him to the next room.

Jack stepped aside. At this point in Joe's progress of inebriation, it was best to humor him. Hammond even allowed him to plod to the bar, where, methodically, he ordered drinks for the house. The dance stopped instantly. Mimi, Florine, and the rest of Annie's brood herded their men forward to their drinks—it meant a fifty-per-cent commission on every beverage.

Solemnly, but still with that polar-bear smile, Mackenzie Joe watched his guests imbibe. Then he signaled the bartender to let the glasses remain on the bar while, to the whooping encouragement of his watchers, he smashed them one after another upon the floor, bowing meanwhile to the applause. He was out for wreckage now.

"How much for the mirror?" he inquired of Around-the-World Annie. Jack's heart went steadily downward. The next step would be for Mackenzie Joe to pick a fight. It never failed.

Annie named her price and Mackenzie Joe carried out his desires to the sounds of tremendous smashing and shouting. The noise caused celebrants to assemble from every part of the rambling structure; it even halted the play in the gaming rooms, the players crowding in the doorway. It was just as they began to flood through that Mackenzie Joe turned from the bar, and his smile vanished.

A queer gleam came into his hitherto vacant eyes. His fingers widened until they were muscular half arcs. His tremendous shoulders hunched, and his round, beaverlike head shot forward. Jack had been cut off by the sudden insurge of the gaming-room crowd. Desperately he attempted to break through.

"Joe!" he shouted. "Joe! Watch yourself!"

But Mackenzie Joe pretended not to hear. The crowd fell back, suddenly silent, leaving in its wake a solitary man, hypnotized by fear, his hands gesturing futilely, a set, terror-stricken smile on his gray lips. It was Bruce Kenning.

"Well, Joe," he said jerkily, "having a good time, eh, Joe?"

"Let me through here!" Hammond shouted. "You fools—let me through! Somebody stop Mackenzie. Do you want a man killed?"

IT AVAILED nothing. Mackenzie Joe was moving forward; Bruce Kenning attempted to run. A drunken miner shoved him back into the open. Then Joe shouted:

"You double-crossing skunk!" With a lunge he shot forward. Wildly Bruce Kenning struck out and then, with a half cry, strove to dodge him. It was impossible; Mackenzie Joe had caught him, one huge arm about his neck, blocking off all resistance save short arm blows, which struck the prospector's huge chest and iron-muscled torso with no more result than if they had been pounding against the trunk of a giant fir. Suddenly the geologist was spun about, impelled by the force of Mackenzie Joe's giant muscles. Jack Hammond, now literally throwing celebrants out of his way as he fought to get to his partner, saw the face of the man, green-gray with terror. Then Mackenzie Joe began to beat at Kenning's features—almost instantly they seemed to become misshapen, swollen, spurting red from a dozen lacerations as the trip-hammer blows cut deep into his flesh. Bruce Kenning cried out, an agonized appeal.

"Help me! Help me, somebody!"

"Get to him," Hammond shouted. "Haven't you any sense? Mackenzie will kill him!"

It awoke those about him; men stirred; Hammond broke through, plunging forward that he might leap upon his partner's back and with a heavy forearm under his chin, pull him backward, momentarily stopping the assault. Then a staggering miner lurched forward.

"Don't jump on a man from behind!" he commanded, attempting to break the younger man's hold. Annie swept into action.

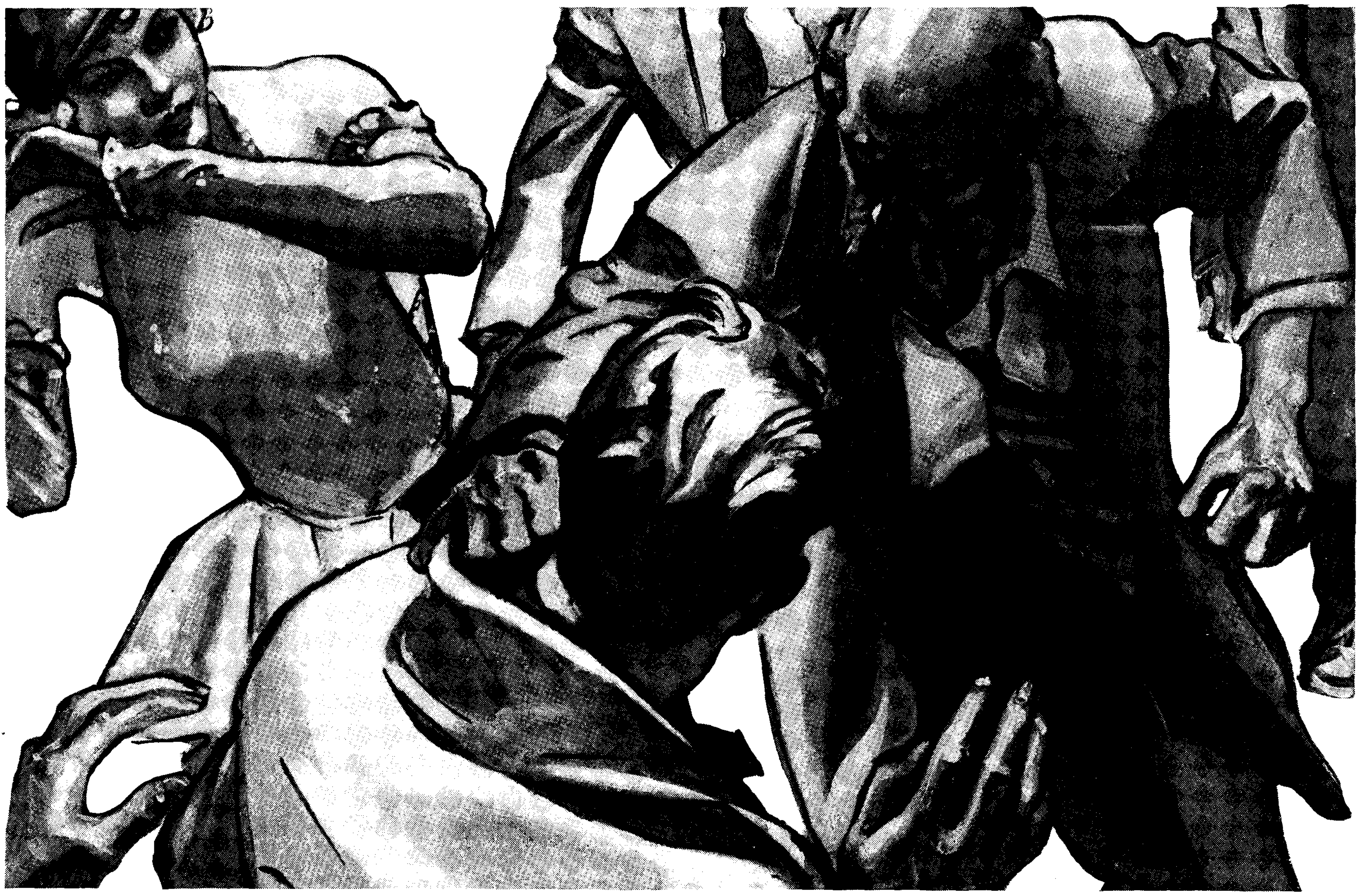
"Keep out of this!" she shouted and swung her blackjack. The man fell. Instantly a roar sounded from a dozen equally drunken pals; all in an instant, Hammond found himself surrounded by milling forms and the wildly flailing fists of a free-for-all fight.

Desperately Jack held his grasp on his struggling partner. With a feeling of great relief, he saw the half-conscious Kenning slip from the loosening hold of the prospector and, buffeted by the forms about him, stagger into the mass of tangled forms.

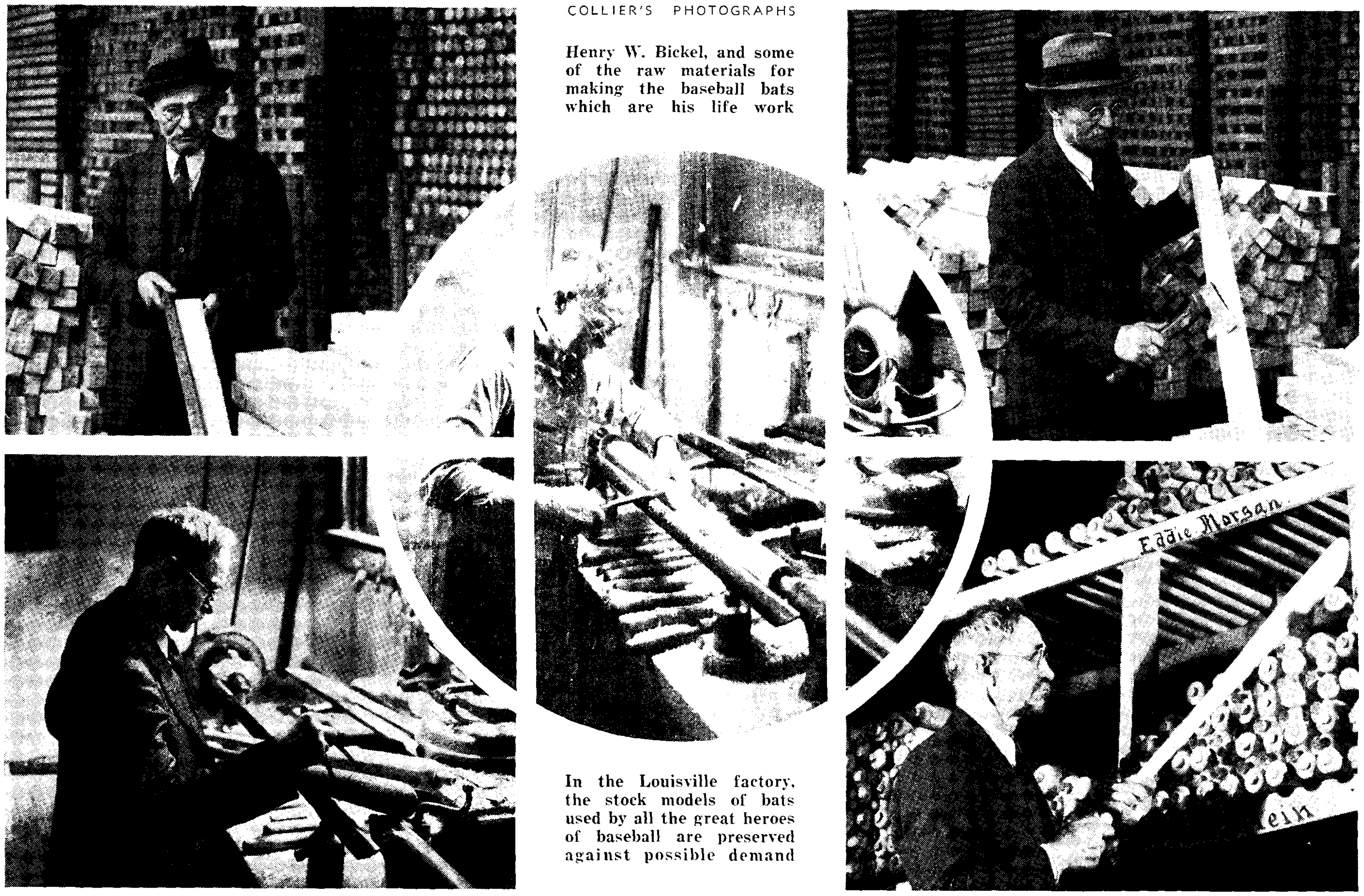
Shortly afterward, Hammond felt a terrific wrench as Mackenzie Joe exerted his full strength and broke free. After that, the room became a vague conglomeration of noise and conflict above which Annie's shrill voice sounded again and again as, her bunting costume torn, her tricorne a wreck and yellow hair streaming, she swung her blackjack, and gave blasphemous commands for quiet. Finally, the turmoil calmed. The orchestra started again, blaring its loudest. Hammond disentangled himself from the grasp of a two-hundred-pound Swede, and looked about him for his partner. But Mackenzie Joe had disappeared.

The story of the fight at Whoopee had swept Lake Sapphire like a hard wind. Beyond that, Bruce Kenning's swollen

(Continued on page 30)



With a lunge he shot forward. Wildly Bruce Kenning struck out and then, with a half cry, strove to dodge him



COLLIER'S PHOTOGRAPHS

Henry W. Bickel, and some of the raw materials for making the baseball bats which are his life work

In the Louisville factory, the stock models of bats used by all the great heroes of baseball are preserved against possible demand

Batting 'em Out

By Bill Cunningham

Meet the man who can tell you offhand the size, weight and personality of the bat used by any of the big-league ballplayers. For nearly fifty years Henry Bickel has been turning out big sticks—and he has seen exactly two major games in all that time

I'VE just discovered that the man who knows the most about baseball bats has swung one but once in his life, and then only in a scrub game at a company picnic. Although his office is a shrine to which all the great of baseball have come in humble reverence for years, and although he's practically personally tailored the bludgeons of every big-league ballplayer from Pop Anson down to this season's rawest recruit, he's seen but two big-league ball games in his life!

There were a couple of last year's World Series games in Detroit and he . . . well, sure, said he, it was a nice trip and all, but his idea of a better time would be a can of beer and the afternoon paper in the comfort of his own living-room! But the company offered to send him and he thought he might as well go. No, he didn't bother to go to St. Louis. There were some orders at the factory and he thought he'd get along back.

The subject of this thesis is an eldering gentleman of twinkling but now bespectacled eye, whose pleasant voice still carries faintly the Teutonic inflections born into it, quite naturally, in his native Germany. He emigrated to America fifty-four years ago to settle by easy stages in Louisville, Kentucky.

His name is Henry W. Bickel and he was already an accomplished wood-turner when he went to work for the stolid Herr Hillerich in that worthy's original little wood-turning shop over on First Street between Main and Market—the place where they made the best churn dashers and whiffletrees in all the bluegrass country. Certainly, he was an accomplished wood-turner. Hadn't he, back in Germany, as early as the age of eleven, stood up to a lathe on his way home from school, turning blocks of lignum vitae into bowling balls? You don't get tougher turning jobs than that!

Let's see. He went to work for Hillerich in 1884. That's fifty-one years ago. Hillerich had set up his little place back in the days when the old Galt House, not far away, was the best hotel, when Kentucky proudly boasted of "the best whisky, the fastest horses and the prettiest girls" on the planet, and Louisville was in her prime as a big steamboat town.

More than a half century has passed. The elder Hillerich is dead and the son who succeeded him is president of the company. Steamboats are passé, although Louisville certainly isn't. The Galt House is gone. So, long ago, is the little turning shop, but over in another part of town is the big factory that grew out of it and through its office each year flows such a volume of business that Kentucky has been forced to add a fourth item to its traditional boast, making it read, "the best whisky, the fastest horses, the prettiest girls and the most famous baseball bats."

The Birth of the Slugger

For the big and sawdusty factory of Hillerich and Bradsby, makers of that stand-by of all ball players and gnawing desire of every young American who knows about Babe Ruth, the famed and justly celebrated "Louisville Slugger," is the direct progeny of the old Hillerich's little turning shop, and the superintendent of the whole plant who knows more about it and about bats than any man living is the same Henry W. Bickel, who's been with the company steadily ever since he went to work for the old man fifty-one years ago!

It was in the Gay Nineties that Hillerich and his young German helper, Bickel, first found themselves seriously pondering the problem of how to turn a baseball bat, and it's necessary to dig a little into baseball lore in order to appreciate the accidental way in which it happened. If the National League, which was then the only major league, hadn't decided around 1890 to increase its membership from eight teams to twelve, Hillerich and Bickel might have stuck with the whiffletrees and the name Louisville Slugger might never have been born.

But that vote brought Louisville into the National League and it also brought Louisville some baseball players who were to rank with the game's immortals before they were through—a young shortstop named Honus Wagner, for instance. And a left fielder named Fred Clarke. And a third baseman named Tommy Leach. And a crazy young left hander—the Dizzy Dean of his day, but without Diz's carefully camouflaged shrewdness. His name was Rube Waddell and he's the only pitcher in baseball who ever called in his outfield, had his infield sit down, and calmly struck out the three remaining batters, to finish a ball game!

Charley Zimmer was on that old Louisville team, and Dummy Hoy. Claude Ritchey played second.

It was the team, in brief, that Barney Dreyfuss finally bought and transferred

(Continued on page 34)

The Man who Didn't Forget

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Frederick Skerry

THROUGH the crowded aisles of the Bracemore lobby Tip Harker strolled, his roving gaze taking in everything, scanning every face. Among the comparatively affluent who resorted to the Bracemore at midday he hoped to meet some friend or acquaintance who would not turn a deaf ear to a touch—or would, at least, welcome an enlivening companion at lunch. Tip's glib exaggerations, his cheerful irresponsibility, were always worth the price of a meal.

Things had not been going well with Harker. For one reason or another suckers were scarce, and reasonably safe rackets were scarcer still. There appeared to be little money lying around loose for bright lads like Harker to pick up easily.

In his patrol of the lobby he had noticed an elderly man who sat in a high-backed chair against a marble column, a man whose hair was whitening, whose eyes were cold and keen below his jutting eyebrows. Tip had a feeling that he had seen the man before, but where and in what circumstances he could not remember. Each time he passed he was uncomfortably aware of the man's intent regard.

Approaching the head porter, to whom he was a familiar figure in the Bracemore lobby, Tip asked: "Do you happen to know that gentleman over there by the post—the one sitting down, with his hands on his stick? He keeps looking at me, and I wonder if I ought to know him."

The head porter finished what he was writing and looked around, as if casually. "Oh, sure," he said. "He stays here regular when he's in town. That's Mr. Gribble—you know, invented the Gribble shock absorber. Worth all of a couple of million, they say." Then he added, dryly, "And I guess he'll have it all when he dies."

Tip was, therefore, considerably startled when, as he retraced his steps, the man stood up and accosted him. "Excuse me!" said Mr. Gribble. "But I wonder if you're the man I think you are. I've been looking at you trying to make sure. Of course you wouldn't remember me."

"Excuse me," said Mr. Gribble, "but I wonder if you're the man I think you are"

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

"Well"—Harker smiled weakly, his wits alert—"to tell the truth, I did think I'd seen your face before, but I couldn't remember where."

"Let's see if I can jog your memory, then. Do you remember a very hot day in Providence, Rhode Island—let me see—yes, twelve years ago next month, when a man asked you the way to Woonsocket?"

Tip Harker stared incredulously—and somewhat fearfully. Like a flash came remembrance of that day, one of those enervating days in August when the pores weepingly protest the slightest exertion. "*You* are the man?"

MR. GRIBBLE nodded. "The man who wanted to know the way to Woonsocket. You directed him to the railway station, but he said he was walking. You gave him the general direction and turned away. But you came back and said: 'You're not *walking* to Woonsocket!' And—"

"And," Tip supplied, "he said he was really headed for Springfield, Massachusetts."

"So you handed the man a two-dollar bill and said: 'Here. For God's sake, ride!' You see, I haven't forgotten."

"I had." Tip's gaze searched the man's eyes. It all came back to him now. That two dollars! But Mr. Gribble seemed unaware of Tip's scrutiny. "You had a bag too, I recall."

"Yes, my tools—precision tools. I'd pawned everything but those and my glasses—you see, I needed the tools and the glasses for the job I was on my way to take. I insisted that the two dollars be a loan—you didn't want it that way, but I insisted—and you gave me your name and address, a post-office address, I think it was."

"Very likely," Tip shrugged. "I wasn't long in one place in those days."

"Anyhow, I lost the paper, and that's worried me a lot."

"Nothing to worry about." Tip breathed freely again; this was going to be all right.

"Not to you, of course. You're a young man still and—well, you're the one man in the world I've wanted to find. My luck turned from that day. You see, I broke that two-dollar bill in a little store for crackers and milk, then a man in a car gave me a lift to away beyond Worcester, so I had most of the money when I got to Springfield."

Quite reassured now, Tip laughed heartily. "You did! Good for you!"

"See here," smiled Mr. Gribble, "let's go up to the writing-room, where we'll have quiet. I want to fix this thing up."

On the way to the elevators Tip's mind ran riot. He recalled every instance of rewarded benefactions he had ever heard of: the waiter who was left a fortune because of his unfailing courtesy to a patron; the woman who fell heir to the millions of a tramp to whom she had given a meal years before—all the legacies to obscure people in reward for forgotten kindnesses. What a break!

"How are you making out these days?" asked Mr. Gribble in the elevator.

"W-ell—" Tip did not wish to appear prosperous and thus discourage generosity on Gribble's part; at the same time he feared a confession of his low financial state might sound grasping and have the same effect. He chose a middle course. "So-so," he said. "Ups and downs, like everybody else, and looking for better times."

"Yes, yes," nodded Mr. Gribble. "I guess we're all looking for better times."

IN THE writing-room they found a secluded corner, and Mr. Gribble laid his hat and stick on a desk. Then he drew from a pocket a small black memorandum book, thumbed the back pages. "Let's see now," he muttered. "Call it twelve years. Ah! Here we are." After peering at a table for a moment, he put away the book and drew forth a fat wallet from which he extracted four crisp bills. "At six per cent compound interest," he said, "the two dollars you loaned me have a little more than doubled. It isn't quite twelve years, so we won't quarrel over a few coppers, eh?" He handed Tip four one-dollar bills.

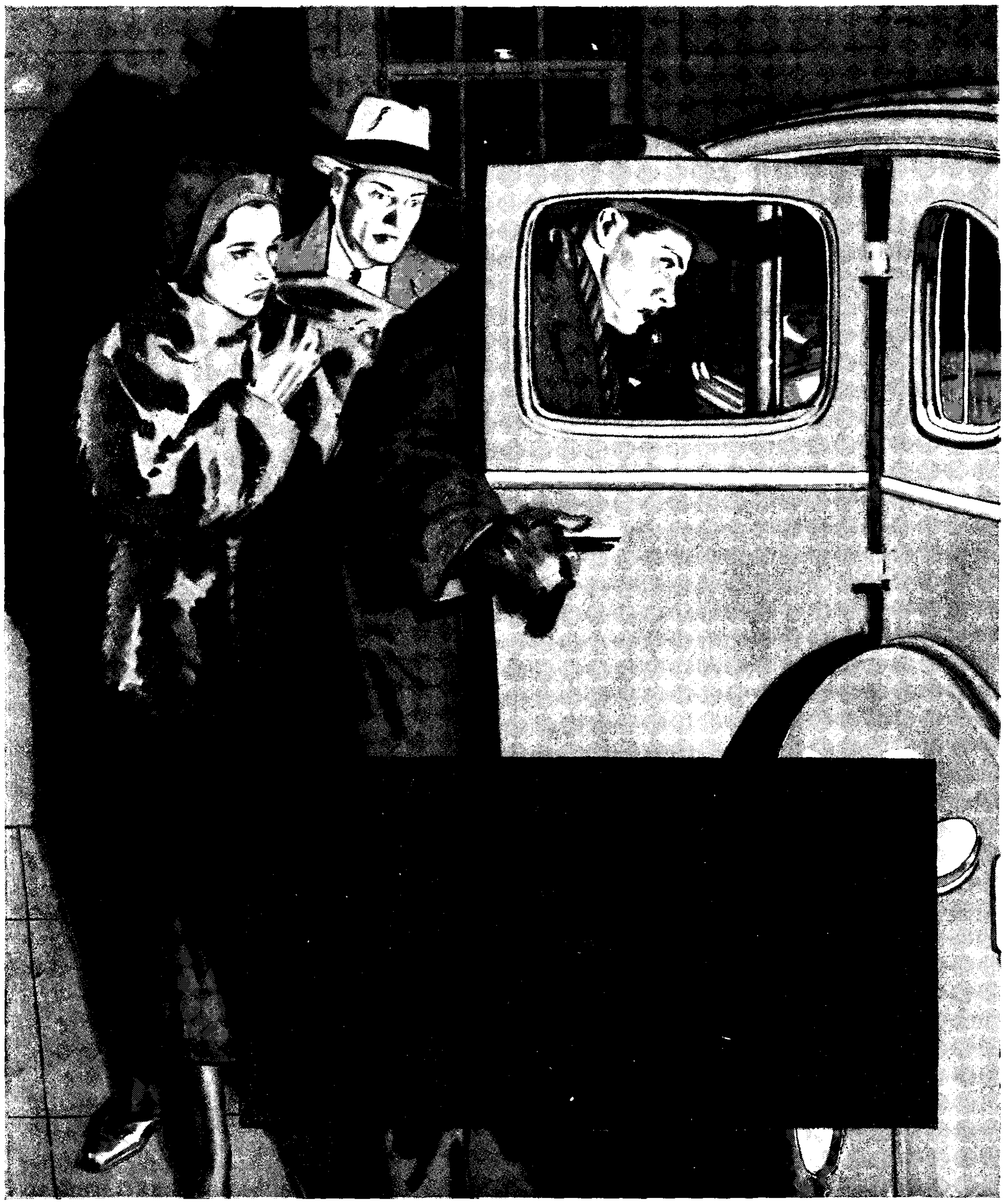
Speechless, Tip took the money.

"If for nothing else," said Mr. Gribble, rising briskly, "this trip of mine has been worth while; now I haven't a debt in the world. I've had my lunch, or I'd ask you to join me. And I'm leaving on the three-o'clock train."

"Much obliged!" Harker blurted. "But this will just about pay for my lunch."

Mr. Gribble held out his hand. "Glad I ran into you. Good luck!"

Tip Harker, fingering the bills, watched him start down the stairs. And he'd expected . . . ! The old tightwad! He laughed silently, derisively. Rewarded benefactions! Still—he grinned as he thrust the money in his pocket—not so bad after all. Four ones for a two—and a phony two at that.



We broke the lock and found a car inside with blood on the rear seat

"THEY always put me on a case I got no chance on," O'Malley said. "If they can't solve it, how can I? This one is that murdered guy from Denver. His name was Drennin and he went out of his hotel without telling nobody where he was going, and the next morning they found him shot in Central Park."

"The papers said the police have several leads," I stated.

"Sure, we got too many of 'em, and we got no way to tell which is the right one. A young guy come to the hotel and had a quarrel with him, and a woman has been trying to see him but he wouldn't see her, and a news dealer says he seen Drennin that evening talking with a short guy with a scar. They identified the one that had the quarrel with him as a guy named Sheldon Gibbon, and the news dealer picked a picture of a West Side kid called Shorty O'Kane as the scarred guy, but we can't pin nothing onto either of 'em."

"How about the woman?" I asked.

"Say, boy, we run into too many women. This Drennin had a bunch of girls around and didn't hardly go out two evenings with the same one."

"What else do they know about Drennin?"

"He was in the mine-stock business. He sold stock to a lot of people and there sometimes wasn't nothing in them mines. He had the name of having always had a bunch of money on him, and it didn't make no difference to him if a woman he went with had a husband or didn't."

"There seem to be a variety of possible motives for killing him," I decided.

"You said it! We got a choice. Well, all I know about this case is what they told me, so now I got to check it."

We checked it first by looking at the dead man. He had been shot several times. We examined his clothes. They were fashionable and foppish. They had contained only some small change. There was a little envelope fastened to his clothes which had four short brown hairs in it.

"He dressed well," I commented.

"Yeah, sure; that hotel valet says he never put on no suit without it just was pressed."

"Was he robbed?" I asked O'Malley.

"He only had that money on him, but we don't know how much he had when he started out."

"What are the hairs?" I asked.

"They was on the dead guy's coat."

"They don't look like human hairs," I decided. "They seem to be some kind of animal hairs."

"You're a smart guy."

WE WENT to the park to see where he had been found. It was beside a driveway. Too many people had been there for us to look for footprints, but there hadn't been much blood.

We went to see Sheldon Gibbon. He was young and rather good-looking and seemed nervous.

"What was the trouble you had with this Drennin?" O'Malley asked.

"He sold me some mine stock which proved to be worthless and I tried to make him make a settlement. He wouldn't make one."

"You threaten him?"

"Perhaps. Well, yes. I didn't kill him, though. There must be other people he had sold stock to who have a grudge against him. I'd advise you to look for some of them."

We talked with the news dealer.

"That O'Kane, whose picture I seen at the police station, is the same guy I seen talking to the other guy," he assured us.

"How did you know the other guy was Drennin?"

"I didn't until I seen his picture printed in the newspaper. So then I told the traffic cop."

We went looking for O'Kane and found him in a West Side barroom. He was hard-faced and heavy-set, but his manner to us was genial. His scar was noticeable.

"What now?" he asked. "I proved I didn't know nothing about this over at the station house."

"The news dealer couldn't miss that scar, boy."

"Other guys besides me have got a scar. I proved I never even seen that Drennin, and I give 'em a good alibi."

"Well, O'Malley," I said, when we had got outside, "you've checked it, but I can't see that you have anything."

"You're telling me," he answered, "but I told you first."

"What are you going to do?"

"I figured I might go looking for a woman."

"The woman who was trying to see Drennin?" I inquired.

"I don't know what woman."

I DIDN'T see him the next day, but the second evening he came in to see me.

"How's the case going?" I asked.

"What case? Say, I ain't even thinking about it. Even a cop has got to rest his mind. This is my day off and I feel like stepping out and I want you to go with me. I don't feel like a cop and I hope I don't look like one."

He didn't.

"We'll rent a car," he said. "We'd ought to have some girls but I guess you couldn't furnish none. We might find some later."

We got a car and drove around wondering what to do. When we passed the Garden we saw that there were boxing matches and we stopped in to look at them, but he couldn't find a seat that suited him. We changed seats half a dozen times. A wooden-faced young man and two girls were sitting in front of us and O'Malley began talking with one of the girls. The youth looked at us suspiciously but seemed reassured, and the girl was willing; and after a while she changed her seat and sat with us.

We watched a couple of the matches and he got tired of them.

"Let's go," he said. "We're stepping out," he told the girl. "You want to go along?"

She did; apparently he had been making good with her.

When we came out of the Garden a young red-headed cop in uniform was standing by a police car in which another cop was sitting. They didn't speak to us. We drove north, looking for a roadhouse, and crossed the bridge into the Bronx.

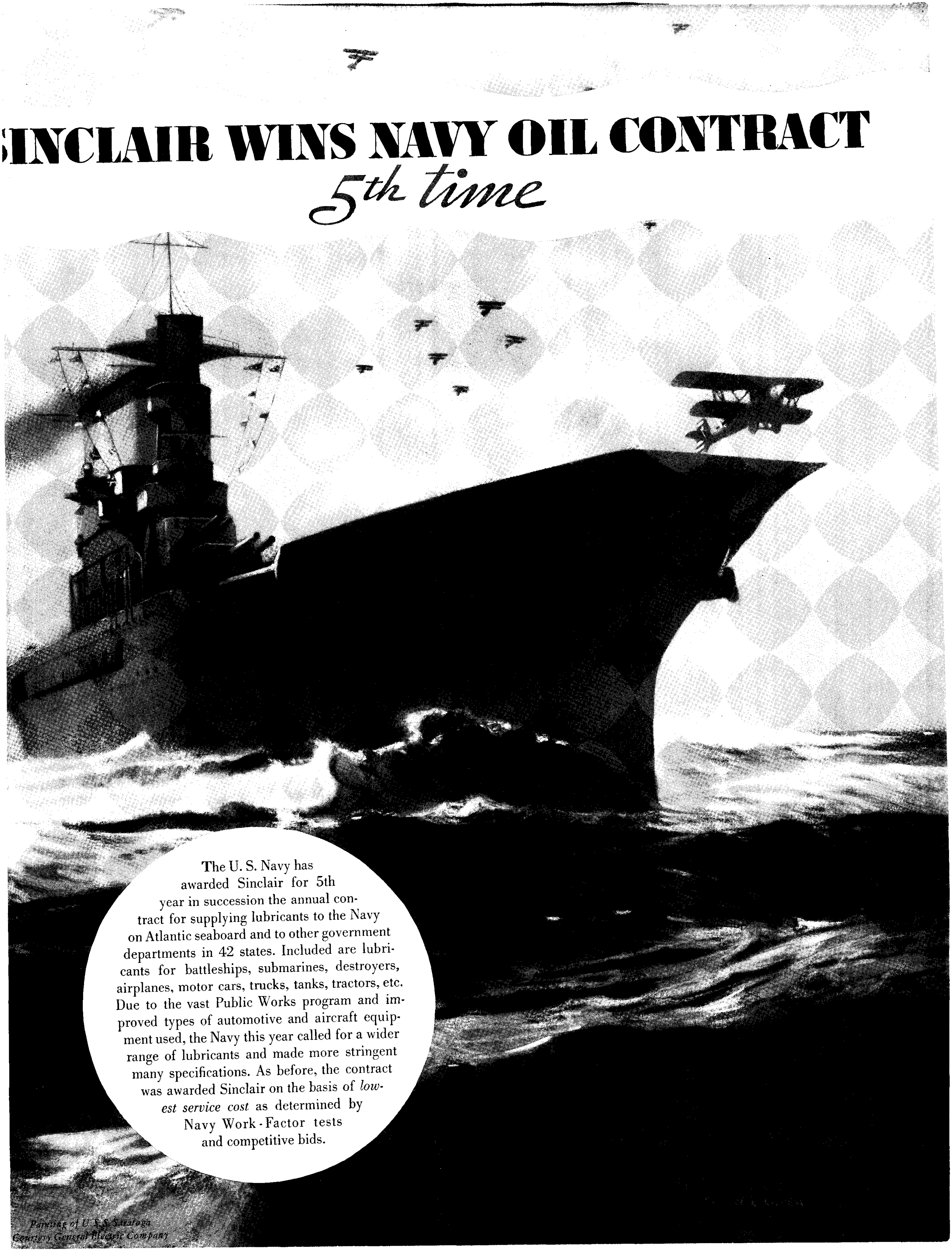
"Does the law want you boys?" the girl asked suddenly.

"Would that be anything to you, sister?"

"No; none of my business," the girl agreed, "but that police car's following us."

The police car wasn't far behind and the red-headed cop was driving. We turned into Van Cortlandt Park and speeded and the other car speeded too. We slowed and it slowed, but it was close behind us now. O'Malley drew his gun and fired back at it twice, and the police car slithered across the road and hit a tree; and the young cop fell out

(Continued on page 38)



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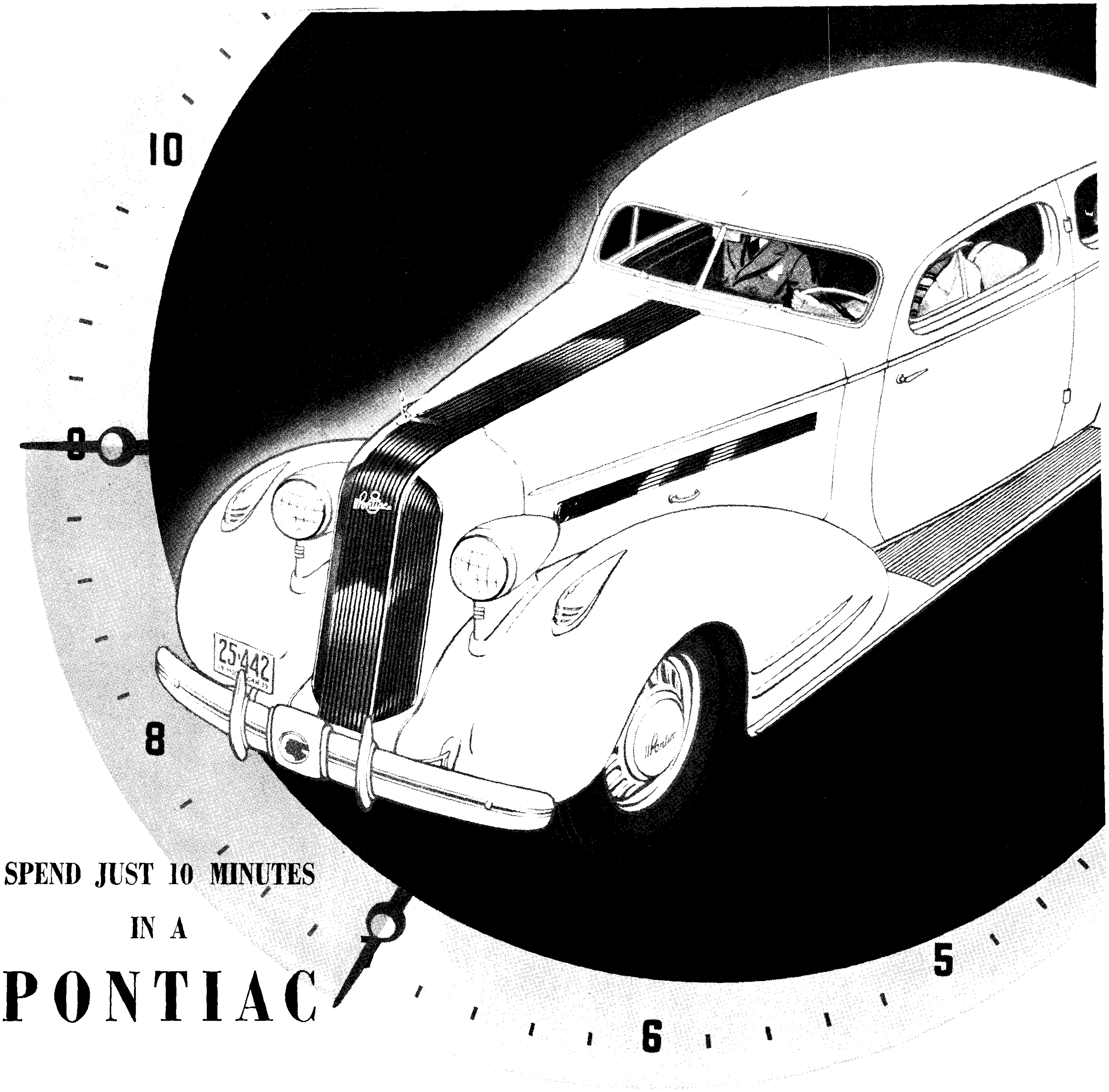

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A Gentleman's Word

Continued from page 8

for his personal interest?" said Miss Pruitt.

"Hunh? Oh . . . yeah . . . sure."

Miss Pruitt placed the ticket in her handbag, tucking it into the most secretive pocket. She felt bold and wicked, now. She was on the verge of invading the back room. She was sorry she had told the already vanished Jack to thank Mr. Grogan for her. Honest John Grogan. *That awful man.* Ada had shivered at mention of his name. One of the biggest gamblers in the United States. And she had talked to him. He had even offered her advice.

A man bumped into her.

" 'Scuse me."

Miss Pruitt smelled liquor on his breath. Miss Pruitt fled back to the mezzanine floor of the Security Trust Company. Back to her desk and typewriter.

Precisely at 6:20 o'clock Miss Pruitt left the bank. She walked to the service car line on Washington Avenue. There, she bought a newspaper. The front page headline jumped at her: "50 to 1 SHOT WINS KENTUCKY DERBY—SHALIMAR ROMPS HOME." *Shalimar.* Miss Pruitt became aware that Joe, the newsboy, to whom she always gave a dime for a three-cent paper, was yelling Shalimar's name. She touched his shoulder:

"Joe?"

"Yes'm . . ."

"Is this a reliable report about the Derby race? I mean, will there be a recount?"

Joe stared.

"Shalimar won it, Miss."

"Oh . . . thank you."

HER service car came along. Miss Pruitt hesitated, but she knew the next car would be filled. She climbed in, seating herself with prim contortions on one of the jumper seats.

The service car driver and a pimply-faced man, seated between two women shoppers in the back seat, were discussing the Derby. Miss Pruitt gathered from their conversation that neither had bet on Shalimar; and that "plungers in the winter books" had made a lot of money. How much money had she herself won? Miss Pruitt had not the faintest idea. She was a little doubtful that she would get her hundred dollars back; perhaps Jack had marked the paper wrong or she had not supplied the correct information.

Why had Miss Pruitt bet one hundred dollars on Shalimar? Sitting in the service car, with her handbag hugged against her stomach, she was not thinking about the horse race or the winnings. She was thinking, timidly, of Honest John Grogan. The thought so stirred her heart that she felt slightly nauseated. Was this illusion to die as the others had died? There had been the Love-at-First-Sight Civil Engineer Man; the Older Man Who Has Suffered; the Chance-Acquaintance-Ripening-into-Love Man; the Mature-Sensible-Working Agreement Man; and even, the Widower-with-One-or-Two-Little-Children Man.

None of them had walked onto the mezzanine floor of the Security Trust Company, or into a supper of the Second Presbyterian Church, or across the beach at Michigan City, Ind. And so Miss Pruitt had turned to the Human-Derelict-with-Some-Saving-Grace Man. But how did you meet a human derelict with some saving grace? You grappled with life. You went to *that place.* You met, oh, surely in time you met a human derelict. If you made your heart be gallant enough to risk one hundred dollars. . . .

The apartment. Jessica was in the kitchen. It was Jessica's turn to cook dinner. Miss Pruitt hid her handbag in a bureau drawer. She went over her face carefully before the mirror. Jessica must not know. Jessica had narrow ideas about gambling.

"What's for tonight, Jessica?"

"Stuffed green peppers!"

"That's darling of you!"

Jessica *was* a dear. Miss Pruitt set the table in a warm mist of sentiment. Should she confess? It was such good news. Perhaps she had won a hundred dollars, perhaps more. Ada came home. She had stopped at Wotka's and bought a big bag of macaroons. Ada had sharp eyes; Jessica, poor dear, wore thick glasses.

Ada said: "Such color tonight, Bessie! I bet you have a nice secret!"

Miss Pruitt said: "Never bet. That's wicked." Just to test Ada. But Ada said: " 'Fess up, darling. Mr. Byfelder is going to let you take your vacation in June!" Miss Pruitt had hoped Ada would say: "I bet you've met a new man." Ada used to say that. Seven years ago. She and Jessica used to tease Miss Pruitt. But not any more.

AFTER dinner, Miss Pruitt took Ada into Ada's room. There they wrangled over Miss Pruitt's insistence that Ada never tell Jessica. Ada finally promised.

Fishing out Honest John Grogan's ticket, Miss Pruitt told all. She showed Ada the paper. Ada, frightened into silence, examined the ticket. She said: "The paper says 50 to 1; that must mean that for every fifty dollars you put up you won one; so you won two dollars!"

Philbert By FRANK OWEN

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"Stop, Philbert! I know Papa promised to let you help, but I just thought of something!"

"Shh. . . ."

They listened. Jessica was sobbing in the living-room. Contrite, they rushed out and Ada shrieked: "Bessie bet a hundred dollars on the Derby and won two dollars!" Jessica surprised them by not being shocked. She examined the ticket.

"Fifty to one—why, Bessie, you've won more than two dollars. It's a ratio. It must be a ratio. I'll work it out by algebra!"

WHEN Jessica announced her firm opinion that Miss Pruitt had won five thousand dollars, Miss Pruitt had another attack of giggles.

The three of them talked until two o'clock that Sunday morning. And all day Sunday.

Said Jessica, finally: "It's against the law, Bessie. You'd better send a Western Union boy for the money, first thing in the morning."

"I think it would be safer to call for it myself," Miss Pruitt said. "I don't trust those messenger boys."

Ada said, shivering: "I'm going with you. And don't tell anyone at the bank. Mr. Byfelder would discharge you if he found out you had bet on a race horse."

Monday noon, Miss Pruitt met Ada by appointment. Ada had received two warning phone calls from Jessica, at school. She reported: "Jessica says one of us should wait outside the place, so if anything goes wrong we can get help quickly."

"You wait outside," Miss Pruitt said, "and as soon as I get the money I'll put it in this shopping bag. Robbers won't suspect a shopping bag."

Honest John's Smokes seemed oddly deserted compared to its bustle of Saturday. There were only three men in the little front room. One of them was Jack.

Shopping bag on arm, Miss Pruitt walked up to the cigar counter. Through the window, she could see the faithful Ada, loitering.

Jack spoke first.

"You're the lady who had a C note on Shalimar, ain't you? The boss is in his office."

"I won five thousand dollars," said Miss Pruitt, trying to make it sound like a statement rather than a question.

Jack nodded. He was chewing a cigar. He looked grim. The other men eyed Miss Pruitt in a peculiar manner. She suspected them. She was glad Ada waited without.

"This way, lady."

She followed Jack through the fateful swinging doors and into the big room. It was deserted. No telegraph instruments ticked.

Miss Pruitt's heart missed a beat. She saw a green-shirted figure seated at a desk in a partitioned corner office. The electric light was burning above the desk.

"Here she is, Boss."

Honest John looked around. He heaved to his feet. The purple collar was missing. His shirt and trousers were wrinkled, with wet patches on thighs and forearms. Miss Pruitt, with no experience of such things, understood that Honest John had been up all night. There were a coffee bucket and a thin stack of bills on the desk.

"You should have got in here Saturday," he said, his voice rasping with a huskiness not noticeable the day before. Then, "The rest of 'em didn't lose any time!"

MISS PRUITT fumbled for her five-thousand-dollar ticket. Jack tiptoed away. Honest John did not look at Miss Pruitt's ticket. Instead, he divided the stack of bills and shoved approximately half of them at her.

"All I can pay right now, lady," he said, wincing a little around his red-rimmed eyes, "fifty dollars. But you'll get the rest. I owe you forty-nine fifty."

"Oh . . . I thought. . . ."

"I'm cleaned, lady. My winter book broke bad."

"Oh . . . I'm sorry—"

"You and me both!"

Then he looked at Miss Pruitt and saw that she really was sorry—not for herself but for him. He rubbed a hand across the thick stubble on his jaw. There was an empty ring-furrow around one finger.

"Here," said Miss Pruitt impulsively, "you keep this money. I'm sure you are an expert at your profession and with a little capital you might stave off bankruptcy."

Honest John looked at Miss Pruitt again. This time, Miss Pruitt blushed.

"You're one for the book, lady. Ninety-nine of 'em squawked plenty. Knew I'd pay out in time, too."

Miss Pruitt started to put the fifty dollars back on the desk. He stopped her with his hand.

"Naw . . . please. Tuck it away . . . go on, now."

"But think of your family, Mr. Grogan."

"I'm not a family man, lady."

Hope, like a fresh, rare sunrise, swept across Miss Pruitt's soul. This was a human derelict. But did he have a saving grace?

"This has been my first experience with gambling."

(Continued on page 28)

(Continued from page 27)

"Yeah? It's great to break in at fifty-to-one."

Miss Pruitt was definitely disappointed.

"I don't consider it 'great,' at all, Mr. Grogan. *I regret that I placed a bet* on Shalimar and contributed to your present condition."

Honest John's weary face broke into a grin.

"Oh, I've been busted before, lady. Don't worry about me—nor about the dough I owe you. It'll be paid. I've never welched on a client, yet!"

"I should think such an experience would give you pause."

"It sure does, lady. I'll have to pause till I pay off. I did a nice business for the Preakness next Saturday, but word's got around and a lot of clients who don't know me are hollering for their dough." Then, "You better leave your name and address, so as soon as I cash up some stuff I can send you another dividend."

As she told Honest John her name *and address, placing careful emphasis* on the "Miss" and taking no stock at all in his promise to pay off, Miss Pruitt was still searching for the saving grace.

"I don't want you to think me unduly curious, but how did you happen to become a professional gambler, Mr. Grogan?"

"Oh, it's just a business, Miss, just a business. A man drifts into it."

"You—you enjoy it?"

Another grin.

"When I'm ahead—yeah."

"But if you become insolvent periodically—"

Jack interrupted.

"Say, lady, your friend's here threatening to holler copper on us! Come an' tell her you ain't been abducted."

"Oh . . . yes . . . I've taken so long." She turned back to Honest John Grogan, *giving him a sweetly serious* scrutiny. "It's been a very significant experience for me, Mr. Grogan. You must believe that I bear you no unkind thoughts."

Honest John returned her the compliment of a very careful regard.

"I believe you, lady," he said, sincerely, "and you're the first client I've ever been glad to see nick me for five grand!"

HE HELD out his hand, and Miss Pruitt walked away with her fingers exquisitely bruised.

Ada said, in a stage whisper: "Did you get it?" Miss Pruitt stalled with a gesture for silence.

They walked half a block toward the Security Trust Company. Ada's merciless eyes detected something wrong.

"I heard a man say Honest John went broke. Is that true? Didn't he pay—?"

"They always pay off big winners in installments," Miss Pruitt said lamely.

"Did he pay you half?"

"No. Not that much."

"I bet he didn't pay you a cent."

"He paid me fifty dollars. Here it is!"

Ada was indignant. And that evening Jessica was even more indignant.

Jessica said: "The man is just a deadbeat. You ought to sue him, Bessie."

Miss Pruitt sat stiffly on the divan, facing her friends. She knew that they had counted on her windfall. Overborne with excitement the night before, Miss Pruitt had mentioned a trip to Europe for the three of them. But now she said:

"I got half my money back and that's fifty dollars more than I expected. A l-lawsuit would be absurd. My name in the newspapers and all—"

"You're an easy mark, Bessie. You always were."

"How do we know Mr. Grogan's actually broke?"

The doorbell rang.

Jessica came back to the living-room, looking frightened.

"A man to see you, Bessie. Says Mr. Grogan sent him."

The man wore a leather windbreaker *and a plaid cap. He seemed to speak* through the aperture where his front teeth should have been.

"John sent his car out, Miss. Says you can have it for two grand off what he owes you. Say-y-y, and are you getting a break! The bus cost John seventy-two C's!"

"M-mister Grogan's car?"

"Yeah. It's down in front. Take a look, Miss."

MISS PRUITT would have gone down, but Ada and Jessica stopped her. She looked at the car from the front window. It was a bright canary-yellow sports sedan. Miss Pruitt drew a long, quivering breath. Her teeth chattered. His car . . . he had sent her his car. . . .

"How about it, Miss? Is it a go?"

"Oh, I couldn't think of it. Tell Mr. Grogan I appreciate his offer." And with a look at Ada and Jessica, "It proves that he is making an honest effort to pay his debts. B-but—tell him —I'll wait—"

The messenger shrugged.

"Oke. But you're screwy. I could get twenty-fi' C's for it on Auto Row. Well, I'll tell John."

Jessica and Ada again called Miss Pruitt an easy mark. The argument became heated.

Again the doorbell rang. This time Miss Pruitt marched to answer it. A hotel bellboy asked for Miss Bessie Pruitt. He handed in an envelope and asked her to sign a receipt scrawled on Park Plaza stationery. The receipt read: "Rec'd of Sol Gurnsbach $500 acct. of John Grogan."

Three one-hundred and four fifty-dollar bills, crisp and clean, slid out of the envelope into Miss Pruitt's trembling hand.

"Wh-who is Mr. Gurnsbach?"

"I dunno, Miss, except he's a guest."

Miss Pruitt signed the receipt. Ada and Jessica were awed into speechlessness.

Very late that night, in her room and with the door locked, Miss Pruitt wrote Honest John a note:

My dear Mr. Grogan:

I am accepting the five hundred dollars which a Mr. Gurnsbach sent me for your account only on condition that you consider your debt paid in full. I cannot with good conscience take any more money. Thank you for sending your beautiful car, and I appreciate your *motive*; but please release yourself from further obligation to me. I have enjoyed our little chats so much and am so thankful that certain conclusions I came to in regard to your character have proved false. Please forgive me. May I add that few men in such desperate straits would have acted as you have done? It is cheering. Thank you, again.

Very sincerely,

Bessie M. Pruitt.

PS. I enclose your wager memorandum which I have marked "Paid in Full." I am still thinking of our whimsical little talk yesterday.

It was difficult for Miss Pruitt to keep her mind on Mr. Byfelder's dictation, the next day. She resisted the temptation to visit Honest John's Smokes that noon hour and plead with Mr. Grogan not to send her any more money. She feared her special delivery letter might have miscarried.

Jessica telephoned at 3:40 P. M.

"Bessie?"

"Yes, Jessica."

"I shall have to be very guarded."

"I . . . uh . . . understand."

"Do you know anything about a deed of trust on the Mercantile Hotel in East St. Louis?"

"Why, no!"

"A man has just left it here. For you. *Said Mr. G. sent him.*"

"That's funny."

"Funny nothing. There is also a package of jewelry a woman left with Miss Erstadt. You can imagine what Miss E. is thinking."

"Does she know it's—j-jewelry?"

"Not *yet.* And there is a *lawyer* waiting! Hello . . . are you there . . ."

"Yes . . . yes . . . yes . . ."

"You'd better come right home! Take a taxi!"

Miss Pruitt reached the apartment in a state bordering on panic. She found a grim Jessica, in the foot-tapping stage, and a gentleman who introduced himself as Mr. Weinstock, attorney representing the Race Wire Service Company.

"Madam," said Mr. Weinstock, "it has come to our attention that you are a client of John Grogan's."

"Who told you that?"

"It has come to our attention."

Jessica snapped: "State your business. I got her here. State your business."

"Mr. Grogan is in financial difficulties," said Mr. Weinstock levelly, "and we are warning his clients that our company has priority of claim on Mr. Grogan's assets. Should Mr. Grogan attempt any settlement with you, Miss, you should notify me at once."

Miss Pruitt bristled.

"I don't see that I am required to tell you anything," she said, and Jessica loyally backed her up. Whistling in the dark, they showed Mr. Weinstock the door. But when the door was closed, Miss Pruitt burst into tears and Jessica laid down the law:

"This has *gone far enough.* Chauffeurs, bellboys, blond women and criminal lawyers coming to our home. The police will be next. You've got to put an end to it, Bessie."

Snuffling, Miss Pruitt looked at a second deed of trust for seventeen hundred and fifty dollars on the Mercantile Hotel and a package containing two bracelets, several rings and a necklace. The package was labeled "Security for promissory note held by John Grogan, T. Malone and P. O. Boesecke, makers. Indorsed to Miss B. Pruitt. J. Grogan."

"Oh, Jessica, what shall I do?"

"H'mph. Bundle that truck up and send it back to him by special messenger. Tell him to pay you with a good check as an honest man should."

"He is honest, oh, he is!" Then, dramatically, "It's his only saving grace!"

"Fiddlesticks, you easy mark. Here, I'll—"

"No. I'll go to him myself!"

"You're hysterical, Bessie."

"It's the only way, the only decent course."

"What *are* you talking about?"

Miss Pruitt did not know. She knew only that nothing must prevent another personal interview with John Grogan. Nothing did.

THE front room of Honest John's Smokes was unaccountably crowded again. So was the back room. Tickers sounded merrily. Miss Pruitt did not stop at the cigar counter. She pushed through the swinging doors.

Honest John had changed his shirt. It was now pink with lavender stripes. But Miss Pruitt saw his valiant middle part and freckled pink pate above the heads of lesser men. She pushed toward him, holding a filing envelope full of jewelry and other collateral.

"Hullo, Miss. You're just the lady I want to see! Step right into my office!"

She followed him meekly, trying not to cough in the cigar smoke.

"Did—my letter—you got it?"

"Yeah. Say-y-y, you don't belong in this world, lady. It's a wonder you get enough to eat on—sending back tickets *for five grand before you're paid!*"

"I tried to explain—"

"Couldn't think of it, Miss . . . Pruitt. I got my reputation to think of. 'M selfish . . . sure. And—"

"Here are some things that came today."

She placed them firmly on his desk. He laughed.

"Needn't bother with them. I'm paying you in cash! And—in full, lady."

Dumbly she stared at him, like a kitten put out in the cold, as his hand reached into a drawer and took out a check. Paid in full. By check. It was over.

"B-but a Mr. Weinstock said I mustn't accept money from you as his firm is a preferred creditor—"

Honest John's hand slid the check along the desk to her. He snorted with *profound contempt:*

"Agh! Those chiselers. Don't owe 'em a dime. I'm using Rail Ticker News from today on. They've staked me to a new start. This is part of it—forty-four hundred and fifty, deducting the five fifty I paid you . . . right?"

"B-but you'll need—"

"Take it, lady."

He opened her lifeless hand and put the check across the palm. He had shaved, and his grin seemed young and clean.

SUDDENLY, outside the office the bumbling hullabaloo softened. Miss Pruitt thought she must be fainting. Then, a short, lean man came in the door.

"Hi, John. It's another raid."

"A . . . a . . . raid?"

Honest John laughed. The short, lean *man smiled apologetically.* "Keep your seat, lady," he said.

"Meet Sergeant Oakley of the Gambling Squad. Sarge, this is Miss Pruitt. A thousand to one shot for any man's dough. No fooling. I'll tell you about her some time."

"Pleased to meet you," said the sergeant, remembering to doff his hat.

Miss Pruitt struggled weakly to her feet. The final catastrophe. A raid. The police. Mr. Byfelder.

Turning, Honest John saw her face.

"Don't get scared, lady," he said quickly. "Tim and his boys aren't gonna bother you. Every month Tim has to go through the motions of pinching me and getting me fined for vagrancy. Just a formality."

"Oh . . . I see . . ."

He held out his hand to her. Tears *were starting under her dry, aching* eyelids. She must hurry. Oh, she must get away—

"Hold on to that check, lady, and cash it quick!"

"Th-thank you," she said, faintly, ducking her head.

Sergeant Oakley stood aside to let her pass through the door. She made frantic movements with her fingers, trying to open her handbag, to put the check away; she shuffled gallantly to the doorway. . . .

"And, lady, when the bank roll gets fat again, I'm going to come to see you. No fooling."

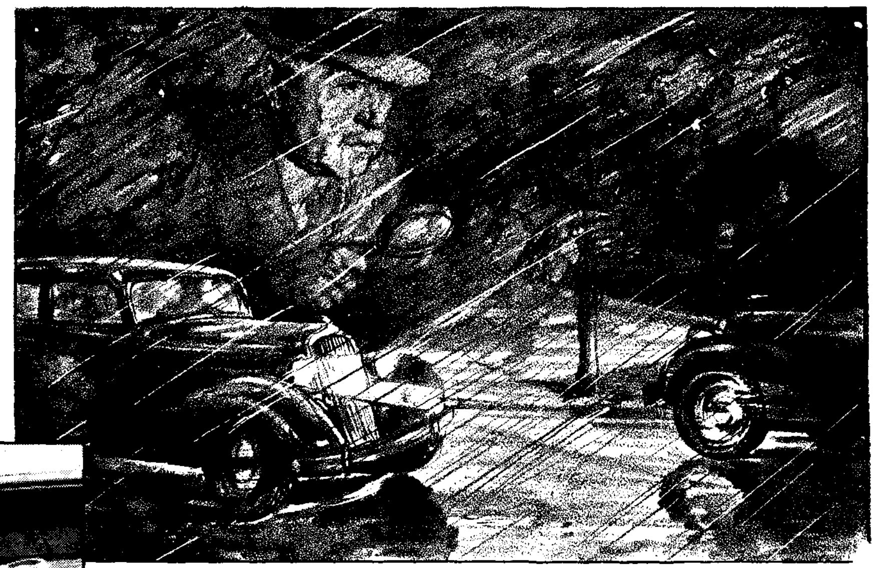
"She's got too much sense to take a gambler, John!"

Miss Pruitt saw a tear drop on her handbag.

"No," she said, "no. You'll be very welcome."

Honest John nodded, and the glimpse she had of his red, embarrassed face lightened her heart as she fled. He would come. He was a human derelict, but his name was Honest John. He would not lie to a girl.

MAN-HUNTER AND HEADLINE HUNTER JOINED FORCES IN THIS STRANGE ASSIGNMENT TO GET THE GOODS ON G3



The 7,000-mile search of Detective Joseph A. Faurot, who brought the Bertillon and fingerprinting systems to America, uncovered fascinating evidence about Goodyear's greatest tire — and an ace reporter shadowed him to write this eyewitness story

(**EDITORIAL NOTE:** *We are a little tired, and we think the public is, of vague superlatives and unsupported claims in advertising. So a year ago, when we introduced the now famous "G-3" All-Weather Tread Tire, we held the story of that tire to the facts about the punishment it took on the Goodyear test fleets. Now the "G-3" has been in public service for a year or more, and we wanted the evidence, the cold truth, about its performance in the hands of users. This page tells how we went after that evidence, and then turned the findings over to a newspaper reporter for writing, that you, as a car-owner, may have a true picture for your guidance in tire-buying.*)

By JAMES CANNON
Former Ace Reporter, New York Journal

I HAVE watched men die in the electric chair and covered the kidnap-murder trial that centered the eyes of the world on Flemington.

I saw bodies stacked higher than my head the frosty morning the Linseed King sank in an ice-ridden Hudson.

I've been tear-gassed at strike riots.

I saw the body of Starr Faithfull lying on the sands of Long Beach after the sea had washed ashore New York's most baffling murder or suicide.

I have interviewed almost everyone from the President of the United States to the executed Two-Gun Crowley.

But I got a brand new kick out of shadowing former Deputy Police Commissioner Joseph A. Faurot across the country in his fact-hunt on the "G-3."

Faurot "fingerprinted" tires — measured them — dug into their private lives — bared the driving habits of the people who owned them — ran down a mass of evidence that any D. A. would envy — to get a true answer to the question Goodyear wanted to settle:

How is the "G-3" All-Weather tire living up to its reputation for giving 43% longer non-skid mileage — in average use on owners' cars?

"Third degree" methods — what they showed

Right from the start, this "G-3" All-Weather Tread tire has had a sensational history.

Perhaps you remember the story. Car owners wanted more safety, a longer-wearing non-skid tread to stand up on the quick-starting, fast-stopping modern cars.

So Goodyear engineers devised tread tortures to find out what tread design could "take it" — ground down tire after tire on granite grindstones — until they designed a tread with the laboratory symbol "G-3."

Then that tire went out on the road. Test-fleet drivers gave it the works day and night — burned out brakes with their famous stop — start — stop — start driving. "Speed up to fifty — jam on the brakes" was the driving order and they kept it up straight around the clock.

You know the results. That "G-3" All-Weather stood up and kept on standing up. Under that grueling punishment, it delivered 43% longer non-skid mileage than its famous predecessor — and kept its grip twice as long as tires tested against it.

Joseph A. Faurot, famous sleuth and Chief of department of Identification, Commercial Crime Commission, "fingerprints" a tire.

But Goodyear wanted to know exactly what the "G-3" All-Weather was doing in actual service — how it was living up to its test-fleet reputation. And to get the cold-turkey truth, the job of finding out was assigned to Inspector Faurot.

Piling up the evidence

We started on the Atlantic Coast — we ended on the Pacific. But the trail wound and doubled back and forth. Anywhere a car could go, we went.

I didn't know a tire from a doughnut when we started this zigzagging safari. All I knew was to get the news, and I did.

The first week I was convinced that the "G-3" All-Weather must be a pretty good tire.

By the time the trip was over, I was firmly sure that "G-3" was the best tire rolling.

No matter where we found one, no matter how busy the owner happened to be, he took time to tell us so.

We rode with doctors in their rounds of mercy — stopped salesmen calling on their trade — raced a dust storm across Kansas to talk with men whose farms were blowing away.

But there's no space here to give to human interest. So let's dig into the records and read, in the blunt words of a detective, some typical samples of the evidence amassed:

NURSE — *Cincinnati, O. Mileage 18,808, careful driver, height of tread at shoulder 219/1000th inch, at center 167/1000. Considers non-skid mileage more than 50% better than former tires.*

FIREMAN — *Charlotte, N. C. Mileage close to 40,000, tread in excellent condition. At least 43% better non-skid mileage.*

TAXI DRIVER — *Albuquerque, N. M. Travels 4,000 miles per month. "G-3" mileage now 25,013. Still some grip on tread. Compared to former tires, "G-3" shows 60% longer non-skid mileage.*

SALESMAN — *Chicago. Does all driving on city streets — cobble stones, car tracks, factory yards, etc. in industrial section of west and southwest side. "G-3" all around. Left rear smooth — others still have trace of tread. Mileage 37,028. Easily 43% better than former Goodyears.*

ADVERTISING EXECUTIVE — *Kansas City, Mo. Mileage 26,327 in 19 months. "G-3" All-Weathers on all four wheels. Plenty of grip still showing — should deliver 50% longer non-skid mileage.*

DIESEL ENGINEER — *Oakland, Cal. Exceedingly hard, fast driver, only 5% of his driving is on paved roads. Averages 1,000 miles per month. One-fourth inch of tread pattern still showing. Comparison with former tire — 50% better.*

• • •

Now you have seen the evidence — and sensed the enthusiasm behind it.

But that's only half the story of the "G-3" All-Weather. The other half is the extra endurance, extra come-back of *Supertwist* cord in the body of this famous tire — the patented Goodyear ply material which makes this heavier, broader, longer-wearing non-skid tread a complete success, and puts a defense against blowouts in every ply.

Is it any wonder that the "G-3" All-Weather has been, since its first introduction, the largest-selling tire in the world?

And this extra money's worth of safety mileage is waiting for you at any Goodyear Service Station dealer's — at no extra price.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, INC.
AKRON, OHIO

Over and over Faurot's reports
PROVED
"G-3" All-Weather tread delivers more than 43% longer non-skid mileage!

— because of the broader road contact of a flatter, wider All-Weather tread

— because of the slow, even wear of closer-nested non-skid blocks and ribs

— because of more rubber in the tread — an average of two pounds more per tire

AND QUICKER STOPPING SAFETY *because of the greater road grip of more non-skid blocks in the center of that famous tread!*

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER
GOODYEAR
MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

James J. Braddock
"You can't beat OLIVE OIL for soothing and conditioning irritated skin!"
Robert Lippman
TRAINER OF JIM BRADDOCK, WORLD'S NEW HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION

BANISH AFTER-SHAVE SMART AND STING!

Use Palmolive, the shaving cream made with Olive Oil!

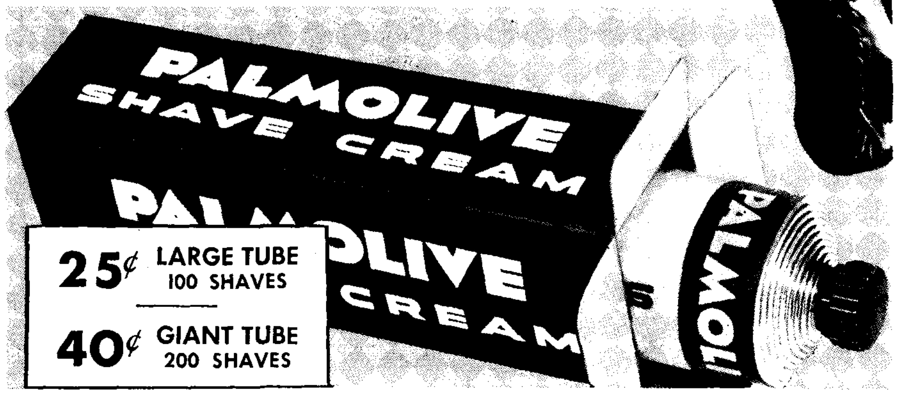
PRIZE fighting is mighty tough on a man's skin! But not much tougher than daily shaving!

So to prevent this after-shave irritation, Palmolive Shave Cream is made with Olive Oil! And Olive Oil, as thousands of trainers and athletes know, is unequalled for soothing irritated skin!

See how *soothed* Palmolive leaves *your* face! That's due to its unique lotion effect. And this soothing action also tends to make a permanent improvement in the condition of your skin.

And note that richer, heavier Palmolive lather! (Each inch of cream multiplies itself 250 times in lather.) Lather that stands up for a full ten minutes. Never dries or wilts . . . gives you the cleanest, easiest shave you ever had.

"Man! You never saw such wonderful rich, heavy lather!"
"Right! And what a marvelous shave Palmolive gives you! No drag! No pull! No irritation!"



25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES
40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

Poor Man's Gold

Continued from page 21

eyes, his lacerated cheeks and bruised lips had told their story all too plainly to Kay. Now, all her pent-up dislike for Mackenzie Joe had surged to the surface. For the first time Jack Hammond found solace away from her. He had found it impossible to answer amicably her vilifications of Mackenzie Joe. From Jack's viewpoint, Mackenzie Joe's attack had been the result of brooding, resentful distrust, born of no foundations, it is true, but certainly not deserving of the murderous instincts which Kay had attributed to him. The defense, however, had met only a multisided barrage, both from the girl and the geologist.

Now, at last, there was a truce. It was the morning of the third day after the trouble. Jack and the girl stood together near his cabin. Kay had sought him out excitedly, her left hand extended, and in its palm a dozen or more particles of thin gold, the result, she said somewhat jerkily, of the last clean-up. Hammond bent to examine them, only as quickly to turn. Out of a corner of his eye he had caught sight of an approaching figure. It was Mackenzie Joe.

Gaunt, gray-featured, but sober, he was approaching from Loon Creek. Silently they watched him come nearer.

"Hello, Joe."

"Hello," he said briefly and looked at Kay. "Waiting to tell me what you think of me, eh?"

Kay Joyce whitened. Hammond attempted to cover the situation with a laugh.

"No. Of course not. She's just had a clean-up down at her claim. She's gotten into pay dirt."

"So?" The older man strode abruptly forward and stared into her cupped hand. "Washed that out of the gravel, eh?"

"Yes." She bit out the word. Mackenzie Joe fixed her with his bloodshot eyes.

"The hell you did!" he snapped. "That's sniper gold."

KAY flung her hand angrily downward, scattering the gold in deep grass. Her blue eyes gleamed with rage.

"It isn't enough that you should jump on Bruce. Now you include me!"

"I ain't jumping on you," said Joe. "I'm just telling Jack that gold never came from your claim!"

"Watch what you're saying!" Jack exclaimed. Mackenzie Joe eyed him.

"Pick up that gold if you can find it," he answered coldly. "You'll find it's flat, with old scratches on it—scraped out from ledge riffles in the main body of the stream. It never came from gravel."

"Then I was lying?" asked Kay. She swept her glance suddenly to include another figure; Jeanne Towers had rounded the side of the cabin. Kay glared at her, then turned back to Mackenzie Joe. "Answer me; was I lying?"

"Yes, you were lying—"

"Joe! Take that back!"

"Never mind doubling your fists, Jack," the older man said. "I could kill you the best day you ever lived. But I wouldn't. And I'm going—gettin' out of here."

"One of us has got to go."

"Sure," the older man said. "I thought that all out—over there in the bush. But before I go, here's something for you. That gold find's a come-on—"

Jack Hammond lunged angrily toward his partner, only to be confronted by Jeanne Towers, a queer, desperate expression on her face. Kay Joyce merely stood there, her lips livid, her eyes strangely narrowed. The northern girl braced herself.

"Get hold of yourself, Jack!"

Slowly, Jack Hammond moved back. There was a long silence. Then the younger man asked:

"Well, Joe, do I buy you out—or do you take my share?"

"He can't have your share!" Kay snapped. "He's got to go!"

Mackenzie Joe looked about him.

"I guess the young lady answered for me," he said.

MORE than two months had passed since that morning when Jack had walked drearily back from the lake, gaunt with the weight of strange, foreboding sadness. Once the heat of their quarrel had begun to cool, memory had, to a degree at least, brought about a truce in the bitterness between Mackenzie Joe and himself. The signing over of the necessary papers which had put Jack in possession of all the claims had been done in silence, it is true, but not taciturnity. Then at last, his packsack on his back, the older man had paused for a last look around the little cabin which he and Jack had built when there was no one else here in the valley. . . .

So now, two months had gone by. Yet time had only brought Jack the deeper conviction that Mackenzie Joe had been wrong in his suspicions.

He was frenzied these days for gold. Early morning found him at his placer workings on Loon Creek, with an extra man engaged to help his two other employees with the grueling work of raising the gravel from the pit which ran down to the bedrock gravels, and himself laboring hour after hour to shovel the piled-up earth into the ceaseless flow of water of the sluice boxes. There was something in his efforts which amounted almost to desperation; big work was going on above, where he and Kenning were testing out the geologist's theories, and men must be paid, especially up here, north of 58, where labor brought a dollar an hour. Jack and Bruce Kenning were partners now.

Only two things could break the continuity of Hammond's labors: a trip to the upper workings, or the announcement of a clean-up from Kay's claim. She had just called to him that the flow of the sluices had been halted.

Jack Hammond dropped his shovel and went upstream. Kay appeared excited as usual, herself taking a pan and filling it with a part of the scrapings. Hammond bent beside her at the stream, where, dipping water, she began the work of reducing the conglomerated residue of the riffles to tangible loss or gain. There beside her, as the pan slowly twisted and dipped and raised and circled, it came to Jack that Kay had learned much of mining in the short time she had been here. Now she spoke casually of pockets and faults, of pay gravel and sedimentation—suddenly he halted. The pan had been cleared, the girl had given an exclamation and was bending over it, pointing by a nod to a nubbin of gold which lay there.

"It's a knockout," Hammond exclaimed, picking out the serrated piece of mineral. Then, as though the better to appraise its worth, he reached into a pocket for his prospector's magnifying glass.

Beside him, Kay talked on of her hopes. She couldn't understand, she said, why this claim didn't pan out more metal. Day after day, the output seemed the same—enough for expenses, enough to keep the cottage going and to pay Mrs. Carewe, the woman of all work—but little more. Hammond hardly heard her. Again he was confirming what he had confirmed every day since Mackenzie Joe had pulled out—the fact that this was true nugget gold, and that there was not the slightest indication of sniper origin.

That had been a serious charge. It had meant that Kay was pretending to find gold when such had not been the case.

But here, there was no doubt that Kay's acquisition was true gravel gold.

"Pretty good nugget," he said at last. "It must be about a pennyweight."

"All of which helps," the girl answered with a casual shrug of her shoulders. "Maybe I'll get down to the real money some day—you never can tell."

"Nobody can, with gold mining," Hammond answered. After a time he returned to his own labors, again feverish, again driving in his intensity. He knew that this claim of his was beginning to weaken; the nuggets were not as large nor as frequent as when he and Joe first had slashed into it. Doggedly, he told himself, that it could not, must not flash out. There must be money to keep that work going above, and he knew that Kenning could not furnish it. In truth, Kenning was providing little in the form of funds; they had thrown their holdings into one pot, share for share. But the cash to keep development going must come from Hammond. Kenning made up for his lack of it by his advice.

LATE afternoon arrived. Abstractedly as he worked, Hammond became aware that there was a great deal of loud conversation of a joyous type from upstream, where Olson seemed to find a new pocket only that he might dig into another. Several of the more successful placer-miners from more distant claims were there, poking about. Mrs. Joyce also was present; for that matter, it was seldom that Hammond looked toward Olson's claim without finding her somewhere in the picture.

It was not a new strike, he knew that—there was no shouting and running about, no concerted movement of curious miners from other diggings. After a time Jack forgot the matter. Then the workday ended and his men made the clean-up. Hammond pouched the nuggets therefrom, walked a bit with Kay on the trail to the cottage and finally cut away from her that he might head upstream and find Kenning and the new development—some dozen shafts, driving deep into the earth upon a broad front, far from the original test pits which Mackenzie Joe had dug over against the slope in the forest. This was abandoned now, and covered with logs. Jack had not been near it since the day Mackenzie Joe went away. At last, sighting Kenning on the flat, he shouted:

"Anything good today?"

The geologist shook his head. Then as Hammond approached: "Can't expect much yet. We're still twenty or twenty-five feet above where the stuff ought to be."

Hammond laughed:

"It's got to turn out."

"How can it help turning out?" Kenning asked. "That river ran over here somewhere. Unless," he added, "it defied every rule of geology and swung under the bench land where I filed that worthless bunch of claims."

"You've never pulled those out," Hammond suggested. "You said something about it when we signed up our agreement—about having to take out eight acres for that English syndicate."

Kenning nodded thoughtfully:

"I've got to be getting at that. Had a letter from them yesterday. I should have deeded it over to them before. But, oh, I don't know, when I get home at night—"

Hammond said nothing. Bruce, he knew, was seldom home, at least until late. His cabin rarely bore evidences of his presence when Jack went up on the hill of evenings to be with Kay and her mother. And the workmen talked daily of what Kenning had done over at Whoopee, at the roulette wheel. Jack gave it little attention; he felt that Bruce's winnings or losings could not be for sizable amounts.

"Know what I think I'd better do?" Kenning asked suddenly. "That bench land's no good. Both of us know that. But I never take chances. I think I'll pull off a couple of men from this work here and put down a test pit. Just to be sure. Then, when it's done, I'll draw out that acreage and get rid of that English syndicate. Send 'em what they're looking for—" he laughed abruptly—"something we don't want."

Hammond laughed with him.

"Put down a test pit and then we'll be sure of it," he answered, and headed slowly back toward camp. But within sight of his cabin, he began to hurry. Mrs. Carewe, the Joyce maid, was there. Kay had sent her to bring him up the hill.

Kay was in the living-room, walking about, her hands clasped tightly before her. From a distance came the faint drone of an airplane.

"You're late," she said.

"I came as quickly as I could. What's happened?"

She gave a brittle laugh.

"Well," came abruptly, "I'm alone."

"Where's your mother?"

"That's it."

"You don't mean—"

"They're in that airplane, bound for Wrangell."

"She's gone with Olson?"

The girl laughed again, that queer, thin-drawn laugh.

"Yes, she's gone with Olson—he sold out this afternoon, to a bunch from the creek. She's wanted him and his nuggets ever since she saw him. So they've gone. Timmy's flying them to Wrangell. She's left me alone. Without a thought of what's going to become of me. Without—"

"Kay," asked Hammond suddenly, "don't I amount to anything in your life?"

"And I suppose I'm going to throw myself at you and ask you to marry me. What on earth would people think?"

"I don't care what they think. It's none of their business. You know, I know—that's enough! Other people can think what they please."

She halted him.

"That's just it, Jack. They mustn't think what they please. Can't you see how this has changed everything? Why—" she laughed again—"you can't even come up in the evenings. I'm all alone, you see."

AFTER a time he went away. Kay, in an unreasoning mood, was not a person to be reached easily by argument. Their life became different and a bit more difficult after that. The delusion of circumspection seemed more pronounced with time instead of diminishing.

Another month went by, blazing hot days, deepening into chill nights, with the dusk creeping over the valley more swiftly with each passing day. Then one day a workman came running down Loon Creek, shouting for Jack Hammond.

"Mr. Kenning wants you up there at the bench shaft!" he exclaimed. "He's found something!"

Hammond hesitated only long enough to summon Kay. Then, with her breathless beside him, they hurried to the upper diggings. Kenning, nervously impatient, awaited them.

(Continued on page 32)

OVERHAUL COSTS SLASHED! NEW CAR OIL-ECONOMY, PEP AND POWER—ONLY $18 UP!

HELLO, DOCTOR-SAY-YOU CAN'T PRESCRIBE FOR A KNOCKING, RATTLING, OIL-PUMPING CAR CAN YOU?
THAT'S EASY JEFF-JUST GET A RAMCO OVERHAUL IT'LL PUT YOUR CAR IN FIRST YEAR SHAPE AND ONLY COST YOU $18 OR SO

Sensational savings on revolutionary RAMCO Overhaul with Ramco Piston Rings and Piston Skirt Expanders compared with Old Overhaul Costs astounds car owners . . . Restores "new car" gas and oil mileage . . . Brings back pep, power, quiet at lowest cost on record!

I FOLLOWED YOUR PRESCRIPTION TO THE LETTER DOC-GOT A RAMCO OVERHAUL-NOW LOOK AT HER STEP OUT!
AHA! JUST AS I TOLD YOU JEFF-YOUR CAR RUNS LIKE NEW-AND I BET YOU'VE ALREADY PAID THE RAMCO BILL IN OIL SAVINGS ALONE

AMAZING, isn't it! Think of getting new motor performance from your present car—*right now*, at a sensational saving in overhaul costs!

Yes—for as little as $18, you can get a Ramco Overhaul and end oil pumping, power blowby, piston slapping . . . win back new car pep, power, quiet . . . get new car oil and gas mileage . . . get 20,000 to 50,000 more miles of carefree service from your car! And do it without those $50, $60, $75 bills you pay for old-type overhauls!

Motorists Everywhere Enthusiastic

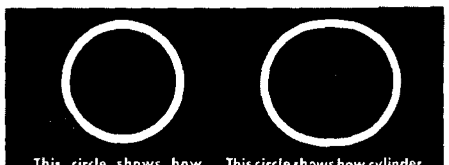
Sound too good to be true? Read, then, what Ford-driver R. M. of Brookville, Kan., writes. He says, "After 40,000 miles, I still drive my 1929 Ford 1000 miles without adding oil—thanks to Ramco. I have the same pep and power, more speed, less overheating and oil loss than with a more expensive rebore job."

D. O. J. of Byron, Ill., reports: "At 32,000 miles I gave my Chevrolet, a bad oil pumper, a Ramco Overhaul. Today, after 72,000 miles, I never buy any oil except at changes."

Costly Features Eliminated

Now here's the reason the Ramco Overhaul costs so much less than the old-type job. The Ramco Overhaul eliminates (1) the costly rebore operation and (2) makes unnecessary the installation of new pistons. This is done by installing the revolutionary Ramco Piston Rings and Ramco Piston Skirt Expanders. Result: oil pumping ends; compression increases; knocks vanish; pep, speed, power are restored.

You, too, can experience the same miraculous results reported by the motorists above. See your repairman today for a free Ramco estimate. Also, send for our free booklet.



This circle shows how an automobile cylinder looks when it is new. Note it is a *true* circle, not irregular in any way.

This circle shows how cylinder walls become after 15,000 miles or more of operation. Note that it is out-of-round and irregular.

HOW RAMCO WORKS

Common sense is enough to tell us that only a piston ring that *expands* can fit both the new cylinder and the out-of-round cylinder. Ramco Piston Rings do precisely that. The "inner cushion ring" expands the Ramco Ring to conform to the cylinder wall surface . . . making reboring unnecessary in cases where the cylinder is worn. Thus Ramcos end oil pumping, increase compression and control piston rock, the basic cause of motor depreciation. Remember: Ramcos are the result of 16 years concentration on spring ring design. Avoid substitutes.

You can find the nearest Ramco Dealer in the Classified Telephone Directory under "Piston Rings"

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Without cost or obligation, send me your valuable book "How to Analyze Your Motor."

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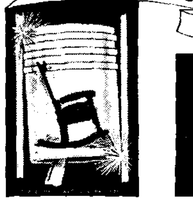
City....................*State*............



CORRECTS PISTON ROCK THE MAJOR CAUSE OF MOTOR DEPRECIATION

RAMCO

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MOTOR OVERHAUL

RAMCO PISTON RINGS—PISTON SKIRT EXPANDERS

DEALERS—Write for particulars on Ramco Master and Junior Service Stock Proposition

(Continued from page 31)

“Don't ask me why it happened!” he said bluntly. “It's against everything I've figured. It's just there—that's all.”

He extended his clutched hands, opening them. Kay gave a half scream and moved forward, Hammond close behind her. The man's palms were heaped with yellow gold; the wet sand of deep gravel still clung to the hulking nuggets.

“The gravel's choked with them!” Kenning said in a queer voice. Hammond stared at the yellow wealth.

“But how did it get there? Away over on this bench land? Are you sure?”

The man nodded toward the gaping shaft.

“Get down there and shovel out a panful and see for yourself,” he said.

THEY were in Jack's cabin; Hammond was still shaking from the excitement caused by that panful of earth which he had taken from the gravel of the bench-land test pit. Kay walked about nervously. Kenning pawed through a tin box which he had brought down from his cabin; Hammond likewise had taken a bundle of papers from the hiding place under his bunk.

“It's a good thing we didn't take care of that English syndicate before we sank that test pit,” Kenning said.

“Well,” Kay announced, “if you had, I'd have been sunk.”

“You?”

“After all the touting I did to get Jack to take your advice.”

“That would have been a hot one, now, wouldn't it?” Jack Hammond hardly realized that he was speaking. He still could remember little but that pan of gravel as repeated washings slowly carried away the dross, at last to reveal the heavy sediment of golden globules. “If we'd signed away that land—and then this crooked English outfit had come along and made a ten-strike—”

“Not much danger of that,” Kenning answered. “I told you in the beginning that they never intend to work it. Three years from now, we'll be able to buy back any land we sell them at our own price—if we want it.”

“And the problem is,” Kay broke in, “to find something they don't want.” She turned again to the window. “Looking for me, Mrs. Carewe?” she called. The maid of all work came nearer the cabin.

“Supper's just about ready, Miss Kay,” she announced.

“Thanks, I'll walk up with you.” She turned at the door. “Good night, Jack.”

“Oh—good night, Kay—good night.”

“Aren't you going to kiss me?”

He dropped the bundle of papers that he might rush to her.

“That gold's made an idiot of me.” Suddenly his hands clenched. “Gee, Kay! We've found it!”

“For all the good it does me.”

“That's out.” There was a drive to his voice. “I give the orders from now on.”

She kissed him, and patted him on the cheek.

“So that's what a few nuggets can do!”

But he would not let her go. Impulsively he seized her, kissing her a dozen times, hugging her until she protested. Then, freeing her, he raised his big hands and pawed awkwardly at her smooth hair.

“That's it—” he said huskily. “I'll give the orders. I'm boss—I'll tell you how to be happy. You can't imagine what this strike has done for me, dearest!”

Laughing, she pushed him away.

“I've a fair idea,” she answered, and calling good night to the obsessed Kenning, went forth to join Mrs. Carewe. Hammond watched her until she was lost in the twist of the ascending trail.

“Kay's been swell about not wanting to marry me—just because I had money,” he said brusquely as he rejoined Kenning. “But she's waited long enough. Besides, I really didn't have much to offer her before—just those Loon Creek claims.”

“You've got plenty now.”

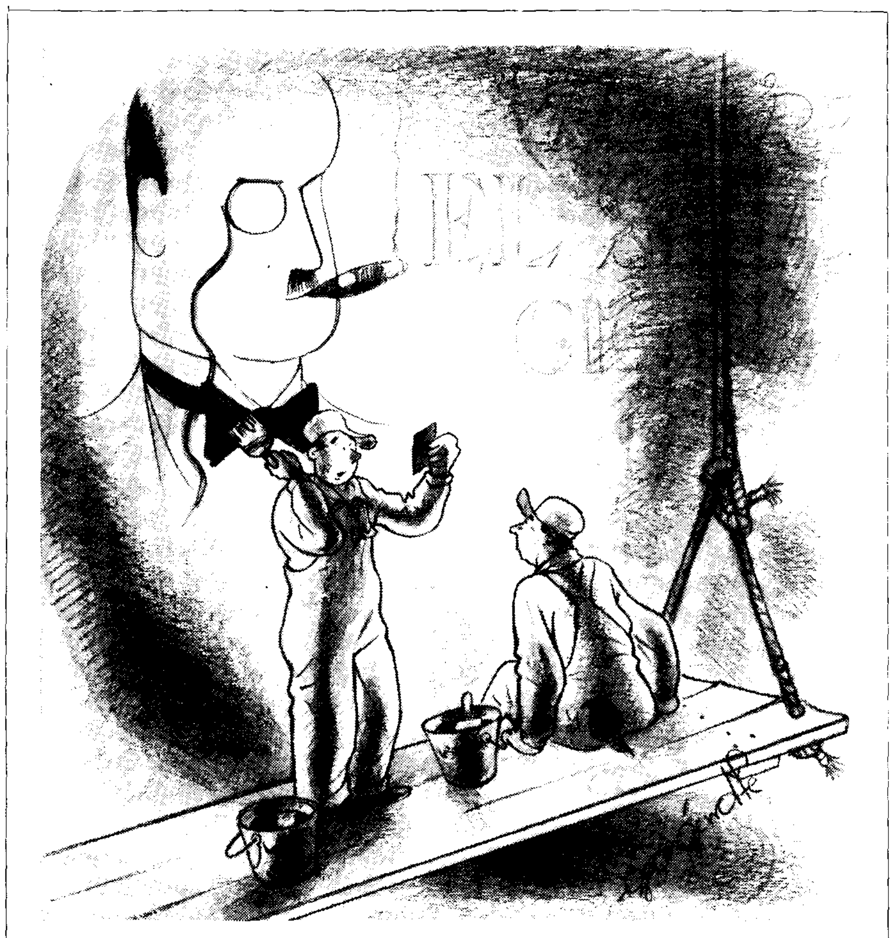
“And some to spare. That reminds me. What are we going to do now about that English syndicate?”

“Yes, we ought to get that out of the way.” Kenning consulted the list of their holdings. “I don't see anything here that can come out of the stuff I threw in the pot.”

“It's all on the course of that gravel bed, isn't it?”

“If that stream came down from the hills the way we've got to figure, all the claims I staked are right in line.”

“What about giving those leases, over where we've been digging the big bunch of test pits?”



“This is the only way I can get a bow tie to look right!” GEORGE WOLFE

Kenning wrinkled his brow.

“No. I still think that land's good. There's an explanation.”

“I don't see it.”

“Suppose Big Moose hit some obstacle, some tremendous rock that's since either been covered up, or ground to pieces and washed away?”

“Say, maybe you're right.”

“IT STANDS to reason. The natural result would have been a split of the stream, wouldn't it? Half of it would have traveled right where my findings show it should have gone. The rest of it easily could have swung over to this side.”

“It doesn't leave much of a selection for your English friends.”

“Don't call 'em friends. They're swine, the whole gang of them. But I got mixed into it; I'll keep my word and send them something.”

“There isn't much left.”

Kenning laughed.

“Nothing except where Joe was working. If they want a worthless tract, that's it.”

Hammond was going over the leases. At last he asked:

“What's the name of this outfit?”

“You mean the English bunch? Oh, you'd better just sign the lease over to me, then I can reconvey it. There may be a lot of red tape about it if it's handled differently.”

A HALF-HOUR later, Hammond was alone in his cabin, his bundle of papers again resting in their hiding place under the bunk. The ground on which Mackenzie Joe had labored was gone; Kenning had taken the conveyed lease over to the recorder's tent for entering under his name as owner. And Jack stood there thinking how queer was gold; Mackenzie Joe had fought every idea Bruce Kenning had advanced. Now, the land where he had worked was of value only because it would allow Kenning and himself to control a veritable underground river of gold at another part of the valley.

At last Jack reached for his hat and left the cabin. It had occurred to him that he should tell Jeanne about all this. She was not at the store; her substitute told Hammond that she had gone on an errand, far up the valley.

The man turned from the little log structure with a feeling of disappointment. For a time he stood watching the activities down at the lake; volunteers these days were donating a part of their work time to the completion of giant log life rafts, with heavy boxes for food and blankets, the grim insurance of every outpost settlement when the sun blazes for a long stretch, when the moss grows crinkly underfoot and the dead spruce needles, raining down with every stirring of the wind, are like so much tinder.

A remote camp cannot take chances when forest fire lurks in the offing; these days at Sapphire Lake were ones of apprehension. That there would be a fire, providing snow or rain did not soon fall, was almost a certainty; prospectors were wandering the hills, seeking the mother lode source of the nuggets which had brought humanity into this far land. Hunters were about, storing up a supply of meat and bear fat against the winter months. Matches, cigarettes and even the sparks from a miner's pipe were a constant menace; the North had become supercharged with aridity, and so Sapphire Lake had built its life-rafts, to carry its population out to the safety of broad waters in case of emergency. After a time, interest in the sight ceased for Hammond. He still wanted to see Jeanne Towers and receive her congratulations. Finally, he began to walk in the direction she had taken.

They met, some four hundred yards from camp, where Jeanne followed a winding trail through the high, heat-yellowed marsh grass. But this country was marsh no longer; the earth was dry and cracked; the blackbirds which once had sung in green depths had departed. She waved to him and he answered; both hands clasped high over his head, like a boxer, saluting his cohorts from the ring. Then laughing, he hurried forward, calling:

“I've been looking everywhere for you! We've found it! All the gold in the world!”

The girl cried out happily:

“You've really found the old bedrock?”

“You should have seen the pan I washed the stuff out in!” Jack answered disjointedly. “The whole bottom covered, either with nuggets or flake gold. Like it had been gilded. You'll see a rush, all right, when this news gets out. It's another Klondike.”

He whirled then, looking down toward the lake, as if he could visualize the speeding of motorboats, the plodding progress of scows, the surge of airplanes as they struck the water and taxied for shore. Then he realized that Jeanne's hands were on his arm.

“Mackenzie Joe knew what he was doing after all, didn't he?” she asked. The man looked down in amazement.

“Knew what he was doing?” he queried. “We'd have been chasing rainbows yet if we'd kept on where he was working.”

IT WAS her turn to be surprised.

“Then you didn't make the strike in his test shaft?”

“Of course not! We put down one away over on the west side of the valley, near that claim you sold Kenning.”

“Oh. Over there?” Jeanne cocked her head, frowning thoughtfully. At last she said: “That's funny.”

“What's so funny about it?”

“But what about Joe's test pit?”

“Oh, that's been logged over since the day Joe left. We haven't even been near it.”

“That's funny,” Jeanne said again, in a worried tone. “You're sure you haven't worked it at all?”

“Sure. Of course I'm sure.”

“But somebody's worked it,” Jeanne insisted. “I just came past there.”

“Oh, you're wrong, Jeanne.”

“But I'm not. Somebody's been working it!”

“What for? There isn't a chance to get a dime out of it. The thing was only a test development.”

“Just the same—”

“It wasn't even anywhere near the gravel level when Joe pulled out.”

“I can't help that,” the girl insisted. “Somebody's been working there. I saw fresh dirt on the dump. The logs have been moved, and somebody's been down the ladder.”

“Impossible.”

“The dirt on the dump isn't twenty-four hours old.”

“Mind going back there?” asked Hammond abruptly. They talked but little on the trail; there was nothing to say, save Jeanne's reiterations of what she had seen. At last, deep in the bush, they sighted the mound of earth which Mackenzie Joe had raised in his efforts to find the lost river bed. Hammond began to hurry, the girl keeping pace with him.

(To be continued next week)

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CAN GIVE YOU
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- NO MOVING PARTS
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Plus THESE
MANY MODERN
CONVENIENCES

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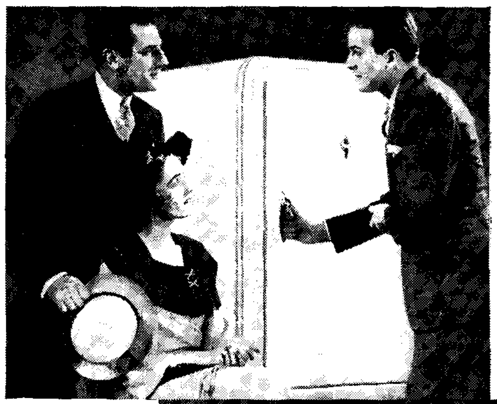
USES NO WATER

*I like my Electrolux
better and better
every day*

AND SO WILL YOU, BECAUSE

IT RUNS ON SHOE-SHINE MONEY

IT HAS NO MOVING PARTS TO WEAR



IT FREEZES WITH UNINTERRUPTED SILENCE

YOU have a right to expect two all-important things in any refrigerator you buy . . . satisfactory performance, and the finest modern beauty. We believe that Electrolux combines these essentials more perfectly than any other refrigerator.

But *you* must be the judge of our claims. Picture this new 1935 Electrolux in your kitchen. Decide whether or not you would be proud to show it to your friends . . . whether or not it is the best looking refrigerator you can own. Then let us tell you something about the way it works.

Simplicity makes Electrolux remarkably efficient. It has no moving parts. A tiny gas flame circulates the refrigerant. Ordinary air cools it.

Result: a remarkably low operating cost . . . fullest food protection at all times . . . freedom from any depreciation due to moving parts.

There's no need to put up with imperfect refrigeration . . . for Electrolux will actually pay for itself with savings. See the beautiful new 1935 models today at your gas company's or local dealer's showrooms. Your gas company joins us in recommending Electrolux to you. They are glad to stand back of every one they sell.

* * *

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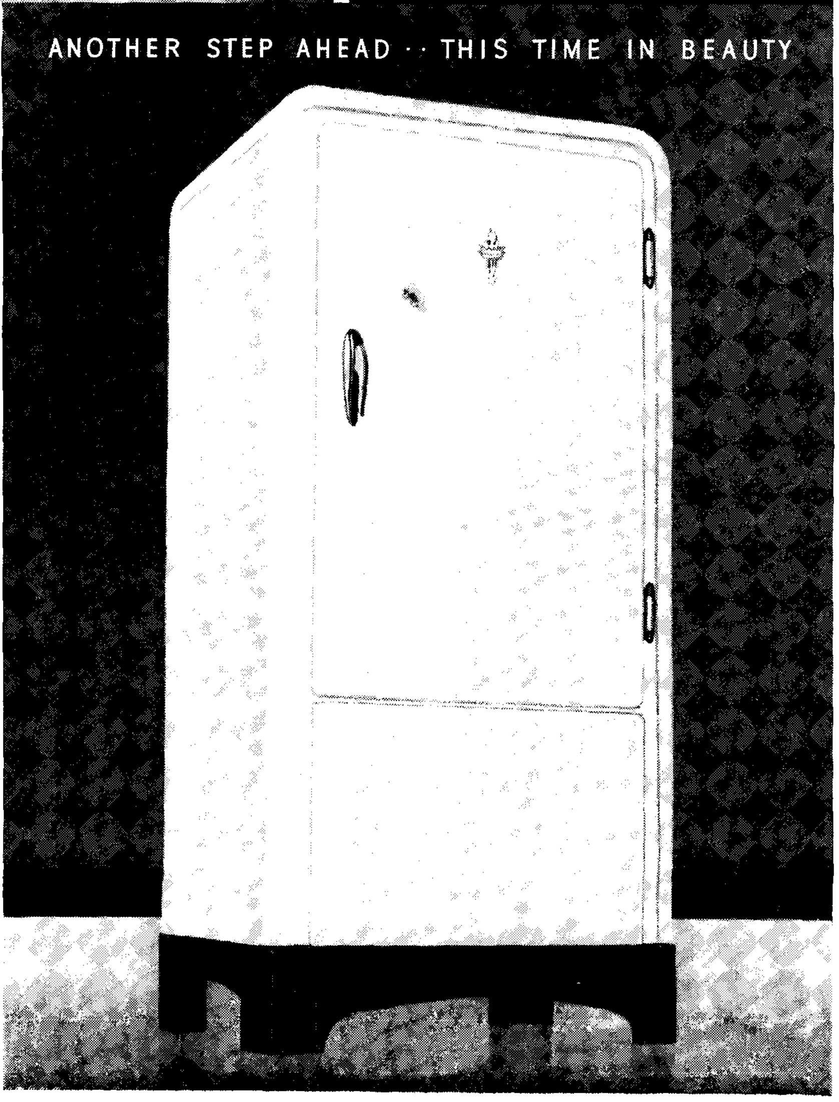
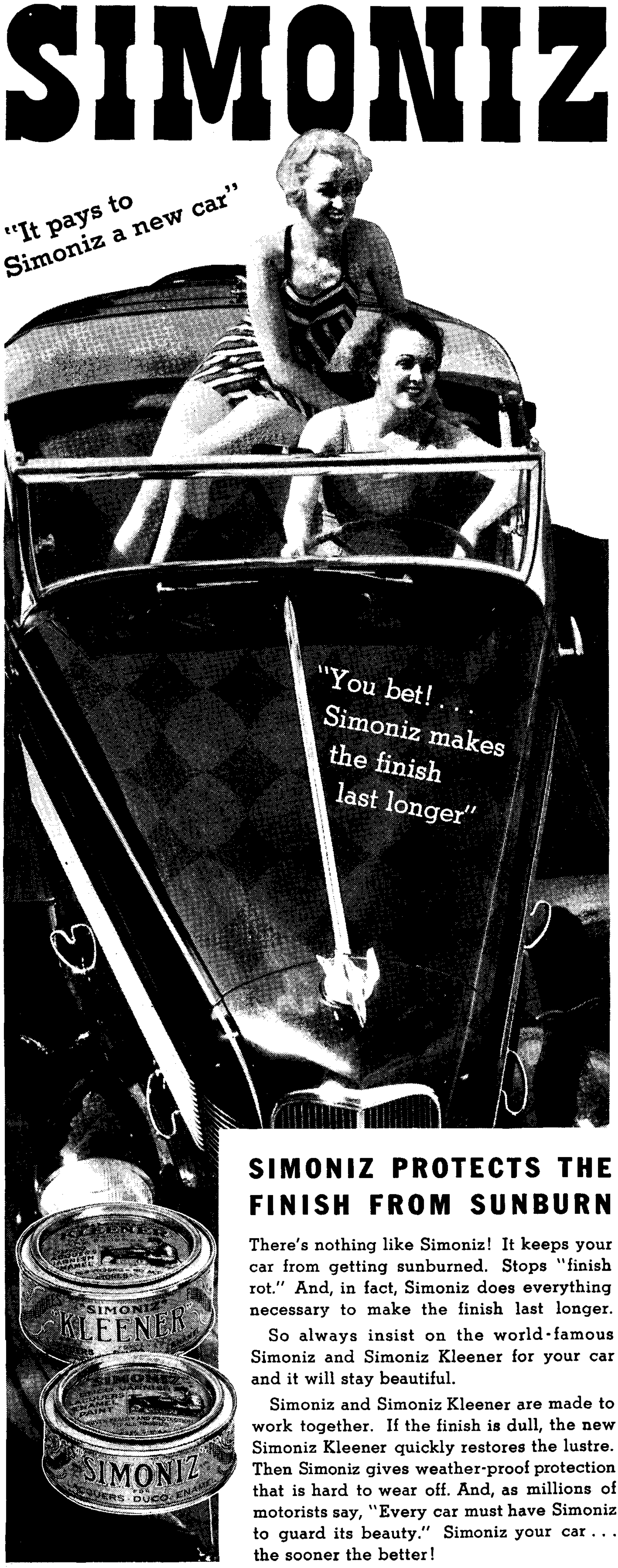
—RUNS ON KEROSENE

If you live beyond the gas mains this new kerosene-operated Electrolux will bring you all the advantages of city refrigeration. In every important way it duplicates the performance of the Electrolux that is now serving over half a million modern homes. For free folders and further information write to Servel, Inc., Electrolux Refrigerator Sales Division, Evansville, Indiana.

NEW *Air-Cooled*
ELECTROLUX
THE SERVEL *Gas* REFRIGERATOR



MOTORISTS WISE


SIMONIZ
"It pays to Simoniz a new car"
"You bet! . . . Simoniz makes the finish last longer"
SIMONIZ KLEENER
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SIMONIZ PROTECTS THE FINISH FROM SUNBURN

There's nothing like Simoniz! It keeps your car from getting sunburned. Stops "finish rot." And, in fact, Simoniz does everything necessary to make the finish last longer.

So always insist on the world-famous Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener for your car and it will stay beautiful.

Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener are made to work together. If the finish is dull, the new Simoniz Kleener quickly restores the lustre. Then Simoniz gives weather-proof protection that is hard to wear off. And, as millions of motorists say, "Every car must have Simoniz to guard its beauty." Simoniz your car . . . the sooner the better!

Batting 'em Out

Continued from page 22

to Pittsburgh, where most of the players became truly famous. But they were already becoming famous while in the spangles of Louisville. And the teams that dropped off in the metropolis of bourbon and bluegrass were studded with the great names of baseball.

There was a fighting young harp named John McGraw who kept dropping in with his Baltimore Orioles. There was a famous batsman named Wee Willie Keeler, whose slogan and procedure was "Hit 'Em Where They Ain't." The famous Pop Anson—Mr. Bickel calls him "Cap" Anson—led his Chicagoans into town. Then the first of the college boys to break into baseball, Fred Tenney, freshly out of Brown, came along with the Boston team. Then there were Joe Kelley, and Herman Long and Jesse Burkett and a young army of others, all of them old long since, many of them gone to their rewards, but all then young, eager and grand baseball players.

Thousands of Models

Practically all of them were afflicted with bat trouble. A fellow had to scout around for bats in those days. There were no real factories making them and it hadn't been so very long since most players had to make their own. There wasn't much standardization about them and if a fellow found himself a wood turner who could make him a good one, he considered himself very much in luck.

Players always had experimented with bats, changing their lengths and weights and even their shapes, the size of the handle, the size of the barrel, in order, as they hoped, to find exactly the weight and size and balance best suited to their particular set of muscles. They can do it by mail now to the place we're describing, but in those days they had to do it in person at some carpenter shop, and more and more in Louisville the baseball boys of that era kept taking their bat troubles to the Hillerichs.

And more and more, they discovered that he and his young helper, Bickel, were making them better bats than they could get anywhere else. The old man wasn't particularly interested in the business. It wasn't enough to bother with. In fact, it was something of a nuisance. Still, he didn't turn them away and they soon discovered that when he sold them a piece of wood, not only was it as sound as iron, with a grain firm and true, but it was turned as smoothly as a baby's cheek, with every specification exactly perfect.

The word naturally spread and more and more of the boys were waiting until they were scheduled in Louisville and could get what they began to call their Louisville Sluggers from Old Man Hillerich's little shop.

Mr. Bickel remembers them all. He was too busy ever to go and see them play, and the franchise was soon transferred to Pittsburgh anyway, but the fame of those bats was already established. The ball players didn't come there any more from the Galt House after or before their afternoon ball games, but they sent in their orders and came personally in off-season. Hillerich was literally forced into the bat business. It was just as well, although he didn't know it, for the whiffletree and the old family churn dasher already had the seal of slow doom on them.

Of course, there wasn't enough money to be made out of the baseball players, for there weren't enough of them, but the idea of marketing to the youth of the now baseball-conscious nation reproductions of the bats the big leaguers used was suddenly arrived at—and the germ of a real business was born.

The Louisville Slugger factory now covers more than a city block, and its timber yard covers two city blocks. The depression hasn't even touched it. The original Hillerich has long since passed away. He was ninety-two when he died. His son took as partner one F. W. Bradsby, an able executive of the big hardware company in St. Louis that merchandised the Sluggers, and thus it's been Hillerich and Bradsby since 1911, and that's the name you'll find in the all-important trade-mark which any kid will tell you you must always hold either straight up or straight down when you swing.

But Mr. Bickel was talking. Big trucks of raw, white bats, freshly turned but still untouched by varnish were lined up like cars in a coal mine. Overhead in racks perhaps four feet square, running the entire length of the very long floor and bearing the crudely lettered names of the stars they are called after, were the "Chuck Klein model," the "Lou Gehrig model," the "Jimmy Foxx model," the "Babe Ruth model" and so on back through the "Rogers Hornsby model" and the "Bucky Harris model" to the "Ty Cobb model," the "Sam Crawford model" and even farther.

"Sure, they're all there," Mr. Bickel was saying; "we have 3,100 different models in stock or on record. We keep them, even after the men who once ordered them aren't playing any more. I guess we've had some of them as long as twenty-five years. But you never can tell when you're going to need them. Just this morning, for instance, Joe Cronin telegraphed for three old Ty Cobb or Sam Crawford models cut down to his size. He wants to be sure to get old, well-seasoned wood in them, you see. We fixed them up for him and shipped them air mail. He'll probably be using them tomorrow."

"Does that mean he'll hit better?"

"I guess he thinks so, anyhow," smiled the venerable expert.

Players find their eventual personal models, it seems, from trying other players' bats, especially when they're just breaking in and feeling their way. When Rogers Hornsby first came up, for instance, he used the Sam Crawford model, but he finally decided he could hit better if the grip were a little smaller and the changed bat became the Rogers Hornsby model.

Three Dozen a Year

Real hitters such as Gehrig, Foxx, Klein, Hornsby, Cronin and their like seldom change their models. Ty Cobb went through his entire career without ever changing once. His was an old-timer, cut down from a Harry Davis model, with a small barrel, a big handle, weighing from 42 to 44 ounces and about 35 inches long. Cobb was tough on bats, Mr. Bickel recalled. He always had his locker completely filled with them and Mr. Bickel remembers rushing four dozen in one batch to him one time in New York.

A man with even a smidgen of imagination could write a thousand baseball stories from the evidence in those racks and order books, without even entering a ball park. Take Babe Ruth—his rise and fall, for instance. The cold and incontrovertible record of it is there.

When Ruth was Ruth back there in those glad, mad days of the booming market, the home-run holocaust and the million-dollar fights, he was using a tremendous bludgeon the average player couldn't even swing. In size and length, it didn't differ from the bats of his brethren, but, made of the heaviest ash, it weighed 54 ounces, which is fourteen or fifteen ounces heavier than almost anybody else used. It was taking a full cut at the ball with that weight and his great strength that used to send those parabolic fence-clearers rocketing toward the zenith. That's the flail he was using in 1920 when he blasted out the then new all-time major-league record of fifty-four homers.

In off season he got to thinking that if he had the same weight in his shillelagh, but a considerably larger barrel, he'd have more hitting surface, and could connect with more pitching. He consulted with the Slugger factory and was apparently right or else he was due to hit more homers anyhow, for the next season he slashed out fifty-nine circuit smashes. It was in 1927 that he rang up the all-time high of sixty.

But the Ruthian graph descends sharply from there, steadily through the years the weight drops. From 54 ounces it dropped to 50. Then to 46, then 42, 40 and 39. The man was growing older. He realized it long before the sports writers did. The record was in that rack, but no sports writer thought to look there.

Al Simmons uses the longest bat in professional baseball. This wagon-tongue is 38 inches in length. Wee Willie Keeler, the famous spot hitsman of yore, used the shortest bat of any player ever in major-league spangles, according to these walking encyclopedias. His toothpick was only 30 inches over all. And it wasn't such a toothpick at that. It hefted around 37 ounces. More than 90 per cent of all bats are 35 inches long. That's the standard. Some few are 34 and then there's Mr. Simmons' tent pole.

The average player will use perhaps three dozen bats a year. They break 'em or chip 'em or imagine the life's out of them. Eddie Rousch was the easiest man on bats they can remember at the factory. He'd go through the season with six clubs, but they were 48 ouncers, and the heavier the weight, the better the wood. It's the featherweight that cracks. Babe Herman and Hazen Cuyler are the toughest in history, especially Herman. He'll break, lose or mutilate six dozen bats a year. He used up over two dozen in training camp this spring.

Most bats today are made from second-growth ash grown in New York State and Pennsylvania. A bit of hickory from Tennessee, Alabama and the northern part of Georgia is also used, but most of the players prefer ash.

Mr. Bickel has spent his life experimenting with woods for bats and at one time or another has tried them all from pine to mahogany. In all this hemisphere he has found but one other wood that would really stand up. That was a Cuban wood called majagua. It would serve all right for the heavier weights, but the price was prohibitive. A bat made of it would have to retail for four dollars and that's much too much.

A Cow-Handed Craftsman

"Do you know much about batting, as such?" I asked Mr. Bickel.

"Sure," he said, and his blue eyes twinkled, "I batted once four or five years ago. We had a company picnic and we chose up sides."

"Did you get hold of one?"

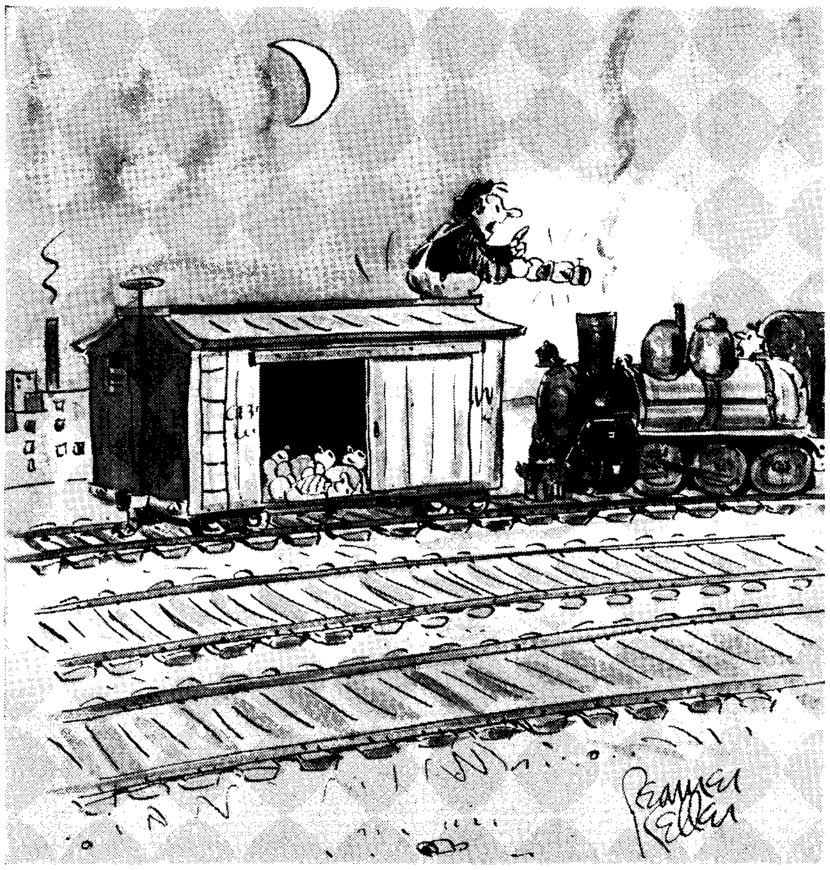
"Sure," he said, "I finally hit one, but it's not as easy as it looks, is it?"

He was swinging a bat at the moment, as it chanced. He'd picked it up absent-mindedly, raw and white and unvarnished from the rack nearby and had begun by fingering its finish and studying its grain. Finally he brought it up to his shoulder and swung it in front of him like a batter.

"Is that the way you swung?" I asked.

"Sure," he said. "why?"

Well, he was holding it cow-handed, and ask your nine-year-old son what that is and why it's wrong. The man who makes the bats with which Babe makes the homers didn't even know how to hold one himself, but the answer there, my son, is that he doesn't have to. Beethoven couldn't play all the instruments, but the greatest musicians have thrilled multiplied millions with the notes he set down on paper.



"Easy now! This is a sleeper!" REAMER KELLER

Those smooth Ingram's shaves are due to these ..... 3 ACTIONS

1 DIRECT WILTING ACTION: Ingram's strips the oil coating from your whiskers. Subdues them. Softens them right down to the skin line!

2 UNIQUE LUBRICATING ACTION: Your skin is smoothed. Drawn tighter. Actually lubricated. Razor *glides* without scuffing or scraping.

3 FAMOUS COOLING ACTION: Ingram's turns off the heat! Cools your shave. Keeps you face-happy. Saves the cost and bother of lotions.

To give men comfort along with cleaner shaves, Ingram's contains three special ingredients which do these three things—

1st, wilt whiskers softer at the skin line, where the razor works. 2nd, tone the skin *before* the shave to prevent nicks and scuffs. 3rd, cool the shave and banish stinging.

INGRAM'S
Ingram's Shaving Cream
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One quick, cool shave signs you up for life as a happy Ingram's shaver! And your shaves will cost you less. Ingram's is *concentrated;* three months of better shaves in each tube or jar. Ask your druggist for Ingram's, or send for free 10-shave tube.

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I'm ready to try Ingram's! Send me the free 10-shave tube.

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INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

Land of the Pilgrim's Pride

Continued from page 13

because, despite the ruthlessness of the pioneering days which were then closing, our natural resources were still ample for our national needs.

In 1908 our inventory showed that, in round numbers, six million American farmers on 876 million acres of land were raising one fifth of the world's wheat, three fifths of its cotton and four fifths of its corn. We also had on hand at that time, on our grazing lands, 181 million head of cattle, sheep and hogs.

This huge agricultural setup was operating nicely and, except that they once in a while raised a wail about their old stand-by, the tariff, neither the farmers nor the stock raisers were doing any kicking.

The Cost of Erosion

Theodore Roosevelt, however, as he looked ahead into the future, was not entirely satisfied. He was worried about soil erosion. At that time the soil situation was not critical, but as there were places, especially in the South, where red clay ribs were already sticking up out of the ground and as there were spots in the West known as "blowlands" which had been overgrazed and from which the winds had carried away all the top dirt, the vigorous Theodore felt that these were conditions that should not be allowed to spread. He said so emphatically, and also, be it remembered, he suggested to the farmers and the stock raisers that soil erosion could be prevented by applying to their lands exactly the same methods that now, twenty-six years later, are being so frantically used.

Also, being confident that his suggestions regarding soil conservation would be carried out, he advised both the farmers and the stock raisers to extend their operations. They did so and what came of it? Franklin D. Roosevelt's inventory of 1934 tells the story. It tells us, for example, that although we have vastly increased our grazing areas, both in prairie and forest ranges, we have six million fewer head of livestock than in 1908, when we had thirty million fewer people to feed. It also tells us that, although we have a half million more farmers in the country who are farming 110 million more acres of land, the per-acre production is substantially less than it was as much as fifty years ago.

The explanation in both cases is the same. Neither the farmers nor the stockmen have made any effort to prevent soil erosion. As already pointed out, the soil-erosion problem in 1908, although menacing, was not critical. The process could have been stopped. It wasn't, and so today our 1934 inventory shows that there are now on hand thirty-five million acres of formerly good farm lands that are permanently ruined while 225 million more are approaching destruction. In fact the wasting of our topsoil has gone on at such a rate that there are now seventeen states in the Union which contain no Number One land whatever; six that contain none that is even Number Two and Three which are so poor that all of their agricultural lands are rated as Number Four, or, in other words, worthless.

The grazing situation is fully as bad. In a preceding paragraph I said that a comparison of the two inventories showed that we had six million fewer head of livestock now than in 1908. That is a direct item of loss, but don't attribute it to the fact that we slaughtered hogs to raise pork prices. That had nothing to do with it. Our hog population (referring to four-footed ones), even after the slaughter, is practically where it was in 1908. The present shortage is in sheep and cattle and it exists because we haven't got grass enough left in the natural grass country to feed them on.

The government is going to have a very tough time carrying out its program for rehabilitating our grazing lands. This program, known as the Taylor Grazing Act, and set forth in the 1934 inventory, calls for controlled operation of an area embracing thirty per cent of our land, supporting but three per cent of our people, and having an average rainfall of less than fifteen inches a year. It is the area where the dust storms are born and hence it may very well be that the entire future of this country depends upon how soon we go to work on it. If we wait another twenty-six years it may not be any use!

And if we wait another twenty-six years to attend to our forest problem we won't have any forests left. The evidence upon which this verdict is based is entirely conclusive. Here it is: Theodore Roosevelt's report showed that the saw timber then standing in the United States, four fifths privately owned, amounted to 2,484 billion board feet, which was being cut three and one half times as rapidly as it grew. It also showed that the waste, nearly all preventable, between the forest and the consumer was so great that for every 1,000 feet standing in a tree only 320 feet was actually turned into lumber. These figures predetermined the eventual result. Give the sawmill men time enough and, with their devastating methods, they would produce a timber famine.

"But of course, gentlemen," said Theodore to the timber barons, "I know that you don't want to do that. And you needn't do it, because, as you all know, if you will only practice good forestry, do selective logging, and, on large tracts, cut only on a sustained-yield basis, you can so completely reverse the forest picture that, instead of the cut being far in excess of the growth, it will not even equal it. Thus our forests will become perpetual, a monument to your patriotism, and therefore I leave it to you to act for the best interests of the nation."

Oil to Burn

It was a fine place to leave it. I have before me a statement made by the authorized representative of the largest lumber interests in the United States, which says that no sooner did the big fellows hear "timber famine" mentioned than they all rushed out to the Pacific Coast, bought up practically all of our last big stand of virgin timber, and began to slaughter it at a terrific rate. They made no secret about it.

The hoped-for famine hasn't arrived yet, but it wasn't their fault. Perhaps if the depression, which cut building activity to fifteen per cent of normal, hadn't intervened the famine would have arrived and the lumbermen would have reaped their reward. We can't tell definitely about that, but we can tell, from the 1934 inventory, that they reaped the forests.

This is their record of achievement: In 1908 we had on hand 2,484 billion board feet of standing saw timber. Take half of that, because all standing timber cannot be economically utilized, and say then that our *available* supply was 1,242 billion board feet. Today though, with thirty million more people in need of it, we have remaining only 880 billion board feet while the rate at which the lumbermen are cutting against it has jumped from three and one half to five times the rate of growth.

The same direct charge of waste, unalleviated by any implication of ignorance, can be laid on the doorstep of the oil industry. But can we prove it? Certainly. Look at the two inventories. Of course, in 1908 we were not using nearly as much oil as we are today, but nevertheless we had had enough experience with its producers to know a good deal about the extravagance of their habits. It was known, for example, that for every barrel of oil they brought to the surface they left three underground which nobody could ever recover. This was inexcusable waste, and so Theodore, growing a bit stern about it, told the oil men that they must be more careful. Our recoverable oil supply, he said, amounted to only something like twenty billion barrels which, according to carefully prepared estimates, and barring further large discoveries, would not last beyond 1950. That was the limit and therefore it was the industry's duty to conserve our supply by adopting scientific methods by which it could recover seventy-five per cent of the underground oil rather than continue to let that same amount be wasted.

The Diminishing Coal Pile

For twenty-six years this entirely sane suggestion has been wholly disregarded. About this there can be no argument because not only does the 1934 inventory present the facts but also some of the biggest men in the petroleum industry admit that they are true. In fact, in July, 1933, Collier's made public a statement by R. C. Holmes, then president of the Texas Company, in which Mr. Holmes declared that in three decades not only had the petroleum industry, through disorderly production methods and useless competition, piled up a bill for waste against itself of $4,695,000,000, but that, moreover, waste was still continuing at the rate of $12,000,000 a month.

As to our present outlook for oil, it is not nearly as favorable as it was in 1908. We then had on hand about twenty billion barrels; we've discovered tremendous pools since: East Texas, the Panhandle, Conroe, Oklahoma and California, and yet all that we now have on hand as recoverable is thirteen and a quarter billion barrels, or enough, we are told, to last us only until 1947. Of course we may discover more big pools but we don't know that we will and neither do the oil men. We just hope so but it is with a hope that must be pressing strongly for fulfillment because, on the basis of the present inventory, the recoverable supply of oil is worth only nine billion dollars.

When we look at what the two inventories say regarding natural gas and coal we find the same terrifying story of extravagance. To dilate on what has happened, and is happening, to our fuel supply is useless. In Theodore Roosevelt's day Indiana, Ohio, West Virginia and western Pennsylvania were dotted with thriving manufacturing towns which advertised their prosperity, due to cheap fuel, by burning huge flambeaux day and night. Those towns are now all back in the cornfields. Roosevelt prophesied they would be. In his report he pointed out that enough natural gas was being wasted "to supply every town in the United States of over a hundred thousand population with all they could use," and advised conservation. He was laughed at.

The condition is much worse now than it was then. Today men who are robbing their own children, and know it, are blowing into the air at least three times as much gas as the entire nation is capable of economically consuming, and yet there isn't any way, at present, for us to prevent the waste. The new inventory, however, assumes that because we must find a way we will find one. By controlling gas production, in exactly the same way suggested in 1908, that is, by returning what we do not use to the underground reservoirs, we can extend the life of our gas fields indefinitely. Otherwise, the 1934 forecast is that we'll be out of gas and back on the woodpile again in less than twenty-five years.

Or perhaps, if we have one, it will be the coal pile. But what about coal? Do you recall what the 1908 inventory said: that we were then wasting fifty per cent of our coal underground and ninety-seven per cent above? Well, after twenty-six years we are doing no better. Under our present intelligently conducted methods of mining, we are wasting from five to seven times as much coal as is wasted, proportionate to production, in any country in Europe. Or, to quote 1934 figures, we are leaving 150 million tons a year in the ground in such shape that it can never be gotten out, which is enough to provide Germany with all it can use in preparing itself for its next war.

Evidently there is only one legitimate ownership of natural resources and only one legitimate use to which they can be put. They belong to the nation, they must be used for the benefit of the people. If those who have them under control are guilty of waste, it then becomes the duty of the government to interfere. And that, now that it has checked up its 1934 inventory and found out that it is tremendously poorer in fundamental riches than it was in 1908, is exactly what the government proposes to do.

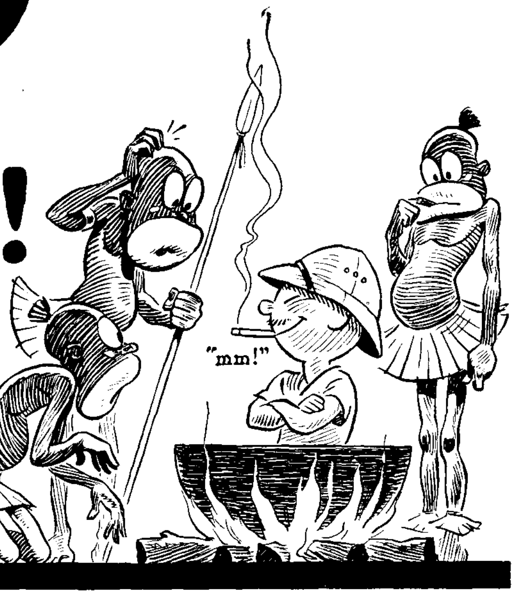
Nor, except that it is now the federal authority which plans to regulate the development and use of natural resources, is there anything novel about the idea of government control. To some extent some of the states have always exercised it and nowhere that I can recall, except perhaps in connection with oil and gas in Texas, has any great hue and cry been raised against them for interfering with personal liberty.

An Expensive Lesson

By working hard and paying the bills we can rebuild our forests, control floods, develop vast sources of water-power, restock our streams with fish, bring back our game birds and wild animals, provide splendid recreational areas for ourselves and our grandchildren, and finally, as our most vital objective, forestall the coming of the desert by preventing the winds and the waters from carrying away any more of our topsoil. And if we don't do this last we needn't do any of the rest.

As regards some of the other losses which we have suffered, such, for example, as the unwarranted destruction of vast stores of irreplaceable oil, gas and coal, there is nothing we can do about it, except this: we can take it to heart as a lesson that has already cost us billions of dollars, and, not because we are Socialists, or Communists, or anything like that, but merely because we are tired of being robbed, we can say to the oil and coal and gas men that if they don't handle *our* oil, and *our* gas, and *our* coal economically and for *our* good, that we'll arrange to do the job ourselves. The hint that we may do that, camouflaged though it is under the honeyed phrase, "stabilizing industry," is one of the outstanding points of the 1934 inventory.

$3,350 IN PRIZES for Limericks!



There was an explorer named Hugh
Who was booked for a cannibal stew
But he just smoked a SPUD
And the stew was a dud
??????????????????

WRITE A "LAST LINE"

and win

$1000.00 IN CASH

1006 chances to win a prize. First prize, $1000.00. 438 additional cash prizes. And 567 cartons of Spuds.

CONTEST CLOSES AUGUST 10, 1935

Do limericks tickle your funny-bone? Then whittle a point on the old pencil, for here's a contest made to your order. There's only a single line to write—but 1006 prizes to win! The first prize is $1000.00. There are 438 additional cash prizes ranging from $200.00 down. And 567 merchandise prizes of a carton of Spuds.

HERE'S WHAT YOU DO

Spud wants you to get acquainted with *America's most refreshing cigarette.* That's why we are running this contest. We'd like you to know how *different* Spud's fresh, clean taste is from any other cigarette you've ever smoked—cool-treated or not.

So get a package of Spuds, cut off the face of the package, and write on the inside of the package-face your suggestion for the "last line" in the limerick above (you don't have to copy the whole limerick). Sign it with your name and address, and mail it so that it reaches us by Aug. 10. You can send in just as many lines as you have package fronts. And that's all there is to it.

THERE ARE PLENTY OF PRIZES

Remember that each "last line" you send in has a chance at 1006 different prizes. And, better still, you can send in just as many as you have Spud package fronts. If you send in ten "last lines," for instance, you'll have 10,060 chances to win!

But there are two things you are bound to win. One is a lot of fun out of thinking up those "last lines." And the other is a brand-new smoking thrill. For Spud's not only the cigarette that lets you keep a clean, fresh-tasting mouth from breakfast to bedtime. It's also the cigarette whose secret process discovered an entirely new *natural* flavor—by ridding fragrant tobacco of taste-spoiling heat. That's why you will hear so many Spud smokers say: "The longer you light 'em, the better they taste."

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

1006 PRIZES!

439 of them in cash!

First prize	$1000.00	cash
Second prize	200.00	cash
Third prize	100.00	cash
Fourth prize	100.00	cash
10 prizes of $25.00	250.00	cash
425 prizes of $2.00	850.00	cash
567 prizes of a carton of Spuds	850.50	
1006 prizes	$3350.50	

OFFICIAL CONTEST RULES

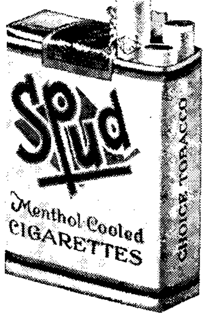
1. Any one can enter (except employees of The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., their advertising agents, or their families).

2. Write your "last line" of the limerick on the reverse side of a Spud package front—see below—(or a facsimile thereof), sign it with your full name and address, and send by first-class mail to *Contest Dept. C. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company, Inc., Louisville, Ky., in time for it to be received by Aug. 10, 1935.*

3. You may enter as many "last lines" as you wish, if they are all written on separate Spud package fronts (or facsimiles).

4. Prizes will be awarded on cleverness and aptness of the "last lines." Neatness and simplicity will count—elaborateness is unnecessary. Judges' decisions must be accepted as final. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

5. All entries become the property of the Company.



SPUD

CIGARETTES

CORK TIP OR PLAIN

15c FOR 20
(20c IN CANADA)

AMERICA'S MOST REFRESHING CIGARETTE

Snapshot of Arthur H. Rice, Attorney, of Detroit, Mich.

ONE OF THE BEST WAYS I KNOW TO SAVE MONEY

Dear Sirs:

Recently, I returned from a motor trip from Detroit, Michigan, to Miami, Florida—a distance of approximately three thousand miles.

When I left Detroit, I filled my crankcase with Quaker State Motor Oil. And although I drove my Chevrolet over long stretches at approximately sixty to sixty-five miles an hour, completing the trip to Florida in three days, I found it unnecessary to add as much as one-half quart of oil, although the crankcase was frequently checked. I had never had anything like this distance from other oils.

Moreover, Quaker State performed exactly the same on my return trip to Detroit.

I wish to compliment your company on your fine product, and assure you that one of the best ways I know to save money is to spend a few cents more for motor oil and get Quaker State. I will be a constant future user.

Very truly yours,

Arthur H Rice

"First Choice of Experience"

QUAKER STATE MOTOR OILS

Quaker State Oil Refining Co., Oil City, Pa.

Four Brown Hairs

Continued from page 24

onto the roadway and lay still, and the other cop jumped out and knelt beside him.

"You got that cop," the girl said in a hard voice.

I didn't understand what was going on, so I didn't say anything. We rode fast for about a mile and O'Malley swung the car into a vacant road and stopped; and he sat holding the gun and looking at the girl.

"You seen too much, girlie," he said. "We can't let you go. I'm sorry."

The girl, who had been quite calm, suddenly was white and frightened.

"Say, you don't think I'd tell anyone?" she exclaimed anxiously. "Say, I am safe. I've seen fellows shot before."

"You say that, but we don't know you. We picked you up, and we can't take a chance. You seen me kill that cop. I never knocked a woman off," he said to me. "I hate to do it. What do you think?"

I DIDN'T know what he expected me to answer, so I shook my head and then nodded; he could take it either way.

"Well, you might be right," he told me doubtfully. "You got anybody that can guarantee you?" he asked the girl.

"I can guarantee myself," she answered hysterically. "I've been in jams before. You take me where I say. I'll show you I'm safe."

I got into the seat beside her and we drove out into the country, following her directions, and came to a vacant house with a small locked garage behind it. We set the car lights on the garage and broke the lock, and found a car inside with blood on the rear seat.

"Well, what?" O'Malley asked her.

"You know about a fellow got found shot the other day in Central Park?"

"Why, no," O'Malley said. "We didn't hear of it."

"Sure," she insisted. "Sure you did! It was in all the papers. Well, he got killed in that car. I was along and saw it, but the boys knew I wouldn't talk."

"Yeah? What boys was them?"

But just then the police car pulled up outside the garage and the red-headed cop and the other cop got out of it, grinning, and the girl fainted when she saw them. We took the girl back to Manhattan and put her in the station house.

"What was all this, O'Malley?" I demanded.

"It looks like we broke the case, but I ain't got all of it yet and I'll have to tell you later."

I went on home; but I went back next morning to the station house so I could learn the rest of it. They had the youth there whom I had seen at the boxing matches, whose name proved to be Ligg, and two others whom I had not seen before. But I was too late to get more than just the end of it. The third man was signing a statement.

"That's right," he said. "I lent Ligg the car. He didn't bring it back and said he would return it later. I didn't know what he had done with it."

"I don't understand this, O'Malley," I puzzled.

"That ain't no wonder. We got what we wasn't expecting. A murder that just happens between two guys that never even seen each other before is the hardest kind to solve, and this one was that way. Drennin had been shot several times and must have bled a lot. He was found in the park but he wasn't killed there because there wasn't hardly any blood. So wherever he got killed, he got brought there in a car.

"Gibbon had a car but there wasn't no signs of murder in it. You can't generally clean up a murder car, no matter how you wash it; there's blood left somewhere, inside a cushion or underneath the floor boards. O'Kane didn't own no car, and we couldn't get trace of any other. So we only had one thing definite, and that was the hairs on the dead guy's coat. They was off some woman's fur.

"Drennin was careful about his clothes and wouldn't have went out the hotel with them hairs on him, so they must have got on him the night that he was killed. We give the hairs to the laboratory and they told us what kind of fur it was, and we went looking for a woman that wore that kind of fur. We couldn't find no woman Drennin knew that wore that kind, nor no woman friend of Gibbon's. It was cheap fur. But O'Kane and his pals played round with a lot of girls, and it turned out one of them girls wore that kind."

"But O'Kane doesn't seem to be in this," I reminded him.

"Why, as it comes out, he wasn't. Well, we figured maybe that girl was with Drennin somewhere that night, but we couldn't prove who else was with 'em, and there ain't no use questioning one of them girls because she knows if she tells anything she's going to get bumped off. You got to make a plant for 'em. This was a loose kind of girl and I figured she could be picked up. I hadn't talked with none of that crowd but O'Kane, and it wasn't likely the girl knew I was a cop. I says, 'Why don't I pick her up and put her in a spot by shooting a cop, and make her talk herself out of it?' She was being watched, and the word was passed me last night she was at them boxing matches. I wanted someone along that she couldn't spot as a cop, so I took you along."

"YOU worked the shooting very neatly," I commended him.

"Yeah, them two cops done it pretty good. Drennin had sold some mine stock that afternoon and had the dough on him and was doing a little celebrating, and O'Kane got acquainted with him in a bar. They went some places and run into this Ligg and the other guy, and those two had the girl with 'em. O'Kane had another date and left 'em, and afterward they seen Drennin had that money on him. Ligg went and borrowed the car and they all started, as Drennin thought, for a roadhouse. They didn't dare drop the girl for fear Drennin would get suspicious. They claim their idea was only to rob Drennin, but he put up a fight and Ligg shot him.

"The guy they borrowed the car off of is an honest guy and they didn't dare to return it to him with the blood on it. They knew of that place in the country where it could be hid, and they put it there and come back to town on a bus, figuring they'd clean it up and return it when the case had quieted down. Of course, O'Kane knew who must have did the murder, but he wasn't telling nothing. But now we got plenty proof, because after we got their names out of the girl, these guys begin trying to put the blame on each other and give us the whole story. The girl claims she went along with 'em without even knowing Drennin was to be robbed, so we're only holding her for a witness."

"It was a good piece of work," I commented. "You could hardly have solved the case except the way you did."

"Sure; it worked out. If only we ain't ruined a couple of good young cops by making them think they'd ought to become actors."

Duet

Continued from page 17

first," said Mr. Warren. "You know that, Al. These birds who come around with a lot of words and want a good melody for them give me a pain. If the thing has words, all right; but who really cares?"

"What I should like to say to you in reply," said Mr. Dubin, "is, 'Sez you.' Just try writing a nice instrumental number without words. Sure, I know; that's what you'd like to do. You'd like to be a great musician. But you'll never be as famous as me if you live as long as the mother-in-law joke. I was a member of the baseball team at Arden, Del., when Upton Sinclair ran his model colony there. We were pinched for playing on Sunday and I had my picture in the papers."

"If it came right down to it," said Mr. Warren, getting meditative, "I'd rather have written The Shade of the Old Apple Tree than any song I ever heard."

"Let's just break down together," said Mr. Dubin. "Love's Old Sweet Song is my favorite. Maybe we ought to be a little more highbrow."

"I tried it once," said Mr. Warren sadly, "and I couldn't even get the Salvation Army bands to play the song."

"Well," said Mr. Dubin, "when we get back out there this trip, it's going to be different. We're going to demand that they give us time to breathe between songs."

"You're going to do what?" asked Mr. Warren, lifting a skeptical eyebrow.

"What we ought to do is demand—" began Dubin, a bit less belligerently.

"What we'll do is what we've always done," said Mr. Warren. "We'll be working on two pictures at once, galloping back and forth between sets and trying to drag imperishable melodies and lyrics out of two poor brains which would be better off interred."

"What I'd rather do," said Mr. Dubin tentatively, "is sit around and wait for the Poetic Muse. I think I could do something big if I ever got time to think about it a minute."

"I can just see you after three months of solitude," said Mr. Warren. "You would be emerging with a masterpiece entitled The Moon Has Come Over the Mountain, But What Has Come Over You?"

MR. DUBIN was silent, making only such motions as were necessary to finish a dessert which was rapidly melting.

"You know, Harry," he said finally, "that isn't such a bad idea, especially from a piano player . . . The Moon Comes Over the Mountain, But . . . I wouldn't be surprised if I could do something pretty good with that."

"Not so dumb, these song writers, eh?" said Mr. Warren.

"What do you mean, not so dumb?" demanded Mr. Dubin. "Anybody can get a title. What are you going to do after that? . . . that's the problem."

"After that," said Mr. Warren, waving a light hand of dismissal, "after that I'm going to write the music. You could use a little music with the thing, couldn't you?"

The Covered Cockpit

Continued from page 9

reporter knows them all; in my first seven minutes under a hood I got into four tailspins, which is probably a world's record for blind flight ineptness. It required considerable activity and stern resolution on the part of my check pilot, Major Paul Burwell, to keep us both intact. In fog, you can usually see downwards, if not ahead; at least a few yards. In thickest weather, you feel there is always a chance of a break. With a hood over your head, you are trapped; a victim of claustrophobia—the dread of confinement in narrow, closed places. This nerve malady, added to the extra demands on his skill, taxes the hooded pilot's faculties to the utmost. His only solace is the knowledge that a check pilot sits in the clear to pull him out of trouble. But this Sunday morning—Al Hegenberger was bereft of even that thin comfort.

The First Blind Man's Flight

His watchful associates on the ground at Wright Field were silent, intent, solemn; and their eyes never shifted from the plane while its visionless pilot traced his unseen pathways round and about the field and came in, finally, for a butterpat landing. More, he remained under the hood and guided himself solely by the compass while he taxied the airplane over to the hangar and his waiting friends. Without fuss, without notice, a great event in the history of aviation had been recorded; for the first time a human being had left the earth alone, soared high and away into the blue sky above, then returned *without once having seen his way.*

The technique and routine for Hegenberger's system have been further developed and refined in the three years since his original blind solo landing. The equipment for it is compact, rugged, simple, and relatively inexpensive. It is, of course, based upon radio aids; chiefly the Kreusi radio compass. There are ground and plane units; the former can be hustled around in a motorcycle sidecar, and the latter adds but slightly to the weight of standard plane radio fittings. The ground outfit consists of two transmitters, of approximately 15-watt output, supplemented by two low-power marker beacons. These transmitters are set up in line with the landing strips, as determined by the direction of the wind. Enormously advantageous is the fact that if the wind shifts, the transmitters can be reset in just the time that it requires to carry them to the new runway. The airplane equipment includes merely a radio compass and a marker beacon receiver, in addition to the usual instrument flight gadgets with which virtually every commercial transport is now provided.

If you can do so without losing what's left of your hair, assume that you are fogbound on a stormy night with your plane full of passengers and United States mail and express, somewhere just abaft of Las Vegas, New Mexico. Your destination is one of the airports in the Los Angeles district. You fly down the airways radio range beacon, coming through your headphones; and for extra mental comfort you have the radio compass dialed to a Hollywood broadcasting station. Maybe the dulcet yelps of Giovanni Tonsillectomy is behind the radio-wave energy you are utilizing. You neither know nor care. You just glance at the compass

(Continued on page 40)

Light an OLD GOLD
for young ideas

WE DON'T SAY there's a fountain of youth in every pack of Old Golds. But we do say that this extremely mild cigarette helps, and never hinders, young ideas and feelings. That's due to the exceptional smoothness of Old Gold tobacco; the absence of all harshness. Such tobacco is a bracer without a "kick-back" to either the nerves or throat.

STIMULATING . . . BUT NEVER IRRITATING

Old Gold
CIGARETTES
THE TREASURE OF THEM ALL
Old Gold
20

© P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

AMERICA'S SMOOTHEST CIGARETTE

(Continued from page 39)

once in a while, to make sure the needle stays on zero. Over your two-way radio telephone you discuss traffic and barometric and weather conditions at the field with the ground staff there.

Meanwhile, at the airport, the two portable transmitters are set in place: number one, or A, the inner or control guiding beacon, about a quarter of a mile from the landing edge or downwind side of the field; number two, or B, the outer guiding beacon, about a mile and a half beyond A. The spacing of these transmitters may be varied, according to the nature of the terrain and the obstructions near the field. The pilot does not, necessarily, have to know how far apart they are; for he governs his altitude in approaching them by standardized practice. Each transmitter has a distinctive and separate frequency, which will be the same for all similar transmitters on the airways.

When you have come within approximately 35 or 50 miles of the airport, you dial your "homing," or radio, compass away from the broadcasting plant, or whatever station you had it on, and set it on Beacon A transmitter of the blind landing system. You turn your plane until the compass needle is on zero, maintain a safe altitude, then fly straight for A. You will know when you pass over it. You don't even have to watch, or to think about it. That is where the little radio marker beacon comes in. Its receiver dial is on your instrument panel, right next to your radio compass. When you pass over A transmitter, its supplementary marker beacon causes a light to flash in the dial on your instrument panel; it strikes your eyes, no matter where they are turned.

Now you quickly tune in B transmitter; again turning the plane until the radio compass needle is on zero, indicating you are flying directly toward the outer mark, and away from the field. When you pass over B its supplementary marker beacon also causes a light to flash in your eye. You then, using your normal flight instruments, and keeping the radio compass on B, execute a 180-degree turn, which reverses your direction and brings you directly toward the landing area of the field.

You pass over B again, immediately set your radio compass for A, which is a mile and a half or more nearer to the edge of the runway upon which you are going to land, and put your ship into a normal glide. You do not let your altitude get below a predetermined safe minimum—say 200 feet—until the flashing marker beacon indicates that you are passing over A, the inner control beacon. You are then about 1,500 feet from the edge of the field upon which you wish to land. You know you are headed straight for the runway, and that no obstructions intervene. You throttle down your motors until your ship is settling at a gliding rate which will let its wheels touch well within the safety of the field boundary, as per the lower portion of the graph shown on the opening page.

It's as Simple as Motoring

One of the significant values of the routine Hegenberger developed—perhaps its cardinal advantage over all other blind landing systems—here becomes apparent. It *eliminates*, as you go along, the things you have to watch and to do; it *progressively cuts out, one by one, the claims upon the pilot's attention*. For when you pass number one or A transmitter, coming in, you instantly forget everything but your artificial horizon—which keeps your glide trimmed—your directional gyro compass—which keeps your line of flight straight—and your air speed indicator, which keeps you above the stalling point. These instrumental aids are part of the second nature of an experienced pilot; no more strain upon you than the ammeter, thermometer, fuel gauge, and speedometer of a car are upon careful motorists.

When you come down, like that, through dirty weather and zero ceilings in the future, if you are a gentleman or at least a scholar you will take out time for a grateful thought of Captain Albert F. Hegenberger, who made such convenience and safety possible.

For his solo blind landing, for the preparatory work he has done, and for his subsequent contributions toward foolproofing the blind landing system of the Air Corps, Captain Albert F. Hegenberger will put on his best bib and tucker this week and spit on his buttons and go to the White House, smiling in his shy, friendly way, to listen while President Roosevelt tells him what a great guy he is and presents to him the Collier Trophy, most coveted honor in aeronautics. Thus the 'scutcheon of the Hegenbergers of South Boston rises to shine in the aviation hall of fame, beside such illustrious names as Glenn H. Curtiss, Orville Wright, Elmer A. Sperry, Starling-Burgess, Grover C. Loening, Albert Read, Major E. L. Hoffman, Charles L. Lawrance, Harold Pitcairn, Glenn L. Martin, and Frank Caldwell; thus Heggie's labors, and those of his associates at Wright Field and throughout the Air Corps generally, take company beside the honored achievements of the United States Air Mail Service personnel; the United States Army Air Service of eleven years ago for the first round-the-world flight; the Aeronautics Branch of the Department of Commerce; the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics; and the Packard Motor Car Company for its Diesel aircraft engine.

A Scientist-Soldier

The pursuit of blind flight and landing perfection has been hazardous. His superior officers, and the Collier Trophy committee, paid tribute to the concentration, the lack of all consideration for his own physical safety, which inspired Heggie throughout his researches; and led him deliberately to make flights under the foulest weather conditions. Heggie, for all his easy-going ways and fine Boston manners, with their proper drop of reticence, is that sort of man; if you plumb him, you will be fetched up sharp by grit and granite. In his person—despite its growing suggestion of rotundity—Heggie represents the active and unselfish and fearless devotion which is characteristic of the Air Corps officer and of the best type of all military. But he possesses something more: a scientific knowledge and zeal to match his physical valor. In truth, saving but one brief excursion into foreign service, and one headline adventure of epic heroism, Heggie has always been more a scientist than a soldier.

He was born in Boston, Massachusetts, on the 30th of September, 1895; and still renders full value to his vowels and tones off his "a's" and "r's" into the pleasing softness which our more uncouth fellow citizens mistake for an "English" accent. When he had finished with the Boston grade schools, his life bent showed in his selection of the Mechanic Art High School. From there he entered famous Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and had finished three years of his engineering course before he enlisted in the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps in 1917. Heggie got his ground training at Massachusetts Tech; his flight instruction at Ellington Field, Houston, Texas; and in April of 1918 was commissioned a Second Lieutenant, Reserve Military Aviator. Then, like so many of the most gifted flyers of that period, he was assigned to instruction work.

After the war, he was sucked into the permanent military establishment and the Army began to take advantage of his aptitude for gadgets and formulas. He served as chief of the instrument and navigation branch of the Engineering Division, took the navigational course at the United States Naval Air Station at Pensacola, Florida, and gained recognition inside and outside the service as one of the greatest instrument flyers and aerial navigators in the world. The one break in pure research came with his routine tour of foreign duty; in Hawaii, with Air Corps forces. He returned to his best-loved duties, first at McCook Field, later at Wright Field, both in Ohio; and began his numberless fog and cloud and bad weather long-distance flights which contributed importantly to the development of the earth inductor compass. For airmen, the earth inductor compass provided escape from the effects that plane engines have upon magnetic-needle compasses.

The long-distance air record makers of later years—Lindbergh and others—were to be vastly indebted to Hegenberger's work. Even if I understood it, this is no place to explain the earth-inductor compass. Let it pass that in the ordinary compass the unit which responds to the magnetic direction and the unit (needle) which indicates the direction cannot be separated; therefore, if the pilot is to be enabled to see his compass usually it must be placed where it is upset by strong local influences, such as the engines. In the earth-inductor compass, however, the generator, or direction-finding unit, may be separated from the rest of the gadget and fixed in any place where it is not subject to local disturbances; while the needle unit may be placed handily visible to the pilot; in other words, it provides a remote reading. You are welcome, I'm sure.

Anyhow, on the 28th of June, 1927, Heggie and his associate, Lieutenant Lester J. Maitland, took the Army transport C-2—poetically named for the occasion "Bird of Paradise"—off from California, for Hawaii; and landed there, at Wheeler Field, near Honolulu, on the 29th, after a bout with murky weather. This was the longest over-water flight up to that year, and the first time Hawaii had been stitched by air to the mainland. Heggie learned Medals of Honor were in the offing. He paid his own expenses to and from Washington to protest that Medals of Honor should be awarded only for bravery above the call of duty in the face of an enemy. He and Maitland thereafter got Distinguished Flying Crosses. After his solo blind flight Heggie was summoned to the War College and came out with knees buckling under the weight of an Oak Leaf Cluster added to his Cross.

A Prophecy Made Good

Since Heggie's memorable flight, that Sunday morning, he has added instruction of other pilots to his researches and *thousands* of blind landings have been made, using his system, by Army pilots and by commercial transport flyers, without *a single mishap or damage of any kind to planes or personnel.* Several years ago Collier's predicted the imminence of successful and consistent safe blind landings; and Heggie has kindly made the prophecy good.

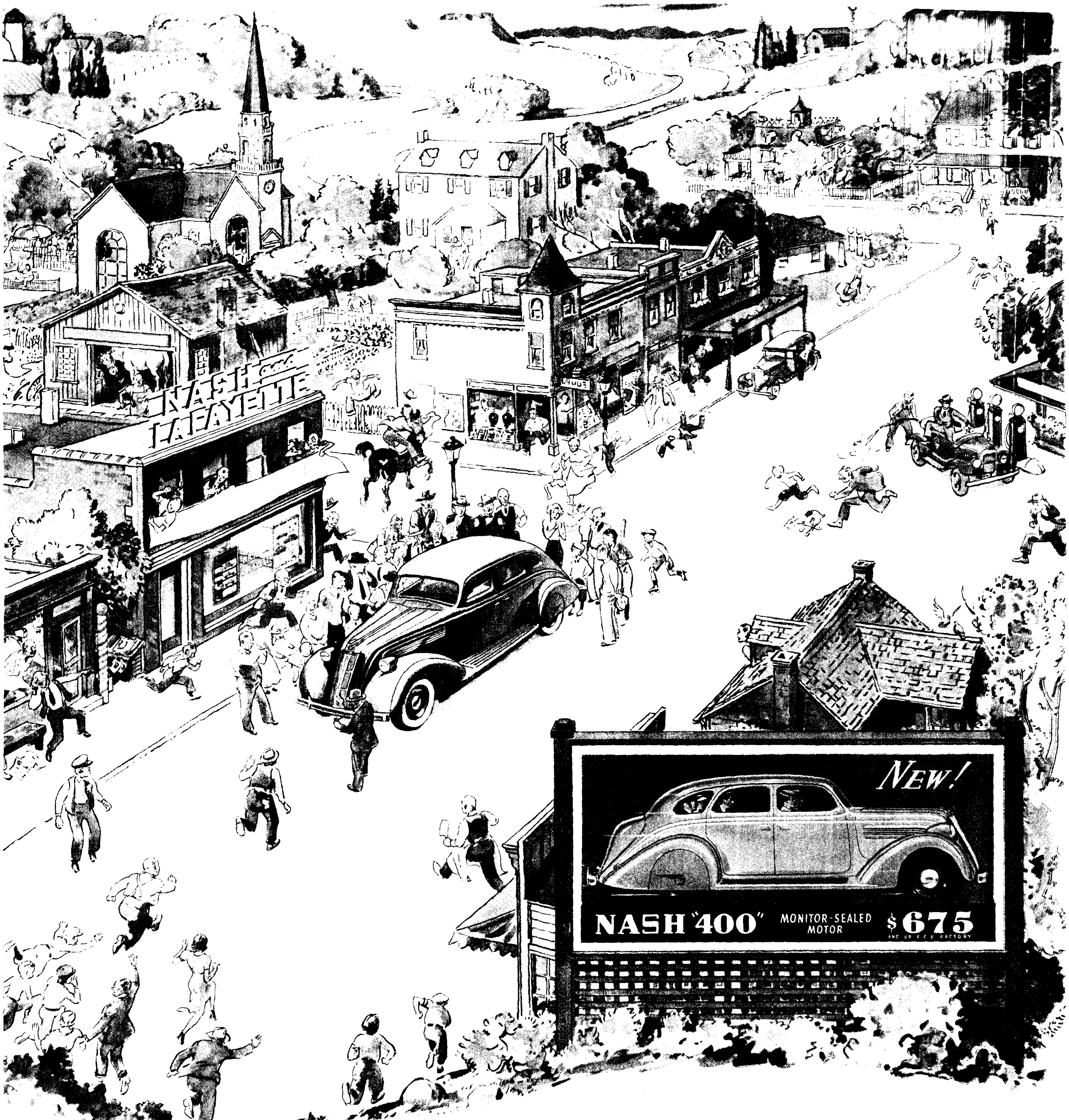
In 1929 Major Jimmy Doolittle gave a sensational, even hair-raising, demonstration. Under a hood he made a fifteen-mile run for a Long Island field, and landed. He carried, of course, a check pilot; which in no sense detracted from the notability or the daring of his maneuver. Then Doolittle went into commerce; and Hegenberger was assigned to carry on. The achievements of Doolittle, and later of Diamond and Kinney for the Department of Commerce, were restricted because they piled up too much responsibility on the skill of the pilot; they gave you a slice of space, rather than a foolproof heading. Hegenberger realized that something else was necessary before you would have an unassailable blind landing system; it came with the marvelous Kreusi radio compass.

Diekman and Hell in Germany, others here and in Europe, had scented the possibility of a radio compass; G. G. Kreusi, Swiss-born American engineer, simplified the idea to a practical basis; and right off, Hegenberger, and every other aeronautical scientist, realized that a noteworthy gift had been laid upon the laboratory tables of aviation. With Kreusi's radio compass—sheer magic compressed within a 45-pound instrument—a pilot need never be lost. You pick up a Federal Airways beacon, or any other transmitter that sends out signals either continuously or at frequent intervals: even a commercial broadcast station, and you can dial it as easily as you do your home set. You spin the knob to the frequency notch of the station you want, and then begin to turn your plane until the needle of the radio compass indicator points to zero. If you veer, to right or left, the needle swings accordingly; all you have to do is keep the plane headed so that the needle remains on the nose of zero. A simple matter, yet a profound benefaction, my friends; one that made it possible for Hegenberger's blind landing work to succeed.

The Air Fraternity's Choice

The Collier Trophy is awarded annually for the outstanding advancement in aeronautical science as demonstrated in practical use during the preceding year. Its bestowal upon Captain Hegenberger will be popular with the air fraternity and with the public. It will help to renovate the morale and prestige of the Army Air Corps, which were unfairly sacrificed to the shabby politics of the air-mail cancellations. The trophy, donated a quarter of a century ago by Robert J. Collier, then publisher of this magazine, is under trusteeship of the National Aeronautic Association. Because it is the most sought-after prize in aviation it is inevitable there must be many disappointed candidates. The 1935 committee was typically served by Edgar S. Gorrell, James H. Doolittle, Edward P. Warner, W. B. Stout and Charles L. Lawrance. Briefs were submitted on behalf of about twenty candidates. Each member received copies of all briefs by mail, and had time to examine them exhaustively without interference or discussion or collaboration or pressure, before the committee met. Yet, when they first came together the members quickly found they were of one mind.

The worthiness of the Army's blind landing system, as developed by Hegenberger, received momentous recognition even before its winning of the Collier Trophy; that was when the Bureau of Air Commerce, of the Department of Commerce, after painstaking tests adopted the Air Corps system in preference to its own method, which had been under experimentation for several years. Already the department is fighting for procurement allotments, and pushing surveys of key cities for the initial installations. Eventually, our splendid Federal Airways will be adequately equipped with the method, while every commercial pilot will be schooled in its usage.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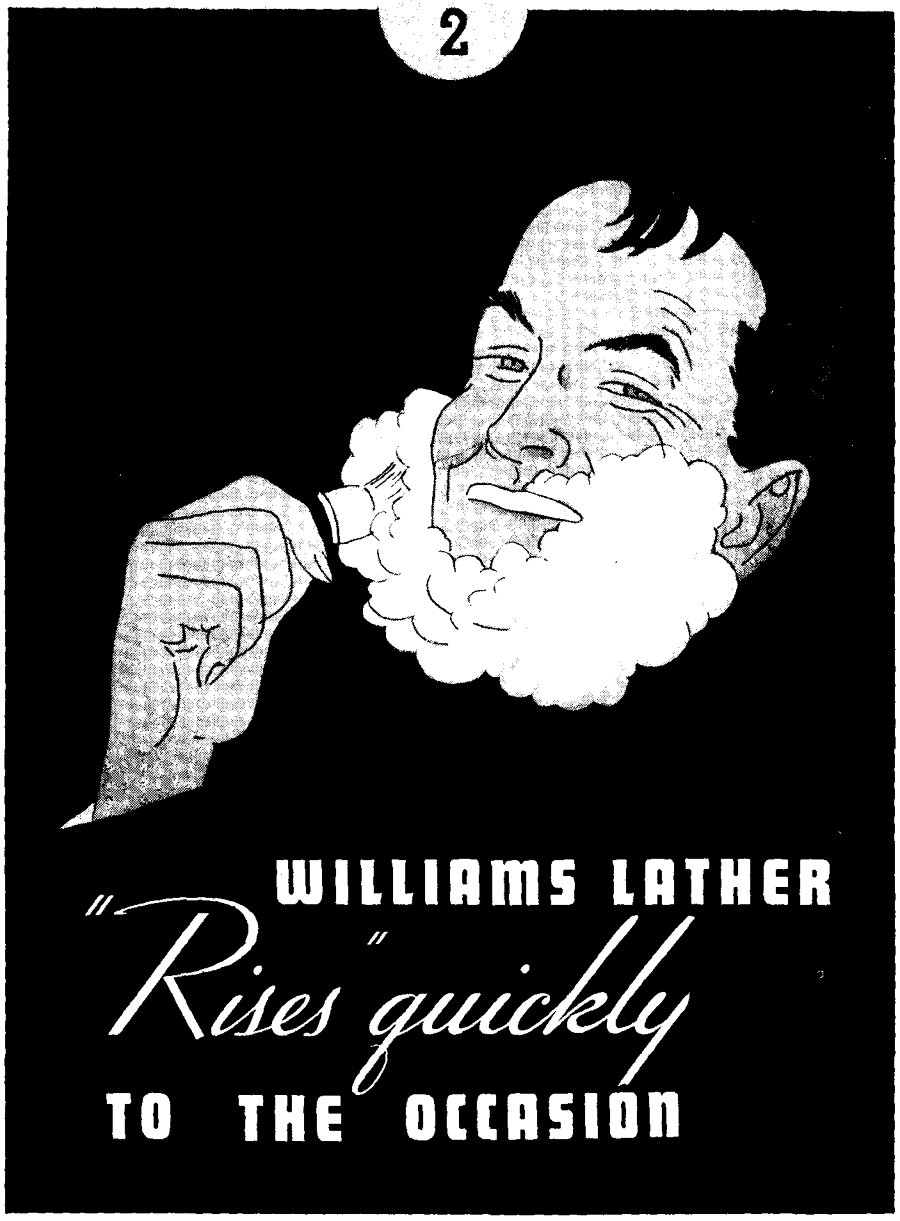

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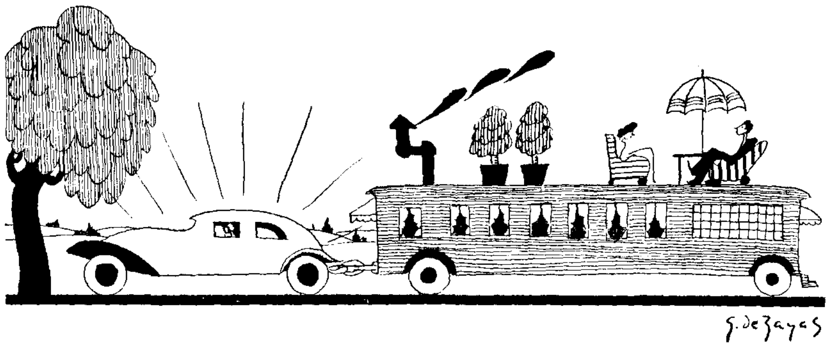

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Two of Europe's latest automobile developments are: A luminous motorcar which is coated with a phosphorescent paint and can be seen at night for half a mile; and a trailer which is 55 feet in length—and has 48 windows. Among its many compartments are sitting-rooms, bedrooms, baths, kitchen, workshop and a storeroom.

History records the disappearance of many islands, but most of them were only inaccurately mapped. A classic example, due to the difficulty of polar observation, is Giles Land in the Arctic Ocean, which was discovered in 1707, rediscovered in 1876 and explored in 1898. In 1927 a fourth ship sailed to the spot and could not find the island. The other three had made identical errors in reporting its location.—*By R. A. Young, New York City.*

Ordinary life insurance cannot be obtained by persons in these occupations: Narcotic agents, wild animal trainers, aerial performers without nets or safety locks, motorcar racers and factory speed testers, steeplechase riders, storage-battery mixers, caisson (compressed air) workers, men who destroy condemned munitions, wrecking and salvage divers, sponge fishermen and turpentine farm laborers.—*By F. V. Smith, Indianapolis, Indiana.*

Japan's rise from a feudal state to an important world power in the past 68 years is one of the greatest economic developments in history. When Meiji Tenno became emperor in 1867, it was still in the hands of some 300 feudal lords, still followed the customs of the Middle Ages and did not own a single printing press, railroad, banking institution, insurance company or, in fact, any kind of industrial corporation.

A curious luxury of old New York was the "Palace" street cars which ran on the Bowery in the 1870's. They had fancy upholstered armchairs, rugs and plush curtains and, despite the fare of 20 cents, they were always well patronized by the "stylish bhoys and gals."

The Chinese are the world's most inveterate gamblers. In China countless numbers have been known to gamble away all their possessions, including a daughter or two, within a few hours. In New York City the frequent change in ownership of hundreds of Chinese laundries is not the result of a sale but of a game of fan-tan.

The manufactured and natural gas industry of the United States today still is much larger than the electrical industry. In fact, it is producing six times as much energy as all our steam and hydroelectric plants combined.—*By Frank Callahan, New York City.*

The Godino Brothers of the Philippines, the only male Siamese twins living today, have never allowed their abnormality of being joined together to interfere with pleasure or business during the 27 years of their lives. They roller skate, dive, swim, bowl, play tennis, drive a car, ride a motorcycle and have both been happily married since 1929.—*By Al Steen, Boston, Massachusetts.*

Up to about 30 years ago, before the beginning of the rapid decline of wild animal life throughout the world, the people of South Africa frequently saw several hundred thousand animals at a time trekking across the plains. One such migrating horde of springbok, a small antelope, was estimated to be 15 miles wide and 140 miles long.

In days of old, laughter was not only believed to deliver one from magic spells, bad spirits, hatred and hostility but it was thought to possess life-giving properties. So at pagan spring festivals the people laughed hilariously for hours at a time to bring life back to the earth. Apparently the Ionians of ancient Greece also liked those who laughed, as they had a law which exiled those who never did.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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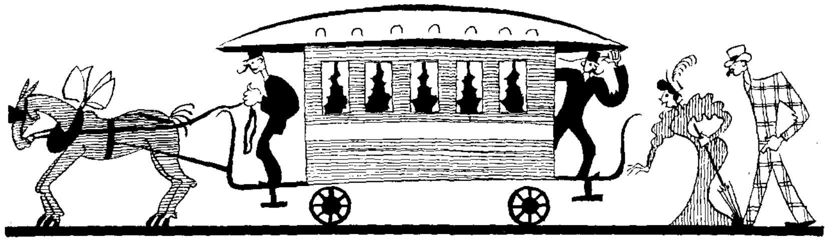

It's My Town

Continued from page 11

One more tank-town girl had become a born New Yorker.

To go look at the cassowary now would just be screamingly funny. There were no dinners at Marcelle's. On the rare occasions when he did take her to dinner, Park Avenue was obligatory. But mostly she had no time for him. She was just someone he ran into at a publicized tea or a speakeasy. . . .

Sam took her to the Toulouse one night. Right off she spoke to the head waiter, demanding a better table. She got it, for she was Gail Ditson and she was with Sam Peters. Two years ago she could have lived six months on the price of that dress alone, not to mention the coat. And it was an explosive dress. Sam didn't like it.

"Costume by Minsky," he said. "If that clip fails you'll need a quick blackout."

"That would put me in the floor show. You've said you like to look at me—what disturbs you? Maybe you should read 'What the Bachelor of Thirty-five Ought to Know.' "

They made other barbed remarks to each other and then, suddenly, the handsomest man in New York came to their table and said easily, "Peters is my publisher. I'd be willing to break with him."

An ambiguous look came to Gail's face. The little white scar moved. "Why don't we begin by just dancing, Mr. Stephenson?"

The Toulouse's tables might now flutter to the news that Gail Ditson, in a gown that practically didn't exist above the waist, my dear, was dancing with America's smartest novelist. Ronald Stephenson was also Father Manhattan, the spirit of the great city. There was no higher peak, this was the climax of Gail's career.

When they finally came back to the table, Gail said, "We're going to drift about and see who's doing what where. You won't mind, will you, Sam?"

"No," Sam said, "I won't mind."

He wouldn't let himself be appalled by something that had been in the cards all along. What if Ronald Stephenson was an alcoholic who got into messes?—he was the gayest, the most fashionable dinner guest in the city. What if that darkly handsome face was not only weak but also sinister?—his knowing novels kept his name in the headlines. What if three different women had had to divorce him and a number of men had had difficulty with his checks?—the most important people were always being seen with him. People on the big time weren't judged by small-town standards and Gail wasn't small town any more.

You began to see candid-camera snaps of Miss Ditson and Mr. Stephenson in Metropolis and the gravure sections. Their names flickered in the gossip columns.

SAM met her on Park Avenue toward twilight one January day when a wet snow was falling. She said, "Sam dear, it's happened. I'm in love. Heavens, how in love I am!" and swept into the great hotel where Ronald Stephenson would cross the lobby and that young loveliness would be a gardenia in his lapel.

Sam's wooing of Miriam Storm came to a full stop now. And a few weeks later Morgan & Lang gave a dinner at a big hotel for a lordly English novelist. Sam saw Ronald gorgeously lighted up. Good—Ronald being gracious was better than professional entertainment. Sam stuck round till the crowd had thinned and the lordly novelist had disappeared. Then, tired and sardonic, he started to go. But in a corner he saw Gail sitting alone on a gilt sofa. She looked hard and angry, her eyes were fiery, her skirt was crumpled and dragged above her knees.

Sam paused at the sofa. "Nice garters," he said; "where is Ronald?"

She said carefully, "Gone off with England's great to see if there's a drink in New York. I'm afraid to stand up. Sam, I've had too much to drink."

Gail tight? That was unheard of. Still, if she had tried to keep up with Ronald! He pulled her to her feet and let her lean her weight on his arm. It was a queer taxi ride, with Gail relaxed on his shoulder, sobbing once every four blocks.

Out of silence, she said, "He's undependable—you've got to realize you can't rely on him. He's dishonorable—you've got to count on that too. I'm in love with him. Try that sometime. It does a lot for a girl. It makes her life burst into flower."

He got the key from her purse and took her into her studio. She sank into a chair and began to cry quietly. Sam smoked a cigarette through, watching her. She stopped crying. He smoked another cigarette through and she said, "The rest of my life will be occasionally revolting, Sam. But in the headlines, dear." He smoked another one and Gail just looked at the floor. Then he left.

A COUPLE of weeks later he developed a cold and suddenly he was in a hospital with pneumonia. After three weeks he was in a convalescent home on the Jersey coast. He was out of touch with everything when he got back to town, and spring had got there before him. There was a levee at the office, with hysterical stenographers and a roomful of flowers. Then his colleagues told him about the annual meeting. Morgan & Lang had shown amazing profits for the year, and it was time to reward the most successful job of editing and reorganization in the history of the trade. The president had moved up to be chairman of the board. Sam Peters was the new president, as well as the executive editor, with a breath-taking salary and a handsome block of stock.

He looked dazedly at their eager faces. He thought: "Why, now there's no fake about it; I'm a big shot; this is what I left Armitage to get. And suddenly his morale dropped out of sight and a wave of weariness broke over him. He didn't want the job, he didn't want the money or the honor or the publicity. He wanted just one thing: to drop it, to get out of New York, to go—to go where? Anywhere. Home, maybe. Home? He was home now.

He said stupidly, "I'm sorry, boys. You can have the firm—it's my gift to national recovery. Anyway, it's a gift. I've quit. You've lost an editor."

There was a shocked and incredulous uproar. They shouted at him, they bore him down. Why, he was still sick, he was just tired out. He must take a trip, a sea voyage, to Bermuda, to Nassau. Take a month off. He was too listless to hold out. All right. He'd take a trip. He wouldn't promise anything. Maybe they were right. He couldn't tell.

He didn't feel free or triumphant. He didn't feel anything. He went out into the brilliant May afternoon. The sun was nice—but empty. He found himself entering Luigi's.

He ordered his first drink in nearly two months.

(Continued on page 44)

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Johnnie Walker
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RED LABEL—EVERY DROP AGED 8 YEARS
Blended and *bottled in bond only in the United Kingdom* under government supervision

(Continued from page 43)

Luigi came over. "Miss Deetson. She is in the *salle moderne.* Two hours now she has seemed, oh, piqued. Should you perhaps speak to her?"

The first thing he thought when he saw her was that he was certainly through with Morgan & Lang. The next thing he thought was that Luigi's choice of words was rotten. Piqued?—Gail was beside herself.

She laid frantic hands on his arm. "I'm so glad you've come! Sam, please find Ronald for me. He was to meet me here for lunch two hours ago. Please go look for him."

Sam nodded. "He met somebody. Or he's having a drink. Or more likely both. But, sure, Gail, I'll find your beau for you."

IT WAS a cockeyed errand and just how did you find a man in New York? He phoned Stephenson's literary agent. He looked in on all his favorite bars. He inquired at two clubs he knew about. Nobody had seen Stephenson today. He came back to Luigi's and, meanwhile, Gail had grown desperate.

"I'm going to my place. That's where they would phone if he—if anything had happened. Sam, call somebody you know on a newspaper!" She shuddered. "Maybe we should ask hospitals, or . . ." Her voice sank.

He took her by the shoulders and shook her. "Gail, behave yourself! And let me take you home."

In the taxi she was able to smile wanly. It was a May day, brilliant with sun, hazy with blue, warm and drowsy and perfumed. He would be with her looking for another man!

He said, "Your town is at its best today."

"You claim it's your town." Then, a little puzzled, "Sam, where have you been? I haven't seen you for weeks."

"Oh, I've been in a hospital and then in Jersey. Pneumonia. I'm okay now. I'm going to take a trip. There's always Capri."

"Pneumonia? Oh, Sam!" Her hands gripped his. "I didn't know, my dear! Sam, how terrible! I didn't know, Sam, nobody told me."

He shrugged. "That's our town. At Armitage the neighbors would have told you and you would have brought me jonquils and calf's-foot jelly." He stirred with a sudden recognition—with a flash of irony and bright pain. "Why, Gail, today is your anniversary. Three years a New Yorker! You're the oldest inhabitant."

"Yes." Her face was suddenly stricken. "That's the big point. It's my anniversary. So it was going to be my wedding day, too." When he stared, her mouth twisted and she rushed on. "That was to be so quaint and droll—we were going to get married on my anniversary. Meet at Luigi's and taxi to a minister and leave town." She collapsed, sobbing on his shoulder. "We've quarreled so much. That had to be the answer. We quarreled because we weren't married. If we were married, we wouldn't quarrel. So we'd get married. Oh, Sam, Sam!"

That swine! The word shone and glimmered in Sam's mind while he smoothed her forehead under the little hat. "I'll find him," he said.

She sat up, composed. "Sure you will. You always do what I need done. You've had to do some queer things." The taxi stopped at her apartment.

He went away seething with anger and contempt. Ronald Stephenson, swine—the man who might have married Gail and didn't! Young and serene in his office, three years ago today—stirring an omelet in her first apartment—clasping her knees in a Connecticut landscape—disconsolate the night he had to take her home. Outline of a success in the big town! His morale reached an all-time low.

Stephenson wasn't at his lodgings, wasn't at his clubs, wasn't anywhere. Then Sam peered into the bar at the Van Halle, and Tommy Acton, the advertising man, beckoned to him. Tommy was giggling with Joe Peete, who ran The Gossip Shop column on the Globe, and telling him the most priceless story. Bugs Maitland, the millionaire tank, had been ordered to Saratoga to take a liquor cure. Bugs had come into the Van Halle at noon, absolutely squiffy. He'd met Ronald Stephenson and they had had some drinks. And Ronald had wept over his pal's fate and had agreed to drive to Saratoga with him. Get it? These two tanks getting tanked and driving to a liquor cure. Priceless! But look, it was more priceless still. Here was the novelist driving his pal to Saratoga—and all the time he had a marriage license in his pocket. Absolutely! This was to have been Ronald's wedding day. Sure, Gail Ditson. You know, the artist, the girl who draws. Priceless!

Sam went away. There was absolutely nothing he could do. Joe Peete would print it tomorrow. All the papers would print it. Gail would be the day's feature, gay and knowing laughter breaking over her. . . . How could he tell her? This was his hardest job.

The bright and casual insolence, more brutal still for being unpremeditated! This would destroy Gail. That eager loveliness flouted by an amiably corrupt drunk. . . . Then he was blinking in bewilderment. Gail had changed from—from her wedding dress—to a tweed suit. And she wasn't a frightened bride; she was calm again and even merry.

She took his arm. She pointed to a row of hatboxes and traveling bags. "The trousseau that missed the boat. It's delectable, Sam, you should see it—oh, ravishing!" She raised one foot and shoved the end back. The row toppled over. She turned, quiet and final. "But I'm using those bags. While you were gone I saw what all this means. I've quarreled my last quarrel, Sam; I'm washed up for good. Wherever he is, whatever has happened, that's all right with me. But—" a fiery red came flooding over her face—"but I'm getting out. It's been a lovely party, but gracious, how late it's getting. Call me a cab, please."

THE bent spring in him relaxed. She had said that first. Before she knew. It would be easy now. "Your fiancé is soft-hearted, he cries easily," he said. "A fellow drunk got sentenced to Saratoga. That broke Ronald's heart. Ronald has gone to Saratoga too."

He told her Tommy Acton's story, disgust and helpless rage growing on him. That Gail should be the talk of bars! New York at its most typical, its gayest best, roaring with laughter at her when the columnists splashed this tale across the papers. He saw horror come into her face. He said, "Don't waste feeling on him! That glib disease—that decorative posture with the broken-arched reputation! Isn't it enough that you're the talk of the town? Do you want to marry it too?"

"He's the wittiest man, Sam, and ever so handsome, ever so gay!"

"Sure, the hair no woman can keep her hands out of. And how appealingly he weeps into his gin."

"There's a lot to be said for gin. Except for gin I might be married to him this minute. No, you great oaf!" she said vehemently, "it isn't that! I wasn't in love with him—I found that out hours ago, with a great gasp of relief. But the whole town laughing—to have them snickering at me—Sam, it's loathsome." She put her hands to her eyes and trembled. “I can't stand this. I feel—oh, soiled. Everywhere! Telling it to each other and laughing. I feel—I feel naked.”

She laid her cheek against his sleeve and cried. She stopped crying. Then she took his arm and drew him to a window. Sunset reddened the sky above the East River and New York was soft and shining in that light. They stood side by side looking at that expanse of towers and bridges and bright water. Then she was talking again.

“I must be Elsie Dinsmore. I thought I was the stuff they make the big town out of. I'm not. This makes it very clear—proves it up to the hilt. I can't take this, Sam. I feel defiled—I'm finished; I've got to go. . . . While you were gone, I phoned for a Pullman. I'm going back to Armitage. Now. Tonight.”

HE had a rush of intolerable dismay—that so much mirth and friendship should be gone from his New York. For three years she had been the city. To have her leave now, at the crest of the wave, just when the place had begun to eat out of her hand! But he saw that brick-red light on her face, and he agreed. She was right. She belonged in a quieter, decenter place, where you didn't want the town to eat out of your hand.

“You're right,” he said morosely. “This isn't your pattern. You've always been a visitor, Gail. You weren't born to move in and stay.”

She nodded. “I thought I could be trained to fit, but I've proved I can't be. You know your town, Sam. You told me three years ago today I couldn't make the grade. You said I ought to stay home and marry the banker's son. Which one, Sam? We've got two banks.”

Her face was somber—but serene again. Hardness was gone from her. Her eyes had the tranquillity of—of summer afternoons at the pond below Koken's cow pasture. She would go back. She would see the slow drift of white clouds that, in New York, he had fitfully remembered for so many years. She would come to smile at Stephenson and the brittle triumph of three years, only half recalling them. . . . The phone was ringing. Sam gave her an inquiring glance and picked it up. A long-distance connection came through. A blurred, tipsy voice said, “This is Ronald,” over and over.

Sam laid the phone down and looked deep into brown eyes. “Are you going home?” he asked. Gail nodded. He said into the phone, “It's the wrong number—it's always going to be,” and hung up. That wrote Finis on the last page. A Manhattan love affair was over.

She was a paradox. The tweed suit was altogether New York, that knowing smartness, that complete sophistication. And Gail was slim and pale and altogether alien. She had escaped. He was looking at that small white scar. He thought, amazingly: New York hasn't put its mark on her, and I have, that's my mark, I did it. Not Gail—but Abigail.

She put on her hat. “My train leaves at eight. Buy me one more dinner—anniversary and bon voyage. You're a neighbor, Sam—you'll break my lease and pack my things and ship them to me. You got me started here, you can get me out.”

The quiet mood lasted while they ate dinner and taxied to the Grand Central. Evening had come up blue and immense, New York's most glamorous hour, the signs flickering against the gigantic sky, warm spring beyond them. All the colors of those signs, red and green and blue and orange, moved across Abigail's face. How many taxis they had ridden in! To what a bewildering variety of places, in what shifting moods. For three years. The town had been full of Abigail, full of delight. It would be pretty empty now.

She read his thought. “I know. I'm sorry, Sam. We've had a good time.”

He bought gardenias at the florist's. Abigail pinned them to her jacket, slowly, her lips unhappy. Her glance swept the high, murky splendor of the station, and suddenly her hands had his. “Sam, I don't want to go! It's been marvelous. It's been the only thing I've ever done or ever wanted. I love this town, Sam, I tell you, I love it! I can't leave.” She stopped. “No, I'm just envious, Sam. Of you. You came here and took the place over. You had what the job needed. I didn't. There's no point in wailing.”

“You mean,” he said with a viciousness that startled both of them, “that you got your sentence commuted but I've got to serve mine out. You get delivered from jail—but they made me president of Morgan & Lang today. I threw the job back at them. But it wouldn't stick. Motion for new trial denied. I'm president of Morgan & Lang.”

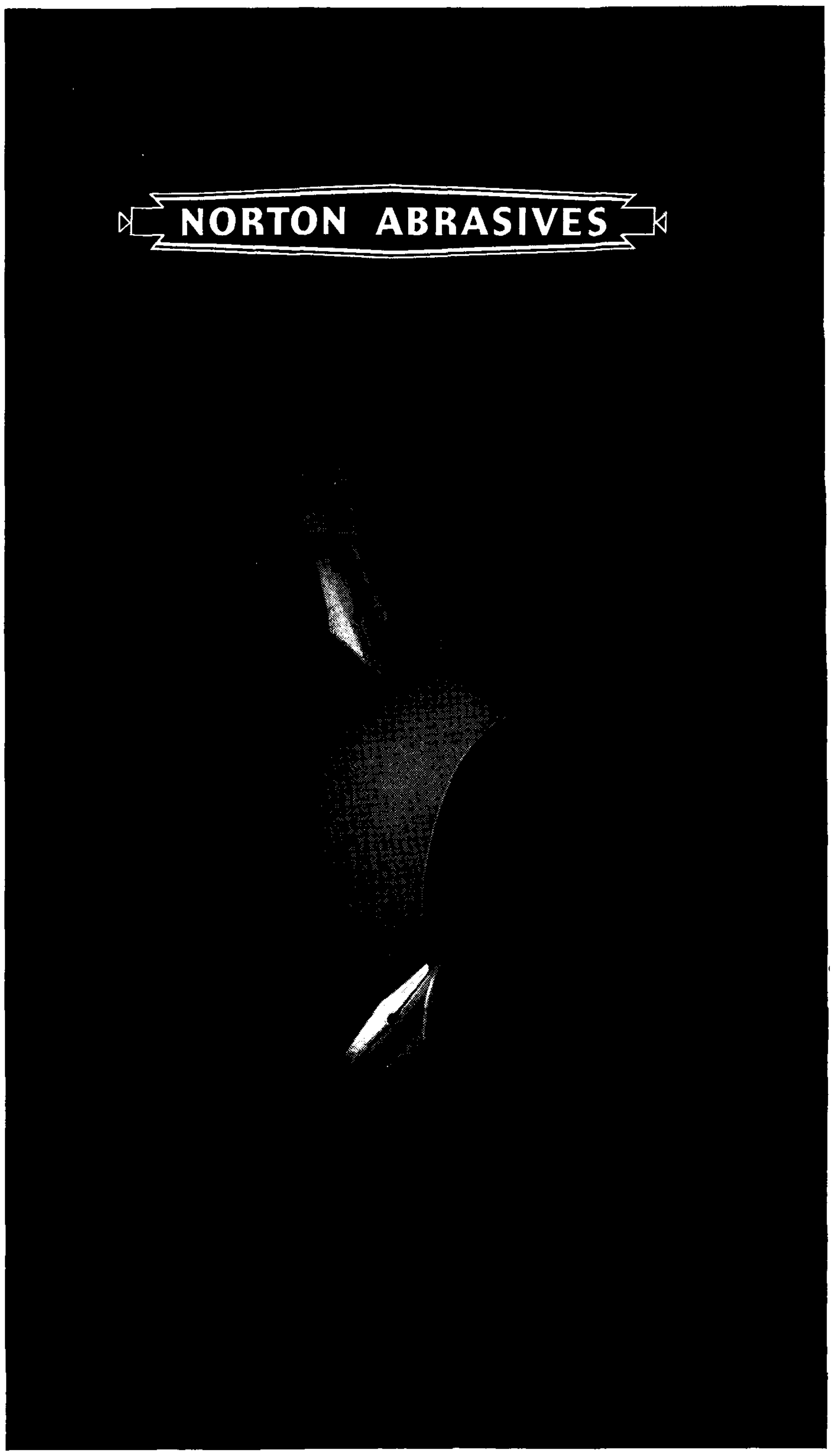
“But Sam!” She was bewildered, even shocked. “Sam, that's what you want. You've worked your soul lean for it. Now you've got it—oh, my dear, I'm glad! That's what I'm telling you. You started out to get there, and there you are.”

But violence leaped up in him. “What have I got? Where am I?” He was almost shouting. “Everybody tells me what I want. You tell me. Morgan & Lang tell me. Sure, Sam, old man, you'll see it our way, just take a trip, take a month off. I don't want Morgan & Lang; I don't want a month off. I tell you, I don't want anything I've got; I can't get anything I want. I want to see Koken's cow pasture. And that's all I want.”

His voice was rough and strange. The station had got strange, too—suddenly mysterious and foreign. The great room seemed to be roaring, as with a high wind. Even more suddenly, their eyes were probing deep. He had a bewildered sense that time was leaping by, the people were hurrying into her train, that she must not go. The high wind rose and unimaginable warmth had come into her eyes. She said breathlessly, “You mean you've got a month off?” and he said, “I'm not glib, Abigail; to hell with the banker's son; who gave you that scar, anyway?” They were talking at the same time and their hands had somehow got locked together. She was saying, “A month—Sam, a month is exactly as long as you could abide Koken's cow pasture,” but what he was saying was, “I haven't packed a bag—I haven't even got a razor.” She tremulously whispered, “There must be a barber on the train,” and, in the Grand Central Station, she walked into his arms.

IT DIDN'T matter much whether she was laughing or sobbing. “Have you got money for your fare, Sam? Don't worry—I've got lots. And you can buy a shirt at Buffalo. Or Cleveland. Or Toledo. Or Chicago. Or Armitage. Please let me buy your shirt. Who said I couldn't make the grade? I can marry the head of the firm, can't I? Sam, look at us—” belatedly decorous, she stood away from him, “making love in the Grand Central! That looks native, Sam, we must live here, it must be our town. Our town is where we are.”

They followed a contemptuous redcap down the length of the train. They got on. The train began to move. Abigail stood at a window. “A subway is the loveliest place,” she said, reaching for his hand. “A month is a pretty long time away from home, Sam. Let's hurry back.”



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Invisible Command

Continued from page 16

"You saw no lights?"

"No, sir."

"Lookouts made no report?"

"No, sir."

A telephone, trilling surprisingly in the stillness, made them all jump a little. Mr. Duffy, nearest the apparatus, picked up the receiver. All five men watched each inclination of his close-clipped gray head; watched his wrinkled, humorous face growing longer, graver. He hung up; stated in an even voice: "Bosun Cobb, working with a hose crew on the afterdeck, reports seeing a ship just after the shock occurred. She was a small steamer of about eight hundred tons, and was passing rapidly astern. Her course was set roughly northeastward. He says that she did not appear to be carrying any lights."

THE telephone trilled again, before the Old Man could even reach it. When he picked up the receiver he heard Chief Engineer MacBrayne's thick Broomielaw accent at the other end of the wire. "There is a twenty-foot opening in the plates, just abaft the boiler-room, sir. Not far from the dynamos. Seeing the damage done, I don't see how the blighters got away so quickly, except for the mist. Water is entering rapidly. I have all the pumps at work, and have closed the compartment doors. Nevertheless, the sea is distinctly gaining. To tell the truth, we're having a wee bit o' trouble with this newfangled suction system. Power's lacking, and we're trying to trace the cause."

The Old Man turned to the others, waiting silently, and repeated the chief engineer's news. Then he proceeded upon a series of short, brisk orders.

"Hold her as she is, Mr. Conover. Mr. Duffy, assemble the crew at the lifeboat stations. The crew only. See that every man stands by, but on no account give a general alarm. Mr. Spottiswood, inform the purser and staff below, and maintain a general calm among passengers. There are three hundred Portuguese laborers in the steerage, bound for Lourenço Marques, and I'm not going to order the boats lowered until absolutely necessary because of possible panic among that lot. Mr. Lawson, you remain here with Mr. Conover."

He went to the telephone again; pressed the third green button. "Mr. MacBrayne, send up your second or third, with a full report on the condition of that new pump system."

So far so good.

Mr. Conover approached him.

"Chief wireless operator has sent a chit, sir. Wants orders."

The Old Man said briefly: "There are no orders, at present."

He thought privately: "Why ballyhoo your troubles to the world until you're certain that the situation pinches?"

The telephone sounded again.

"Chief engineer speaking. Water making considerable headway, in spite of our efforts. Two starboard pumps definitely balking."

"Stick to it, Mr. MacBrayne."

Again Mr. Conover spoke:

"May I make a suggestion, sir?"

The Old Man grunted.

"I've been looking at the position. We're within six miles of the coast. If we put her about, we could reach the Spanish shore in twenty minutes."

The Old Man looked like a statue.

"Then what?"

"Either lower the boats for a short run; or, in an emergency, run her ashore."

"Those are last resorts, Mr. Conover. We're safer standing out, and so are the boats, unless you know every inch of the coast."

A figure appeared, dimly, at the door of the chartroom. This time it wasn't a messenger. It was the assistant wireless operator. He looked haggard.

"Any orders for an SOS, sir?"

The Old Man himself went to the door.

"No. Why? Didn't I answer you, a few minutes ago?"

"Chief wireless operator had a call from the engine-room, sir. Mr. MacBrayne was hoping that the SOS had been sent."

Then, for the first time in his career, the Old Man hesitated. After what seemed an aeon of time to the others, he said: "Tell Mr. Jeffries that there'll be no SOS until we get a full, definite report from the engine-room. This ship isn't going to sink like a Spanish sardine boat."

Mr. Spottiswood, the third officer, appeared from below.

"Only a dozen or so passengers aroused by the shock," he reported. "The news has not spread. Mr. MacBrayne called up to me, and wanted to know whether the general alarm had been given. I said no."

"There is no apparent need, as yet, for such an order," the Old Man said.

In the semi-darkness Mr. Conover exchanged a glance with Mr. Spottiswood. A glance of incredulity. "If that water reaches the dynamos," he said in a low voice, "we'll be in the soup, good and proper. No lights, no wireless, and three hundred steerage passengers running wild."

Unfortunately, in the immense calm of the chartroom, the Old Man overheard him. He said: "It is my rule, Mr. Conover, never to alarm passengers without just cause. I'm waiting for that report from below."

"Quite so, sir. My idea was, simply, that if we were now heading inshore, even at reduced speed, we'd be minimizing the ultimate danger."

The Old Man suddenly bellowed: "Are you questioning my judgment, sir?"

"Easy there, Mr. Conover," the third officer whispered.

THERE was a moment of electric and painful silence. Then, very clearly, the imperturbable, cheerful voice of Mr. Conover: "With all due respect, sir, I wish to go on record as follows: The possibility of a panic and loss of life, if we lose the use of our dynamos, is of greater consequence than the possibility of damaging the ship during a beaching operation. This part of the coast is sandy, sir. Not rocky."

The commander's features, lighted by the upward glow from the binnacle, became suddenly congested, suffused by a richer, darker coloring. He uttered an angry but unintelligible sound. The four men, watching him, saw his hand rise in a clutching motion towards his heart. He swayed, and toppled over noiselessly to the deck.

Mr. Spottiswood and Mr. Lawson ran over and knelt beside him. Mr. Conover hurried to the telephone; pressed a red button.

"That you, Mackay?" Mr. Mackay was the ship's surgeon. "This is Conover. You'll have to leg it up here, pronto. The commander's been stricken. But keep mum." He hung up, joining the others beside the prostrate figure. The Old Man appeared only half-conscious, and was breathing heavily. Mr. Conover shook his head, frowning, and went back to the telephone. He spoke

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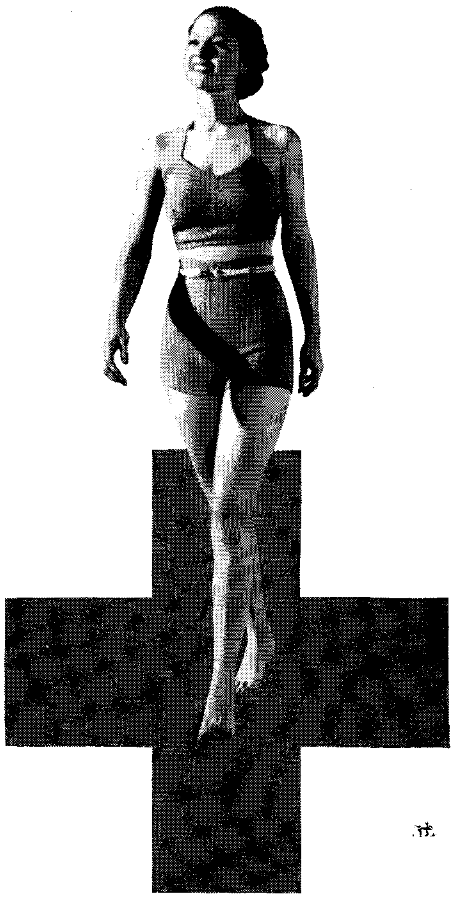

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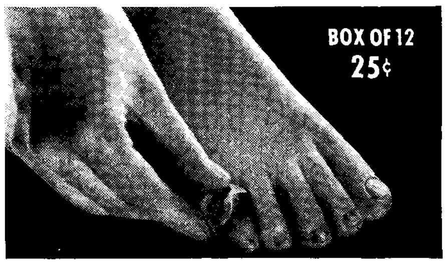

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casually into the instrument, in a colloquial manner that contrasted sharply with the commander's precise formality: "Hello, Mac. How bad is it down there? Give it to me straight."

"I'm worried, Mr. Conover. I never saw water gain this way."

Mr. Conover did not hesitate.

"Listen to me, Mac. Confidential. Commander's suffered some kind of attack. I'm taking over. I'm going to try to make shore. Give me half speed on the port engine, full on the starboard, and stand by for further orders."

He thought he heard MacBrayne murmur: "Thank God. Action . . ."

He turned to the fourth officer, who looked like a school kid.

"Mr. Lawson, run up and tell Jeffries to send out that SOS. Then go aft and see Mr. Duffy. Tell him I want all boats lowered to B Deck rail. I want passengers assembled at their stations on B Deck. Then await orders."

Mr. Lawson departed.

The ship came to life, trembling, and veered under a dark opaque sky. . . .

THE Old Man opened his eyes; closed them again, against an unexpected impact of sunlight. He became aware of a dim, unaccountable sensation that was partly mental, partly physical. Slowly, very slowly, it permeated his consciousness that the ship was at rest, not only at rest, but fantastically motionless. Second Officer Duffy and an unfamiliar young man in white were standing beside his bed. The Old Man, half-aroused, said gruffly: "What time is it?"

"Six A. M.," someone said.

"Good God! What's happened, Mr. Duffy? What have they done with the ship?"

Mr. Duffy sat down beside the bed.

"She's ashore, sir," he said in a conciliatory tone. "But lying easy, on a sandy bottom. She should slip off at spring tide without great difficulty, to my way of thinking. About a fifteen-degree angle, with her stern practically afloat. Mr. Conover, with his usual knack, seems to have managed it exactly right."

The Old Man made his habitual strangled sound which signified annoyance.

"But damn it, sir, what's this going to cost the company? How about the salvage sharks? Who perpetrated this, anyway? Who's in command?" His mind was still a trifle hazy.

"Chief officer's in command, sir. Acting captain."

"Any loss of life?"

"Only one, sir. An oiler, who was trapped in rising water. Mr. Conover, you see, had lowered all boats. He had hove to, just before she grounded. The water was calm, and there was a light fog. All boats reached shore quickly."

The Old Man tried to rise, but gave up the attempt. Then his voice took on a sudden, virile strength: "Give me the log, Mr. Duffy. I want to see the full report."

MR. DUFFY returned bringing the log. The Old Man scanned it eagerly. Particularly the reference to his heart attack. He noted with approval that there was no mention of any previous difference of opinion between Mr. Conover and himself. He closed the book; remarked to Mr. Duffy, who was perhaps the one man in the world whom he entirely trusted: "I seriously doubt whether any board of trade would be willing to exonerate Mr. Conover. You'll remember the total loss of the Scottish Princess on this very coast, under similar circumstances. Our ship will likely become a total loss if the weather changes before the salvage people show up. I consider that Mr. Conover is in danger of losing his certificate of competency, because he chose to ignore the advice of his superiors."

Mr. Duffy pondered a moment.

"I'd like to make a suggestion. Ex officio—which was the term you yourself used to me last night, remember?"

"I remember."

"Merely this, sir. That Mr. Conover chose a brave course. Anybody of mediocre caliber could have cautiously followed your own plan. But Mr. Conover interpreted the situation differently from you. He considered it graver than you did. In contradicting your orders he was obviously placing the safety of passengers and crew far above personal considerations. If what you say is true about losing his certificate, he was following his own convictions at the risk of his career."

The Old Man listened with an unchanging expression. He rubbed his chin. Finally he said, in a tired voice: "I'll ask you both to go now. I feel like resting a bit. But leave the log here. I want to look over it."

Mr. Duffy left, followed by the surgeon's assistant, who paused to add unctuously: "Please don't attempt to get up, sir. You need rest. The surgeon will be along to visit you within the next half-hour."

As soon as they had gone, the Old Man propped himself upon an elbow and very carefully re-read the acting captain's entry in the log. It was a dramatic piece of reading, yet occasionally almost Biblical in its simplicity. Especially one sentence in the final summing-up:

"I had concluded that human life was in grave danger. I therefore steered for land. I knew that I might be risking my ship, but it seemed to be the wiser choice. I knew of no safer alternative."

THE Old Man put down the log, and undertook some meticulous thinking. A certain phrase came to his mind from the past. A phrase which seemed to be interwoven with what Mr. Duffy had just said to him: "The strength of the Anglo-Saxon is shown in a crisis by the individual's wish to serve something greater than himself, and to obey some invisible, spiritual command."

The Old Man decided presently that he wanted to add something to the log. But Duffy—confound him—hadn't thought to leave a pen or a pencil. When you were sick you might as well be out of the game, once and for all, because people insisted on treating you like a child, whose opinions were paltry and negligible. There was, however, a pen lying beside the ink well on the desk. He could see it from his bed.

With an effort he hoisted himself to a sitting position, stood up, and crossed the cabin in three wide, unsteady steps. He remembered to bring the log book under his arm.

At the desk he took up the pen and wrote. He wrote in a fine and minute hand, like the sepia writing one finds on the backs of faded parental photographs, or on the flyleaves of handed-down classics: "The commander hereby wishes to commend Acting Captain Conover for his resourceful handling of the situation. J. F. C."

Having accomplished what he considered to be his duty, the Old Man was suddenly and perversely overwhelmed by a great longing for sleep. He rose from the desk, heading back towards his bed. But halfway across the cabin the world became filled with a golden mist, and he heard a sound like the rustling of many wings. A sound he'd never heard before, and which—his instinct promptly told him—mankind was privileged to hear only once in a lifetime. The sound grew louder, until it became a suffusing roar, yet not unpleasant because of its singular glow

(*Continued on page 48*)

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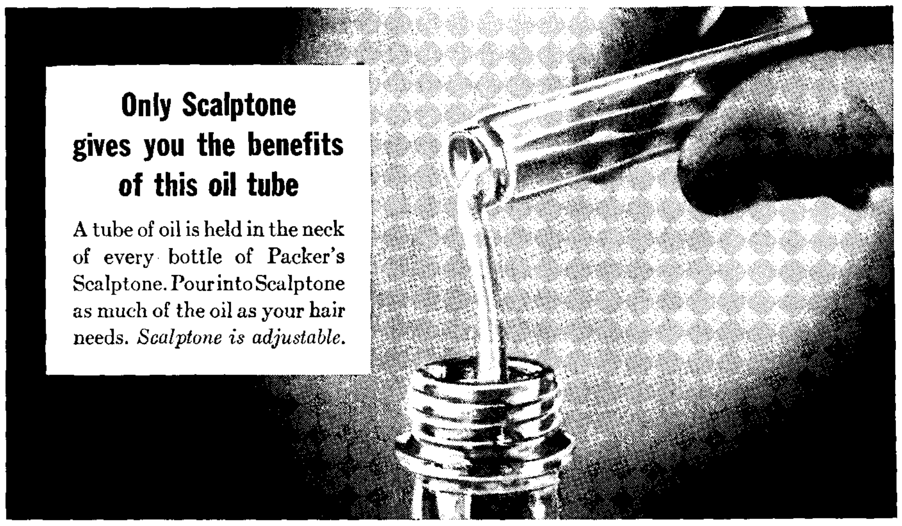

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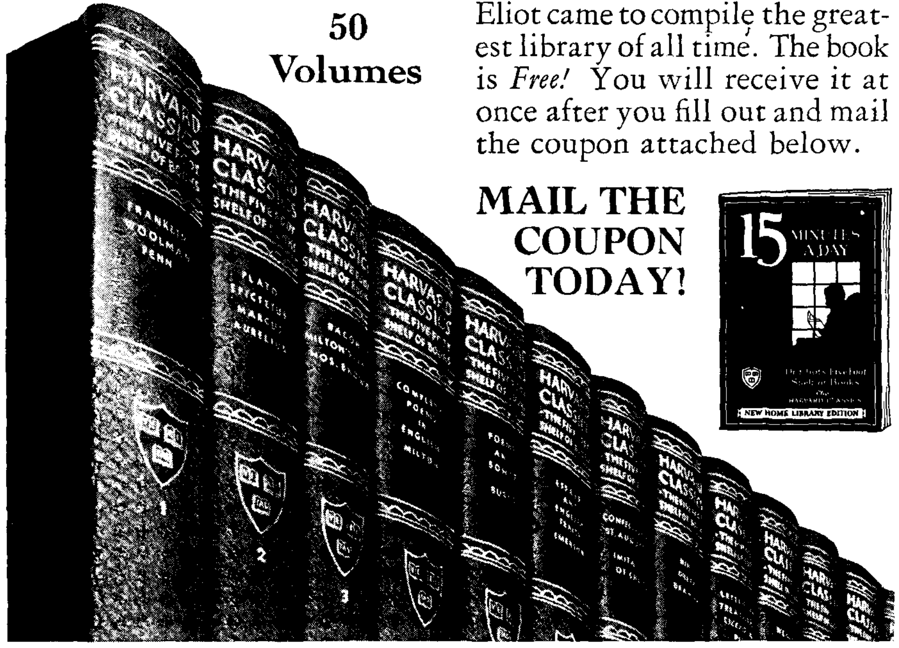

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(Continued from page 47)

and warmth. At the same time he dimly knew that someone was knocking at the cabin door. But that sound, in a contradictory way, was receding. It was growing fainter and fainter. . . .

TOWARDS seven that morning Mr. Conover completed his inspection of the ship, and returned to the chartroom. Mr. Duffy was there, poring over the hydrographic charts. Mr. Conover, his cap at an angle, remarked in his casual way: "What news from the Old Man?"

Mr. Duffy looked up gravely.

"I left him," he said, "about forty minutes ago. He looked exceedingly bad, I thought. He said he wished to be alone."

"Well," said Mr. Conover briskly, "it's high time I looked him up myself. I wanted to get all my facts straight, before going aft to see him. There'll be a shindy, no doubt, when I give him the full report."

"Possibly," Mr. Duffy replied, with his customary caution.

The acting captain suddenly glanced about the chartroom.

"Cripes! Where's that log? He'll be asking for it."

"He has it already," Mr. Duffy said.

They exchanged a glance, Mr. Conover half smiling, as if he saw an element of humor in the situation; Mr. Duffy wise, unsmiling, even a trifle sad; with the gentle sadness of a man who knows all men; who knows and tolerates both their weaknesses and their strength. Then Mr. Conover, a shade abashed, braced himself. "Righto," he said with a forced gayety. "Might as well face it."

He went aft.

After the third unfruitful knock he pushed the door open.

For a full moment Mr. Conover stood there in the doorway, his usually urbane and good-looking countenance transfigured by a mixture of emotions. Emotions that were foreign to him, both by inheritance and experience. Such emotions as awe, pity, and a sublime sense of having stumbled upon something he had no right to stumble upon. The Old Man had not quite managed to attain his bed; but he had not suffered by the failure. There were both the pallor and the dignity of marble about him.

Mr. Conover, recovering from the first shock, regained his habitually swift intelligence. He noted the overturned chair beside the desk. And he noted the log book upon the desk. A mood of curiosity sharply impinged itself upon his previous emotions, as he observed two lines of fine, copper-plate writing beneath his own entries in the log. He picked up the book, and read the last two lines. . . .

The acting captain, setting down the book, inclined his head. It was as if he were facing some grave and awesome human manifestation towards which he was compelled to do homage, without entirely understanding it. All Mr. Conover knew was that he was facing something not quite akin to the knock-about world against which he'd been struggling, with fists and brains, for the past thirty-eight years. Something which gave him a feeling of being associated with matters larger than himself. The way he'd once felt, long ago as a kid in Newcastle, when he'd joined a vast and spontaneous torchlight procession that was celebrating a great football victory of the town's team, the Newcastle United. When he'd marched along with a flowing tide of grown-up men he'd never seen before and yet had felt singularly at one with them. Something which gave him a brief, warmer confidence in humanity.

WHILE he stood there, hat in hand, in an awkward reverence which was not particularly becoming to his own vivid personality, Mr. Conover became aware of a modern and peremptory sound filling the morning atmosphere. He recovered himself with characteristic swiftness, and stepped out on deck.

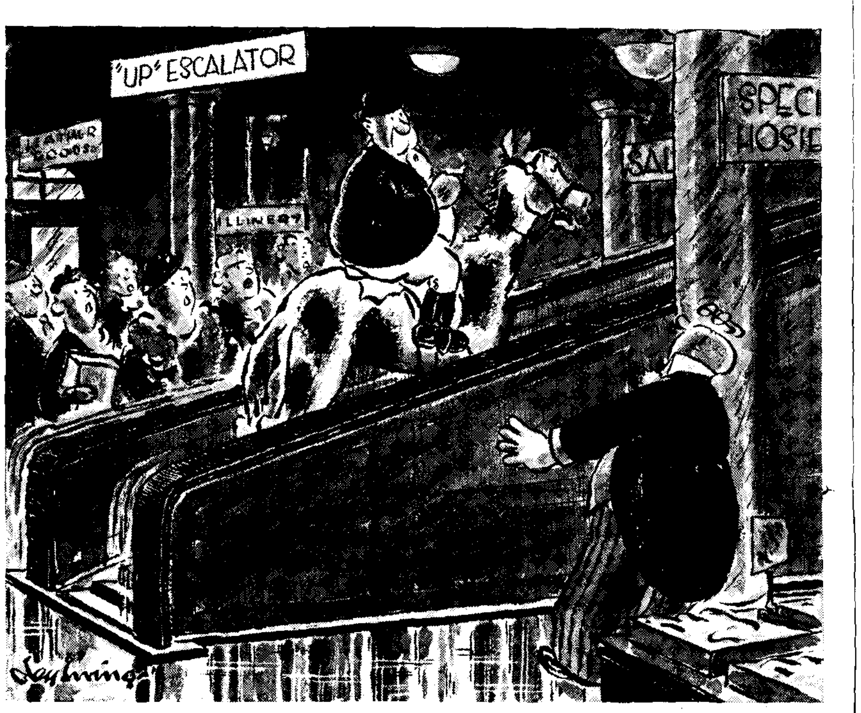
Two seaplanes, a brace of huge biscuit-colored gulls, were swooping down to sea not five hundred yards from the Afghanistan. They came towards the ship with little eager bursts of power.

As Mr. Conover hurried towards the chartroom, the second officer came out to meet him.

"What in God's name," Mr. Duffy exclaimed angrily, "are those things doing here? And how, in the first place, did they know of our whereabouts?"

Mr. Conover did not dissimulate. He stated briefly: "Newsreel and press planes. Didn't I tell you that I sent out a full wireless report two hours ago? Damn it all, Duffy, it's a good show, isn't it? Too good for the Fleet Street lads to miss. Eighteen thousand tons high and dry, and not a passenger with a scratch. What price that for publicity?"

Mr. Duffy shook his head solemnly. "Provided the Old Man doesn't catch on," he said.



"I know, but riding in elevators makes him terribly ill"

JAY IRVING

Secret Marriage

Continued from page 19

"It's serious, is it, Carol?"

"I don't know, Mary. I don't know anything!"

"What time is it?" the head of the house demanded suddenly.

"Quarter past four; this says eighteen," Spencer supplied animatedly.

"I wish you'd call Travers, Spencer, and remind him to get the story to Link. We'll have that truck driver putting up a fine defense," Asa Moulton said. "Tell him Nugent's here and ready to give him the whole thing."

"Nugent," Jeffery said, as the chauffeur came back, "have you a car here? You have Mr. Spencer's car? Miss Burleigh has to get back to Green Oaks."

"You stay here, Mac," Carol said faintly.

MARY went away with no further sign that any member of the family was conscious of her presence; Nugent depositing her at the bakery after a long rambling story of the accident, and a prediction as to the damages Asa Moulton could collect, "whether the old lady dies or not!"

"I'll wait while you get your bread, Miss Burleigh, and take you home."

"Oh, thanks, no, Nugent. I work here."

"Is that right?" the chauffeur said, coming about to open the door. "I had my first job with your father," he said suddenly. Mary looked at him brightly for a moment, through the rain.

"Oh, did you?" she said. She called a good night over her shoulder, and in another few seconds the hot bakery atmosphere, scented with spice and the delicious smell of fresh bread, had enveloped her again.

Her aunt and Lindsay had heard nothing of the accident when she got home at six. Peter, coming in tired and wet and grimy, had not heard of it. Mary, serving the meal of fried cornmeal mush and hot sirup, went over all the details she knew, agreed with Lindsay that the wedding must now be postponed, agreed with Aunt Joan that motorcars were nothing else than death on four wheels, looked surprised at Peter when he expressed it as his opinion that Maclean would be glad enough to have the marriage delayed.

"Oh, why do you say that, Pete?" Mary asked, with an odd, slow throbbing beginning in her heart.

"Well, look at him with her! I was there Saturday night. That isn't the way I'll act with *my* girl if I ever have one," Peter said. "It looks to me as if they had run around together to a lot of those crack-brained places they talk about, studios and places called The Fly-Pot and the Sticky Tablecloth, and that they thought it was smart to get married *without* loving each other! Carol Moulton thinks she's smart and modern; she seems darned old-fashioned to me, with all that talk about her friends who live around any which way, and with those Turkish drapes she wears for clothes! She said that Maclean had been married once for love, and now he was using his mind. She tried to get away with that, talking to me at dinner."

Mary stood up and went to the stove. She came back to half fill all the cups carefully with the smoking remainder of the chocolate.

"I didn't know he'd been married before," she said.

"Sure. That's why old Moulton was against it. He says Maclean's first wife is bound to make trouble sooner or later."

"I didn't even know Carol's father was against it."

"I knew that; Maria Elena told me," Lindsay said. "He hates those arty people."

"Jeffery married before?" Mary said, speaking as if to herself, and sitting down. The remainder of her supper waited untouched. It was all over, her dream, if indeed it had ever been even a dream; life was black and empty and ugly.

"I wish I had never seen him!" her thoughts repeated endlessly. "I wish I had never seen him."

Next day they heard that Mrs. Moulton had sustained the operation surprisingly well, and would live. Carol Moulton's wedding had been postponed for a month or six weeks; Jeffery Maclean had returned for a brief stay in Hollywood, where his picture of adventure in Peru was being filmed. Mary breathed easier for knowing that he had gone away.

Early in December Calvin Tait wrote Mary that he would be home for the mid-winter holidays, and did not expect to be sent south again. Calvin's letters made up in affection what they lacked in eloquence.

Mary read them and answered them with a strange shrinking at her heart. With every passing day she dreaded his arrival more intensely. And yet, when she looked at his handsome, smiling picture, she was at a loss to know why she was not—why any girl would not be—proud to have a man like Calvin Tait for a husband.

She had one letter from Jeffery. He was working hard in Hollywood; he would be in Las Palomas for Christmas; he was hers affectionately. There was a postscript: "I started this with the intention of apologizing for not saying goodby. I'll put it in here." The letter had been sent by air; there was a red and blue stripe across the envelope.

ON THE Sunday that fell almost two weeks after Mrs. Moulton's accident, old Agnes, who had once been the Burleigh children's nurse, arrived at the Buena Vistita house for one of her frequent calls. Agnes was a great gossip; she had worked for half the families in town; through her apparently aimless visits she kept a constant undercurrent of news circulating among them. She came into Mary's kitchen and sat at the end of the table; shabbily yet comfortably clad in her thick old coat and the stringy fur to which she often alluded as a "boa," with black cotton gloves on her thick, stubby fingers and a bonnet in which Mary recognized parts of one of her own old hats and one of her mother's.

"How's poor Mrs. Moulton, Mary? It looks like Betty won't get married this long while yet."

"Well, she's about the same; just hovering between life and death. I saw Carol yesterday for a minute and she said her mother was about the same."

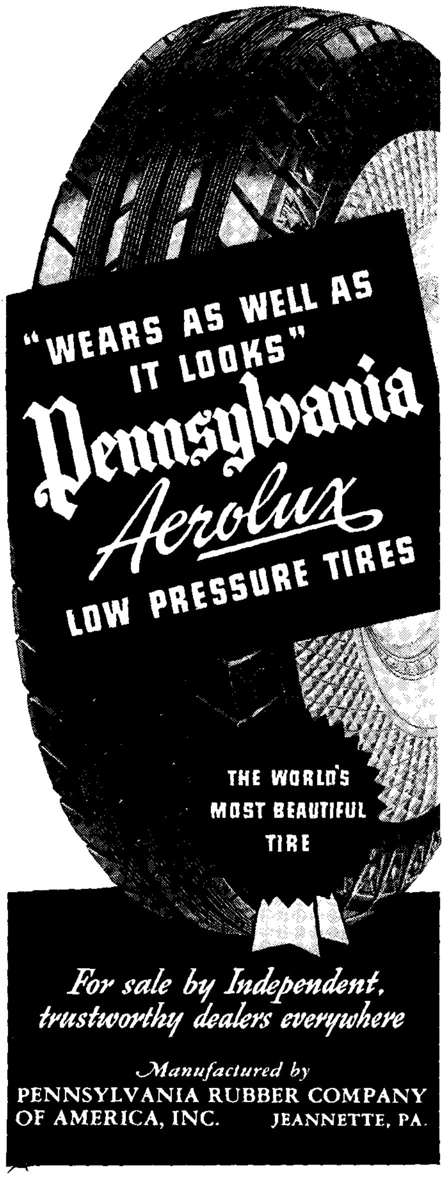
"What's this calling her 'Carol'? I was there the other day and seen Spencer, and he told me Carol was laying down."

"She's gone arty, Ag," said Peter. "She's 'Carol' now."

"I don't hear much good of the man she's marrying," Agnes said. "He's a square-lookin' fellow with a dark look to him."

"He's smart. She's lucky to get him," Peter said. "There's not much to Carol except those Bedouin tents she wears and her grandfather's money. Maclean's all right."

(Continued on page 50)



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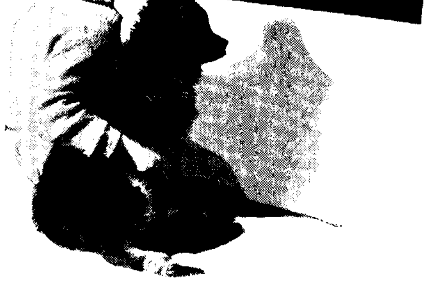

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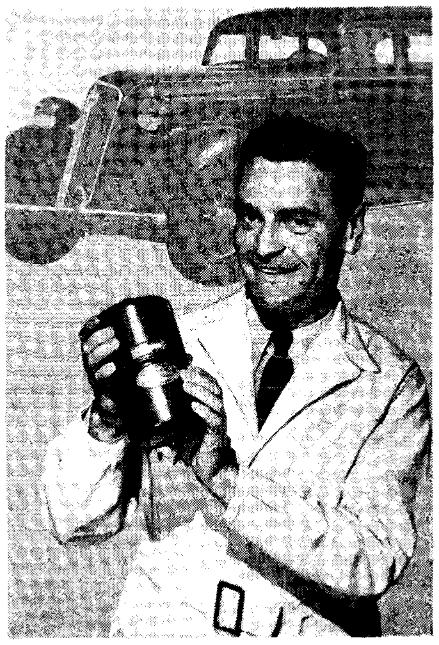

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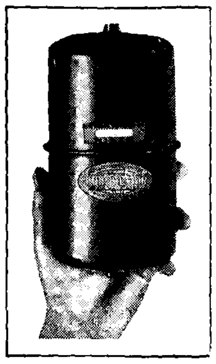

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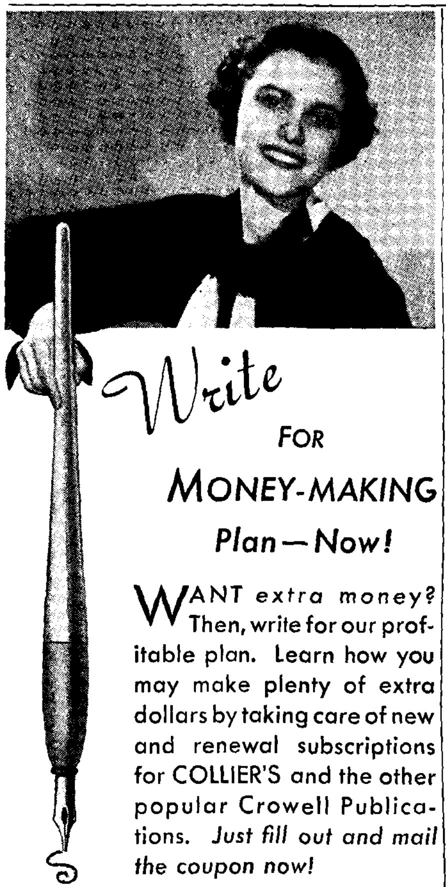

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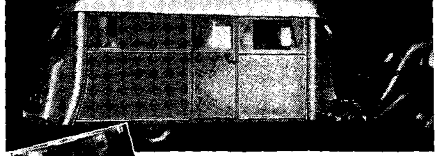

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(Continued from page 49)

"They were telling me in the kitchen she calls the dinner napkins 'serveets' or something—Spanish, it sounded like," Agnes observed. "They've a nice girl there now. Lucy her name is. 'It's bring me a serveet, these days!' she says to me."

"Carol always did put on airs," Lindsay put in mildly.

"Carrie Moulton said she was with Harry and me," Aunt Joan said elegantly to Agnes. "She was not. I'm sorry to contradict anyone, but there was no one with us except poor Len Willetts. A very superior man."

"Maybe she was mistaken, Miss Burleigh," Agnes said, with an expressionless look at Mary.

"And how are all the little Millers, Agnes?"

"Oh, I'm working for the John Taits now, Lindsay. She had the rheumatism so that when she stood up sudden she couldn't get to her feet at all and they asked me to go in and cook for them."

"Cooking!"

"Well, all they need. He's a vegetablarian," Agnes said.

"DON'T do anything until you get Mrs. Burleigh's room made up every morning, Agnes," said Aunt Joan. "And fix the canary."

"I will, Miss Burleigh, I'm just going to get at it now. I don't know what they'll do when Calvin and this girl get there for Christmas."

"Oh, has Cal got a girl?" Peter asked animatedly.

"Indeed he hasn't. But the old man would like it well enough if he'd go after this one," Agnes said. "Barbara Ross, Bertha Tait's girl. She's coming from Boston; she's got something to do with the Revolution; she has a chair Washington sent her for a present."

"Washington's been dead over a hundred years, Ag," Peter said.

"Well, I didn't listen to it, but her and him was talking about it, and she said something about the Revolution. She's going to China, in January I think it is, and she's staying with us until she sails. The old man was saying she has lots of money and he wished Calvin had eyes in his head. He don't want Calvin to marry any girl around here," Agnes said. "You should have heard him the other day. 'Agnes,' he said, 'he'll ruin his life if he settles down here with one of the Travers girls or the Burton girls.' 'John,' his wife says, 'you know very well that Calvin likes Mary Burleigh.' 'I don't want him to marry Mary Burleigh or any other girl in this place,' he says. 'I've got plans for him.' "

"All Cal would do is brain the old boy if he heard that," Peter said with relish. "The nerve of him! Mary, I dare you to turn 'round and marry Cal on Christmas Day."

"Agnes, stay and have lunch with us? It's meat pie, it's full of little carrots and things."

"I can't. I'm goin'. Where did any one of you learn to make piecrust like that?"

"Canned, Aggie, canned! All you do is roll it out."

"How long's that child had whooping cough?" Agnes asked sharply, as Barty came in doubled over and scarlet with a spasm of coughing.

"Whooping cough!" Mary ejaculated.

"That's what it is. There's lots of it about."

Barty caught hold of Mary to steady himself and regarded Agnes with streaming eyes.

"I got it off the Barrys!" he managed to say.

"The Barrys all have it, and we *hat* to go there to get my 'rithmetic," Chrissie explained, with her characteristic glibness, "and they were playing lotto, so their mother was taking their baby to their grandmother's so he wouldn't get it and we said we'd stay."

"When was this, Chris?"

"Day before yestiddy."

"And she let you stay there and play lotto with them, knowing they had whooping cough?"

"She din know, Mary. She din know till she had to report it to the doctor, and then when he said it was whooping cough she knew it was whooping cough and then she told their father it was whooping cough and I think he telephoned their grandmother and told her it was—"

"Peter, we'll have to have Poett here. Would you go over to the drug store and telephone him? Chris, keep away from Bart. Sit down here where it's warm, darling, and don't *think* of going out again today. Put that pie back in the oven, Lin, until Peter gets back. Whooping cough! Oh, *dear*—"

"Can't I be able to go to school tomorrow, Mary?" Barty demanded. Chrissie's eyes came to Mary as if jerked on wires.

"Won't he?" she asked quickly.

"I certainly don't think you can, Bart."

"Hello, everybody!" Calvin Tait said in the doorway. They all whirled about, and Mary went over to him and felt his gloved hands firm on hers and saw the light in his eyes. He did not kiss her; she had almost forgotten that of course he would not kiss her. To her people he was still merely the old friend who liked her; the secret of her marriage was like a wall between them.

Agnes departed. The doctor came and went. Calvin stayed for his share of the meat pie, and was charming. He and Peter talked over town news. Mary gave him the family bulletin, with whooping cough as the latest development. Chrissie was sulking and ate her lunch through a veil of tears. Doctor Poett had said that until some symptom of the disease showed itself she must of course go to school; the boy must be kept warm and quiet and fed lightly; better not let other children see him, unless they had had the cough. They must take reasonable precautions with Chrissie; she probably would get it, but she showed no signs now.

"I HATE and loathe that ole doctor and I hope he dies!" Chrissie said bitterly, almost before he was out of hearing. Calvin seized a quiet moment to ask Mary if she would come with him for a walk.

"I left my car down south; they'll send it up if I don't go back," he said, when Mary was buttoned snugly into her heavy coat, and they were walking briskly along the wet roads in the direction of town. The sun was shining on puddles and wet leaves everywhere; the air was sharp.

"Well, tell me, Cal. Are you going back?"

"Not settled. I've got a thousand things to ask you and a thousand things to tell you! But first, are you glad to see me, and have you missed me?"

"Missed you! It's been all mixed up. Sometimes I've thought that I dreamed the whole thing, Cal; dreamed that day in San Jose—"

"And those wonderful nights in San Francisco! No, it wasn't a dream. Oh, Mary, but it's good to be back with you again. And now listen," Calvin said, "and I'll give you all the dope. I'll tell you the bad part first. I don't think we can break the news, not for a couple of months at least."

"Oh-h-h?" She gave him a surprised side glance; waited for him to go on. But she had time to feel relief; this wasn't bad news!

"No. I'll tell you why. You knew my uncle and aunt had a daughter named

Bertha—of course you did. Mrs. Patterson Ross of New Jersey. She died about two years ago and left two girls."

"I remember. I don't think I ever knew her, but Mother did."

"You wouldn't remember. She was married all of twenty years ago; Denise must be sixteen and Babs is—oh, eighteen or so. Well, Uncle John telegraphed for me to come up a day or two ago, not to wait for Christmas, and the upshot is that the old boy isn't so well."

"Mr. Tait?"

"He's not dying, nothing like that, but Poett told him the other day that he'd have to quit pretty soon, scared the life out of him. So he and Aunt Julia are talking about retiring, and going to Carmel, and all that, and they want to leave things shipshape at the bank, and leave someone as executor for the Ross girls. Well, to make a long story short, Uncle John is taking me on, on the first of April, as one of the vice presidents."

"Oh, Calvin, no!"

"NO ONE'S to know it yet, mind you! But that's what he was talking about yesterday."

"And does it mean a raise?"

"Eventually. He's working on it with Brewer now. Old Meyers is dropping out, Uncle John's getting out, and they want someone to watch their interests. *It's a big order, and I can* tell you, Mary, I feel pretty tickled that the old boys will trust me! So that's the good part of it. I go back to Los Angeles this week-end, move up before Christmas, get busy on the bank affairs for three months, and then they announce the change. And by that time you and I'll have our little place, won't we? No more Buena Vistita for *you!*"

The words were like cold stones against her heart. Mary managed a smile. "I'll have to run away—I can't —I'll have to disappear," her thoughts ran, in a panic. "I couldn't be alone with Calvin Tait in one of those houses, with Bart and Chris getting ready for school a mile away, and Jeff—Jeff—"

As if he read her thoughts Calvin presently spoke of Jeff:

"Chris tells me you and Jeffery Maclean hit it off pretty well."

"Did Chris say that?" Mary's tone was idly amused.

"Said he was always down at your place. What on earth brought him down there?"

"Cal, you sound actually jealous!"

"Don't laugh at me, Mary."

"I'm not laughing at you, dear. But that's too absurd!"

"He did come down, then?"

"Now and then. He was walking, the first time. And then — oh, messages from Carol, and matters connected with the wedding—"

"Did you like him, Mary?"

"I do. Didn't you?"

"He told you he knew me?"

"Oh, yes. Hadn't he known your—no, you knew his brother at Harvard—that was it."

"And he wrote you an air-mail letter?" Calvin said, carefully casual.

"Chris told you that too? Oh, dear, what a magpie she is!" Mary walked along for a moment without adding anything to the ejaculation. Then she said: "He went off suddenly after the accident without saying any goodbys. So he wrote to me and Alma and probably Kate—I don't know. What do *you* think of him, Cal?" Mary ended, carrying the war straight into the other camp.

"Oh, he's a nice enough feller," Calvin said. "I think he's stuck on himself. I never read anything he ever wrote! He seems a funny sort for Betty Moulton—Carol, that is—to catch. Is he coming up for Christmas?"

"I imagine so. It would be pretty dull for him down south over the holidays. I saw Carol a day or two ago and she didn't say. I wonder how I'd feel now if Calvin and I were just engaged," Mary thought, as they turned briskly into Hanover Street, now and then nodding at Sunday couples who strolled by them, now and then commenting upon somebody's new car or a change in some familiar garden. "Breaking an engagement is bad enough, and yet you can always break an engagement," Mary mused. "But we're married, actually married! This is my husband here beside me!"

"I ought to go in and say hello to Mrs. Moulton. Aunt Julia is all broken up over the accident," Calvin said suddenly.

"Oh, let's. It's the dismalest house you ever went into, Cal, and the poor old thing does appreciate any little attention so; she can't read, and she can't use her hand yet to play solitaire, and she does get so bored. I go in whenever I can." Mary stopped short; they were in Birch Street now, and passing the old Burleigh place. She and Calvin stood for a moment looking across the battered, shabby lawn at the looming, big, pretentious house, with its bay windows and balustraded balconies. Everything had an air of neglect and desertion; summer winds had blown rubbish and papers up against the *wooden steps. A great sign set up in* the front garden, "This Desirable Property for Sale or Lease," added the last touch of forlornness to the picture.

"Shame!" Calvin said, surveying it. "Well, come on, let's make our call. Doesn't it feel like being married, making calls together?" he added. "Oh, and I forgot what I was telling you! I mean that my uncle talked to me as if he rather wanted me to live at home for a month or two, and devote myself to business."

"And perhaps to the Boston cousin?" Mary put in with a laugh. "What's her name, Cal?"

"Barbara Ross."

"Pretty name. You knew her, back East?"

"Oh, yes."

"Like her?"

"Yes, I really did," Calvin answered, something in his tone making Mary say quite confidently, "Oh, I see! She likes *you.*"

"WELL, whether she does or she doesn't, I'm not interested," Calvin said with a flush on his handsome young face and a little forced laugh. "But I'm not going to tell my uncle *that* until Babs is safe on the steamer for China."

"Is she rich, Cal? Is that one of the reasons your uncle would like to have you interested in her?"

"Yep, she's very rich. Her interests are a good deal in his hands. The old boy has handled them wonderfully. She has a lot of property out at Green Oaks, you know; she's the biggest stockholder in the Vershayne plant."

"I'm hating her," Mary said, with an untroubled laugh.

"You? Good heavens, what for?"

"Oh, because it would be such fun to be rich, and be able to sleep late mornings, and have bath salts, and more than one hat," Mary elucidated cheerfully. "Tell me honestly, Cal, would your uncle like you to marry Babs Ross?"

"Of course not. Or if he would he hasn't had the nerve to say so. It's not that. It's just that things are in an upset sort of state; he wants them to get settled; he wants me there at the house nights to talk business. He doesn't want to feel that I'm interested elsewhere, wanting to be elsewhere. In January Babs goes to China; things'll

(Continued on page 52)

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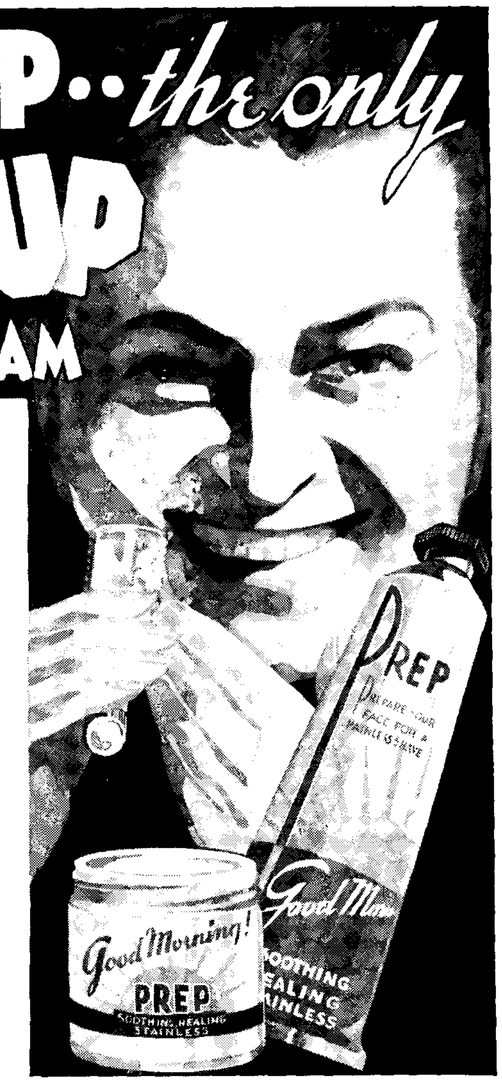
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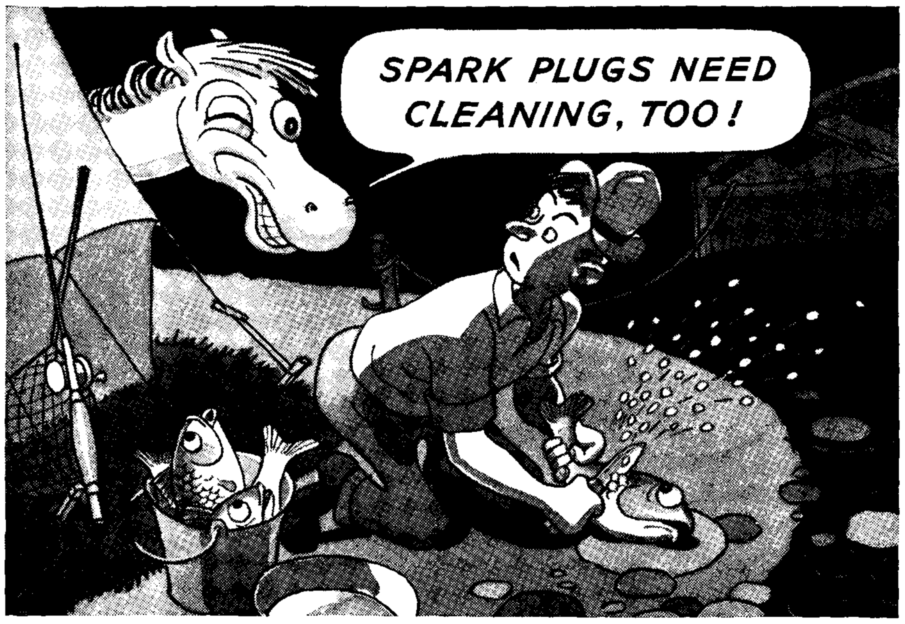
Put PREP on half your face—put any other shaving preparation on the other. In just 13 seconds you will have the answer! And that miraculous sensation of freshness and smoothness will stay with you all day. Make this test today! Don't miss!

A MILLION TUBES FREE

Go to your druggist today—he will give you a 35c Tube with each 35c Jar you buy! Use the Tube—and unless you get a brand new thrill—and a pile of shaving satisfaction—return the Jar—and get your money back—You can't lose!

Offer expires September 30th, 1935 . . . . Good in U. S. A. only.

If your druggist has sold out of the Special Free Tube Offer—send a dime direct to PREP, 2109 Second Ave., Detroit, for— **A MONTH'S SUPPLY IN A TUBE 10c**


SPARK PLUGS NEED CLEANING, TOO!

SPARK PLUG CLEANING by the AC Method is a SURE CURE for most hard-starting engines

Before Cleaning

After Cleaning

Dirty or worn spark plugs are a common cause of hard starting. But, there's nothing hard about the cure. Just let any Registered AC Spark Plug Cleaning Station give your plugs a thorough cleaning—in the specially built AC Cleaning Machine. It's done while you wait. It costs only 5c a plug. Replace worn plugs, of course, with new AC Quality Spark Plugs—**NOW 60c.**

AC SPARK PLUG COMPANY
Flint, Michigan St. Catharines, Ontario

Plugs for Canadian market—75c—made at St. Catharines, Ontario

AC
SPARK PLUG CLEANING AND RE-GAPPING SERVICE

Registered AC SPARK PLUG CLEANING STATION

SPARK PLUGS CLEANED AND ADJUSTED WHILE YOU WAIT 5c EACH

LOOK FOR THE "PLUG-IN-THE-TUB"

Here is the new Schick Shaver which gives even a quicker, closer shave than the hundreds of thousands in daily use. It has NO BLADES so it cannot cut nor scrape the tenderest skin. You need NO WATER, NO SOAP, no lotions. MOST ECONOMICAL. Restores the natural, uncalloused, more youthful skin. Send for descriptive booklet. GET A DEMONSTRATION. More than 8000 dealers sell it. If none is near you, send $15 direct to us. Dept. B, Schick Dry Shaver, Inc., Stamford, Connecticut. Western Distributor: Edises, Inc., San Francisco. In Canada, Henry Birks & Sons, Ltd., and other leading stores. (Canadian price, $16.50.)

SCHICK SHAVER

Operates on AC or DC

NASH Salesmen MAKE over $2500.00 A YEAR

Many of Them Do and You Can Too!

You need not have had tailoring experience to be successful with Nash. Men from all walks of life build permanent custom tailoring business with a discriminating clientele; not just sell suits. We teach you how. Sixty Branches, coast to coast, with display rooms, custom tailor fitting and delivery service assure complete customer satisfaction. Repeat sales 60% to 80%. Nash Fall and Winter fabrics now being presented . . . complete and attractive line of nearly four hundred fine, pure wool fabrics. A genuine opportunity for the *right* man.

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Custom Tailored Clothes
1906 ELM STREET CINCINNATI, OHIO

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Chief of Subscription Staff
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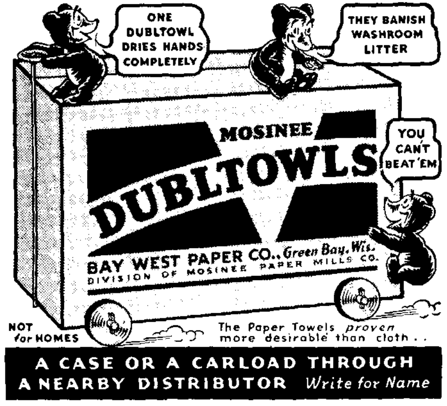

ONE DUBLTOWL DRIES HANDS COMPLETELY
THEY BANISH WASHROOM LITTER
YOU CAN'T BEAT 'EM
MOSINEE
DUBLTOWLS
BAY WEST PAPER CO., Green Bay, Wis.
DIVISION OF MOSINEE PAPER MILLS CO.

NOT for HOMES

The Paper Towels *proven* more desirable than cloth . .

A CASE OR A CARLOAD THROUGH A NEARBY DISTRIBUTOR *Write for Name*

(Continued from page 51)

be straightened out then, and some night you and I'll very quietly go up and tell him the whole story. It isn't worrying you to keep mum about it a little longer—you don't mind?"

"No. No; not the way things are now at the house—not with whooping cough starting up."

They went into the Moulton house together. Its shadows, its rich, thick odors enveloped them; they walked with hushed feet on the deep, soft carpets between the heavy polished chairs and tables, past the high-backed, carved black walnut seat in the hall, through the brocade portières. There was always a stuffy, clothy smell about the Moulton house on a winter Sunday afternoon.

A GROUP of young persons was yawning and idling about the coal fire that drowsed behind the polished steel rods of the library grate; they welcomed the interruption with enthusiasm. Spencer Moulton was there, limp and vague as usual; Alma Rossiter handsome and definite in her new green corduroy velvet with the fur; Will Pitcher with a tiny tasseled bridge pencil working a crossword puzzle in a book; Carol dressed in what looked like a ball-fringed window curtain, with a heavy cord and brass rings as a girdle.

"Mother's better—I mean she's a complete *wreck;* it's too devastating, of course," Carol said. "But she's asleep and that's something. We've all been playing the most disgusting bridge. Nobody could keep awake long enough to bid, and Spencer forced Mac to two no trump and then went calmly on to slam. What did we put you down, Spin?"

"I've forgotten," Spencer mumbled through a tearing yawn.

Mary sat perfectly still in a big chair, her hands clamped on its arms, her eyes on the fire. Had Carol said Mac? Had Carol said Mac? The room was filled with thunder; she could only pray, "Don't let him be here! Don't let him be here!"

"Is Jeffery Maclean here?" Calvin asked.

"He is indeed," Carol answered. "Get us something to drink, Spin."

"I thought you said he'd gone south, Mary?" This was Calvin again; Calvin's steeliest voice.

"I thought he had."

"Mary, are you Mr. Maclean's keeper?" Alma, with her usual lamentable failure when she tried to speak archly, asked merrily.

"I seem to be," Mary answered tranquilly, not stirring. She wondered if she merely imagined herself as suddenly paling. The fire—the red heart of the coals, she must think only of that.

"HE FLEW up this morning. He's flying back tomorrow," Carol explained. "I never saw such energy. I flew once from London to Paris and I was in bed for two days. But Mac—! The cave man. He's full of wim and wigor. He's gone for a walk—down your way, I imagine, Mary, because I was anxious to get a message to you about Tuesday, and he said he might get that far and would deliver it."

"Ah, too bad; we'll miss him," Mary said. Over the confusion of her senses she yet held enough control to know that if she sat perfectly still and gave no sign, answering in monosyllables—casually, indifferently, they would see nothing amiss.

In the pause she knew Calvin was watching her. It was a relief when the unsuspecting Alma spoke.

"Carol, was that teasing, what you said a while ago about his first wife?"

"No; he was married before," Carol said.

"He didn't seem any too keen about your talking about it, though," Alma persisted.

"I don't know why he should mind." Carol sipped a pale drink. "He certainly hasn't any feeling now about it," she said.

A fever had seized upon Mary. If there was any chance that Jeffery might be walking down to Green Oaks this afternoon, then she must no longer loiter here at the Moultons'. To miss him—to miss him—to have Aunt Joan say cheerfully that he had come and gone—she couldn't bear that—

The world stopped moving, began to spin again faster than ever. She heard his voice; he came into the room.

"Hello—hello there, Calvin!" he said. "Hello, Mary!"

He sat down in the chair Will Pitcher, going to the window for a better light on his book, had vacated. The chair next to Mary. She managed to raise her weighted eyelids for a fluttering smile at him; the muscles about her mouth were stiff. She moved her gaze back to the fire.

"You were going to walk Mary's way, and instead Mary walked your way. Nice goings-on for the groom and the maid-of-honor!" Alma rallied them happily.

"Collusion," Mary said easily, with a little laugh.

"I've not gotten started yet; I had to change my shoes," Jeffery said. "I ate three times too much lunch; I always do in this house. I don't get the theory of these slugs who eat, lie around and sleep, and eat again."

"Listen, we were out until three this morning!" Carol said. "We all went to a party. You didn't."

"If you and Mary are walking back, I'll walk with you," Jeffery said to Calvin.

Calvin was taken unawares, but he was at a loss only for a second.

"Oh, I'm sorry. We have to go call on my uncle and aunt."

"How's everyone down your way?" This was Jeffery to Mary; he spoke genially, not looking at her, thumbing down the tobacco in his pipe.

"Fine—or no, not fine," Mary said with a little laugh, not knowing her own voice or what she said. "We've just discovered that we have whooping cough. So now we're in for *that!*"

"It sounds like my friend Chrissie," Jeffery said amusedly, still not looking at her, still looking at the fire over his linked fingers.

"Chris hasn't got it yet. She's dying to get it, of course. She was hanging over Bart, kissing him, when I dragged her off. She'd like nothing better!"

"She probably," Jeffery mused in an affectionate tone, "is the most repulsive child that ever lived!"

"I didn't know you knew Mary's outfit so well," Calvin said in a rather formal voice, with a somewhat strained laugh.

"I know all Mary's crowd," Jeffery said dreamily, looking at the fire. And the way he said her name made every fiber of Mary's being respond.

Just what happened then she did not know. Carol turned from Alma and Will and suggested tea; nobody wanted anything; the girls were going upstairs to rest; Mary and Calvin said their goodbys. There was a little confusion in the dark, ugly, pretentious room. Somehow she was going out of the library last of all except one, and that one was Jeffery. He had put his hand upon her arm, he had stopped her; he was speaking to her quickly, in an undertone.

ONLY a few weeks ago he had been merely the man who was going to marry Carol Moulton, the New York man who wrote books of travel and essays. Now—now the sound of his voice was turning the world topsy-turvy; Mary's heart was beating in a frenzy of joy and fright and pain; the Moultons' library was paradise.

"Mary, I have to see you for a few minutes tomorrow. I came back on your account," he said quickly. The words were etched on her soul as if with acid; she could only look at him dumbly, waiting for him to speak again.

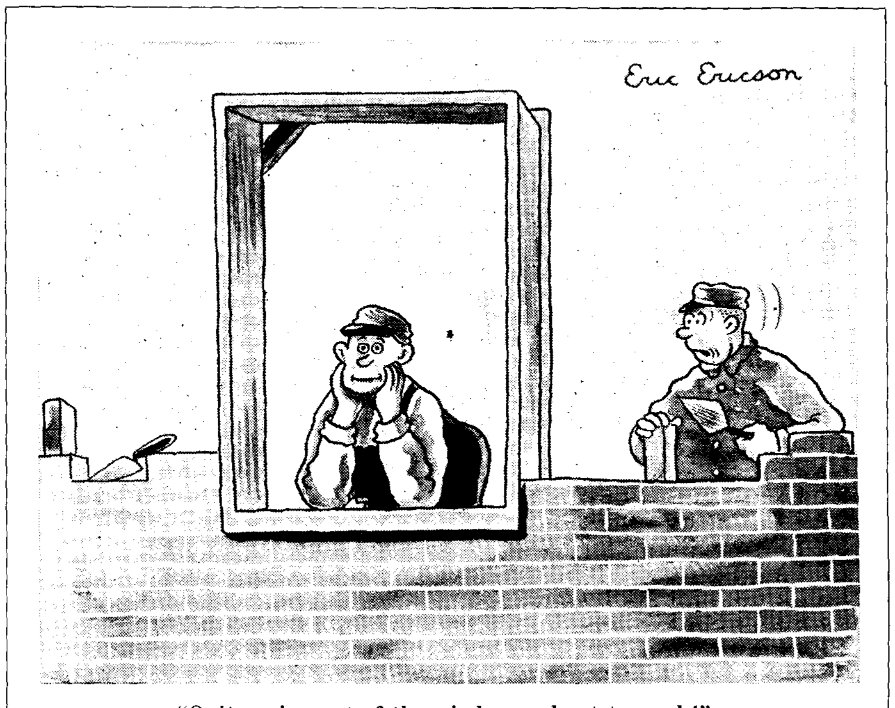
"I'm telling Carol tonight that it's—it's no use," he said. "I want to see you tomorrow. When can I come?"

"No use what?" Mary whispered, dizzy.

"No use going on with our affair," Jeffery answered briefly. "It's over. She'll understand. It never was like—it never was the real thing. And then I'll have to see you."

"Jeffery, try to understand me. Try to understand me—we've only got a moment. It's no use. I'm so sorry!" Mary turned to him in the gloom of the deep curtained doorway; her blue eyes were ringed with shadow; she looked suddenly tired and white. "Don't let's think about it; it has to be the way it is," she said. "There's something I have to tell you before you tell anyone anything, tell me anything. You see, I'm married already, Jeffery. I'm married!"

(To be continued next week)



"Quit gazing out of the window and get to work!"

ERIC ERICSON

I TOOK A LAXATIVE...BUT I STILL FEEL TERRIBLE!

LAXATIVE ACTION IS NOT ENOUGH

You must also correct Acidity!

Why Sal Hepatica is unlike ordinary laxatives . . . How it not only cleanses system but also combats the acid condition that accompanies constipation.

If you want *real* relief from the disagreeable effects of constipation . . . if you want to clear up that headache quickly . . . to lose that "tired", logy feeling . . . you must, doctors agree, do these *two* things:

- **Cleanse your system *and* correct the acidity that accompanies constipation.**

You can not expect ordinary laxatives to do *both*. For the ordinary laxative will only cleanse your intestinal tract. *It is not designed to counteract your acidity.*

No wonder then that millions of people are turning to Sal Hepatica! For this is the *one* laxative that brings relief from *both* constipation and the accompanying excess acidity!

Just try Sal Hepatica! Take two teaspoonfuls in a large glass of water the next time you need a laxative. Thoroughly, yet gently, your system will be cleansed . . . your intestinal tract freed of clogging wastes and poisons.

UNIQUE ALKALINE ACTION

At the same time, the alkaline action of this unique mineral salt laxative begins to correct your acid condition . . . to restore your alkaline reserve. And then—what a remarkable difference in the way you feel . . . fresh, clear-headed, your old self again. Why not get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today?

* * *

TUNE IN! "TOWN HALL TONIGHT." One full hour of music, drama, sparkling fun. Every Wednesday night, over National Broadcasting Network.

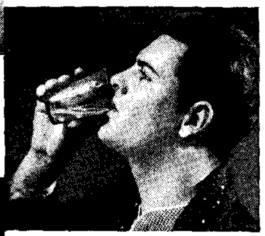
RECOMMENDED BY DOCTORS FOR OVER 40 YEARS FOR . . .

Sal Hepatica
Effervescent Saline Combination
LAXATIVE & CATHARTIC
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK

- COLDS
- HEADACHES
- INDIGESTION
- UPSET STOMACH
- NERVOUSNESS
- UNNATURAL FATIGUE

All these ailments are commonly associated with and aggravated by constipation and an acid condition.

7:10 A. M. Wakes up feeling "tired", listless, headachy. But he knows what to do!



7:15 A. M. Takes 2 teaspoons of Sal Hepatica in glass of water.

9:15 A. M. In 2 hours feels grand—bright and energetic, clear-headed and smiling!

SAL HEPATICA *The Mineral Salt Laxative that corrects acidity*

Collier's

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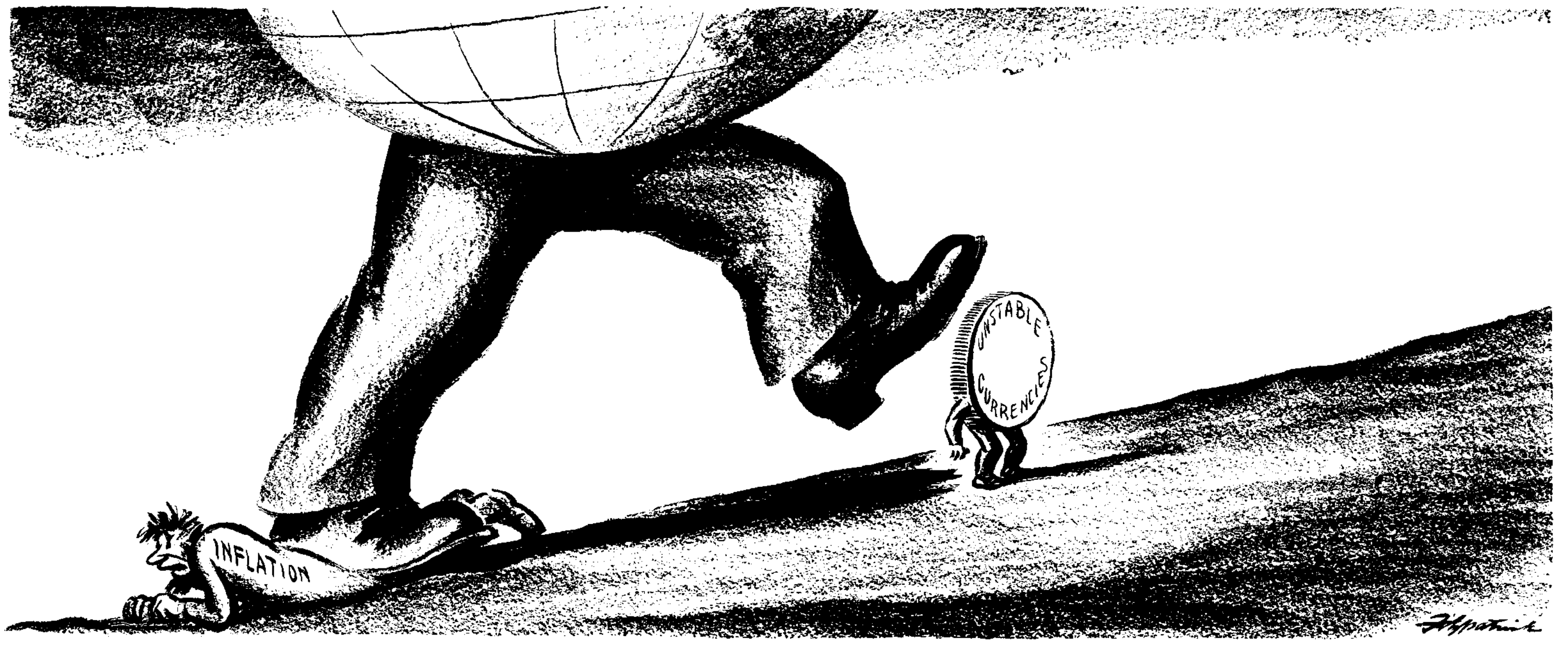


The Next Step Forward

FEAR of uncontrolled inflation, which so long paralyzed the efforts and enterprise of American business, is now completely gone. Congressmen and senators evidently have learned from their constituents that printing-press money is no longer a popular panacea. Sober common sense has prevailed.

How complete is the change is shown by Senator Elmer Thomas of Oklahoma, who has been the hottest advocate of inflation in Congress. In a letter to Collier's, Senator Thomas says, among other things: "The purpose or end I was seeking was a slightly cheaper dollar and comparably higher prices. I have never been for cheap money, and at no point can it be found that I have ever advocated cheaper dollars than those we had in 1926. I have always been opposed to getting back to the cheap-money policy of 1920. I have been and am contending that it is not only desirable but absolutely necessary for our government to provide money sufficiently cheap so that wheat will sell for approximately $1.50 per bushel and cotton for approximately 20¢ per pound, and other commodities in proportion. With such prices I believe the country can work out of the depression."

By common consent, 1926 was a good business year. We had moved out of the depression of 1922 and we had not climbed the dizzy heights which led to the calamities of 1929. Money with the buying power of the 1926 dollar would unquestionably be sound and satisfactory.

Herbert Hoover, as Secretary of Commerce, had this to say in his annual report for 1926: "The fiscal year 1925-26 has been one never surpassed in our history in the volume of production and consumption, in the physical quantity of exports and imports and in the rate of wages. There has been practically no unemployment."

Farmers produced crops valued at nearly 13 billion dollars in 1926. Even so, the comparative buying power of the farmer's dollar was less than it had been during the five years from 1909 to 1914. The unfavorable trend in farm prices was beginning to appear.

Money in circulation in 1926 amounted to $41.71 for every man, woman and child in the country. The sum last year was $42.46, not a great change despite the devaluation of the dollar. The slightly smaller number of dollars seem to have done their work satisfactorily in 1926, a fact which the inflationists have had difficulty in swallowing.

But inflation is dead and the practical subject is the next step forward. Senator Thomas suggested in a Senate resolution that the President be empowered to call a new world conference to consider general currency stabilization. The President may not under the resolution call such a conference until the dollar has been regulated to serve the best interests of the American people or, in other words, until it is worth something like its old buying power.

The last World Economic Conference blew up because the United States had currency experiments of its own to make. Those experiments have been made and Professor George Warren, the Cornell statistician, who became the expert of the new dollar, is seldom seen in Washington. As the demand for inflation died out there has been less need for radical experimentation in currency control.

We won't ever go back, however, to the automatic currency control which the old-style gold standard presupposed. Perhaps automatic control never really existed. Somebody somewhere made the decisions and the old-style gold standard got the credit for automatic control. At any rate, during a long future we and other great nations will seek deliberately to control money values.

We and our Congress would like to make the decisions, using our own domestic requirements as the standard. So, too, doubtless, would all other governments. Obviously, however, neither we nor they can make a one-sided bargain. We can pursue our own policy without regard to others, but we cannot make an international bargain on any such narrow terms.

That our Administration realizes the necessity of taking the interests of other nations into account was revealed during the French excitement over the falling franc a few weeks ago. Our Treasury, with the knowledge and approval of some of the leaders of both parties in Congress, bought francs with dollars.

The purpose of this action was to prevent a sudden and disastrous cut in the value of the franc. Had the French been compelled by the speculative drive against their money to reduce the value of the franc, unquestionably a new currency war would have resulted. Such a war might well have postponed indefinitely the chances of a world agreement on stabilization.

Stable money is essential to the recovery of international trade. Secretary Hull and Secretary Wallace, the two strong leaders in the Cabinet, are constantly emphasizing the part which a reëstablishment of our foreign trade must play in a full recovery.

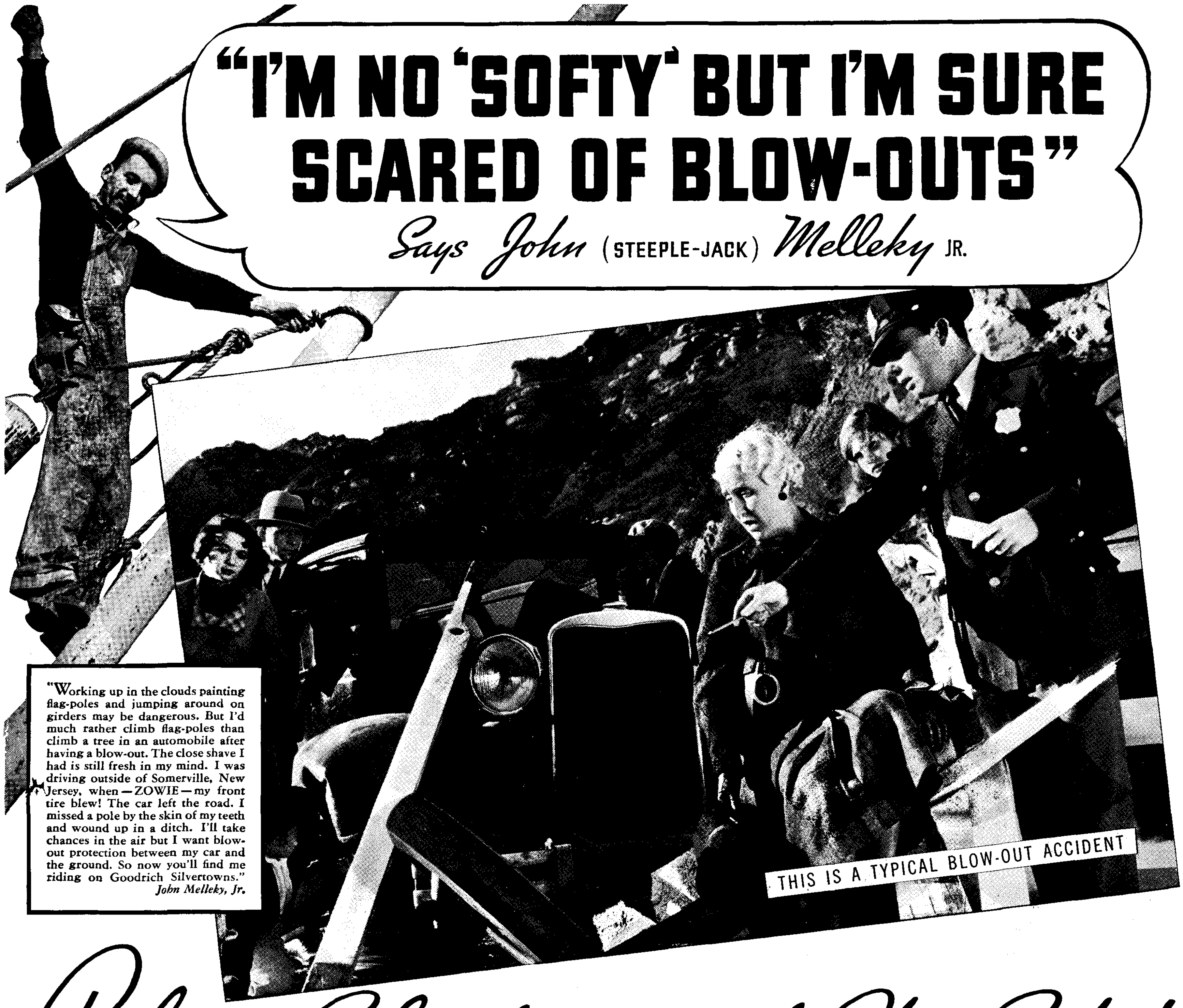
Now that we have passed through the inflationary fever and no longer think that printing-press money is the way out, we are able to consider stabilization reasonably. What in all probability will happen is a practical settlement without a formal agreement. After it is plain that a dollar is actually good in international trade for so many francs or shillings, it will be easier to make a bargain which merely records existing facts.

We are now in this waiting stage. If nobody starts an important war the various currencies should soon become steady.

The sooner a fair and sensible settlement can be made, the better for us and for all other nations. For the currency wars have been the economic continuation of the great World War, and war, economic or military, is sheer destruction. Peace, not war, is the way to the good life.

"I'M NO 'SOFTY' BUT I'M SURE SCARED OF BLOW-OUTS"

Says John (STEEPLE-JACK) *Melleky* JR.


THIS IS A TYPICAL BLOW-OUT ACCIDENT

"Working up in the clouds painting flag-poles and jumping around on girders may be dangerous. But I'd much rather climb flag-poles than climb a tree in an automobile after having a blow-out. The close shave I had is still fresh in my mind. I was driving outside of Somerville, New Jersey, when—ZOWIE—my front tire blew! The car left the road. I missed a pole by the skin of my teeth and wound up in a ditch. I'll take chances in the air but I want blow-out protection between my car and the ground. So now you'll find me riding on Goodrich Silvertowns."
John Melleky, Jr.

Ride on Silvertowns and Play Safe!

DON'T wait until *after* you've had a blow-out to equip your car with GOODRICH Safety Silvertowns. Don't expose yourself—your family, friends and innocent bystanders to blow-out dangers. It isn't worth the gamble, especially when thousands are killed or injured every year when blow-outs throw cars out of control.

Why tires blow out

Remember, as the wheels of a car pound over the road at the rate of 40, 50, 60 miles an hour the *inside* of the tire gets hot as boiling water. Unknown to you rubber and fabric begin to separate. A tiny, invisible blister forms and grows bigger and BIGGER until, sooner or later, BANG! A blow-out! You can't steer! You can't stop! You're headed for trouble—or worse.

It took Goodrich engineers to meet this high-speed challenge with a *safer* tire. Now they have built into every new Goodrich Silvertown the amazing Life-Saver Golden Ply. This exclusive invention resists *heat*. Rubber and fabric don't separate. Heat blisters don't form. High-speed blow-outs don't get a start.

Don't trust to luck

Even though you've never had a blow-out, there's no reason why you shouldn't play safe. Because some day you *might* have one when you're driving along a fast, crowded highway.

Don't try to squeeze another few hundred miles out of unsafe tires. For all you know that blister, that blow-out in the making may be in your tire *right now*. Play safe. Keep danger a stranger. Start riding around on Goodrich Silvertowns without delay.

And if you're looking for plenty of extra mileage for your tire money, by all means have your Goodrich dealer equip your car with a set of those big, rugged Silvertowns. They're *safer*—they have an extra-thick tread with husky bull-dog cleats that grip wet, slippery roads and protect you against dangerous "tail-spin" skids. Furthermore, they'll give you *months* more mileage than you ever got out of tires before.

No extra cost

No other tires in the world can provide you with Golden Ply blow-out protection—no tires can give you more "trouble-free" miles than Goodrich Silvertowns.

Yet in spite of all this extra safety and extra mileage, *they cost not a penny more than other standard tires!* Put Silvertowns on all four wheels. They may save your life!

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FREE! Handsome emblem with red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light goes out. Go to your Goodrich dealer, join Silvertown Safety League, and receive one FREE. Or send 10¢ (to cover packing and mailing) to Dept. 554, The B. F. Goodrich Co., Akron, Ohio.

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WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

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So thin is this crisp white paper that an 18-inch reel contains enough for 55,000 Chesterfields—actually over 2 miles of paper

Chesterfield paper must be pure
Chesterfield paper must burn right
It must have no taste or odor

—*the cigarette that's* MILDER
—*the cigarette that* TASTES BETTER

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